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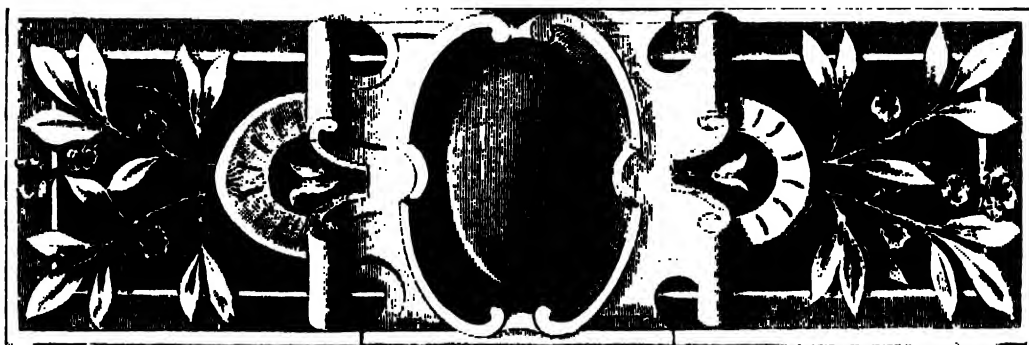
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A DECLARATION OF WAR

ENGRAVED BY HÉAUME FROM THE PICTURE BY

KARL BOCKMUELLER



FRANS HALS



HOLLAND is no exception to the rule that art and public prosperity go hand in hand in the history of nations, and that the period of highest excellence in the one is in general coincident with the most flourishing epoch in the other. It is indeed inevitable that such should be the case, and that the accumulation of wealth, both public and private, should result in the diffusion of enterprise, the encouragement of genius, and the consequent advancement of every branch of literature and art. Equally true is it that as long as a country is under foreign rule and the dominion of alien influence, so long will its productions be in the main devoid of originality and of the evidence of inherently national and characteristic inspiration. The mark of the stranger hand, the impress of the ruling power, is upon everything, and the conquered race would seem to have no mental existence apart from its conquerors.

Holland is a very remarkable instance of this historical tendency. So long as her fortunes were ruled by the house of Burgundy, her mind turned towards Flanders for inspiration; when her destiny was swayed by Austria, she had recourse to Italy for models and ideas. In neither case did she put forward the slightest claim to the possession of any characteristics peculiarly her own. But when she threw off the foreign yoke, she almost simultaneously asserted her artistic and political independence, and her painters in particular gave evidence of a marked individuality of style, the possibility of which had up to that time been unsuspected. The progress of Dutch painting to its golden era was naturally gradual, and it is a remarkable fact that Rembrandt alone of all the national painters can be truly said to have founded a school, and to have left behind him pupils whose works in any way resemble his own matchless compositions.

In estimating the genius of the Dutch masters, the social aspect of the country in which they lived, and the political tendencies then dominant must of necessity be taken into account. And this applies with especial force to the particular period when Frans Hals became famous. It must be remembered that Holland was severely Protestant, and also Republican. There were, therefore, neither churches to adorn nor palaces to decorate. There were neither Madonnas nor saints to occupy the painter, and the heathen mythology seems to have been under the same ban. No fields were available beyond portraiture and historical composition, and as repositories for the works of art, municipal halls and charitable institutions took the place of regal palaces and ecclesiastical establishments.

The natural, if not inevitable result was the production of paintings which were at once portraits and records of events in the history of the country, such as assemblages of magistrates, companies of the civil guard, official banquets, and other similar groups, varied occasionally by more humble gatherings in the wine-shop, or junketings at a country fair. There was scarce any attempt at ideal invention in these works, and the condition that each figure should be a portrait led insensibly to a neglect of the qualities of elegance in design, and the substitution of a certain air of set formality.

Foremost in the rank of painters of this particular style stands Frans Hals, who, though born at Malines in 1584, and therefore not a Dutchman by birth, was taken when an infant by his parents to Haarlem, their native town. There he lived, and there he died in 1666, at the ripe old age of eighty-two. Of his

mode of life there is nothing to be said except that he was a convivial spirit, and that his attentions to the wine-cup were sufficiently close and unremitting to cause his vigorous and unerring wielding of the brush to be a matter of wonderment. Bartholomew Van der Helst, his contemporary, stoutly disputed the pride of place with him, but there is no resemblance between the robust impetuosity of Hals and the



CAPTAIN MICHEL DE WAAL

Drawn by Lalauze from a figure in a painting by Frans Hals. Haarlem Museum, No. 57

calm, sedate, and irreproachably correct manner of his rival. The one is conspicuous for concise, studied, and painstaking work, well-balanced composition, and minute conscientious fidelity in every detail. Every figure in his, sometimes crowded, canvases is not only a likeness, but something more. The profession to which each personage belongs is indicated with a distinctness beyond all possibility of misconception, and



FACSIMILE OF AN ENGRAVING BY ISAAC VAN DE VELDE.

After the portrait of Scriverius by Frans Hals.

In the Collection of Mr. John W. Wilson.

it was said of him in the case of his great picture, the *Banquet de la Garde civique*, wherein there are no less than four-and-twenty figures, that if all the heads and hands were cut out and thrown pell-mell into a basket, there would be no difficulty in sorting them again and attaching them to their respective bodies. If anything, the correctness of Van der Helst was too correct, and resulted in an undue severity and a prominence of detail calculated to detract from the composition as a whole. There is nothing of this to be seen in the works of Hals. In them a broad touch, brilliant colouring, and vigorous contrasts are the salient features. While recalling, by the power of his brush, the masterly method of Rubens, he even excels him in audacity, which in truth he carried to the extreme limit permissible in his art.

To gain any adequate idea of the works of Frans Hals, a visit to Haarlem is absolutely necessary, for the simple reason that they are too intimately connected with the political and social history of the country to be allowed to suffer expatriation. The oldest of the series at Haarlem bears the date 1616, and represents a convivial gathering of the Archers of Saint George. At that time the artist had evidently not attained to the full measure of his power, and although the



SALAMAN GOUZAERT (1641)

Drawn by Lalauze from a figure in a painting by Frans Hals. Haarlem Museum, No. 59

drawing of the figures leaves little to be desired, there is nothing in the work as a whole to indicate the master whose talent, when it arrived at maturity some years later, compelled so large a meed of admiration. His early manner was timid and wanting in decision; his touch was neither skilful nor pleasing, his tones were laboured, and the general aspect of his work was both dull and possessed of but little attractiveness. Between this, the first of his large compositions, and its successors, there is a somewhat long interval of time. A second feast of officers of the same *corps*, painted in 1627, shows the artist at his best; he had meanwhile acquired the skill lacking in his earlier days, and the result is a work which is only inferior to one other in the same collection, which was painted in the same year, and also represents a banqueting scene, a festive gathering of the officers of the Archers of Saint Adrian. The guests are seated in a room lighted by a large window in the background, and the light, spread equally over the canvas, falls on every face. Each individual stands out from the mass, and yet so natural is the aspect of the whole scene, that, on looking at it, one might almost imagine one's self present at the banquet. Whether in regard to the careless *abandon* in the attitudes of the figures, or the truth of expression in their joyous countenances, it is impossible

to imagine any rendering more perfect, and at the same time more natural in its simplicity. Composition was not a strong point with Frans Hals, and objection has been taken to the painting under notice on the ground that the prominence accorded to the individual figures is excessive and detrimental to the work in its entirety, but this defect, if defect it be, is more than redeemed by its many and conspicuous excellences in other respects. Yet another banquet of officers of the same *corps* forms the subject of a painting executed in 1633, and in this, as well as in other works due to succeeding years, the masterly qualities of the artist are plainly evident.

The most important of the Haarlem series in point of size is the canvas representing the officers and under-officers of the Archers of Saint George, but in it the great number of portraits was probably a source of embarrassment to the artist. The heads are rendered in as masterly a manner as in any of the painter's works, but the arrangement of the figures is far less skilful, and, except in the case of two or three occupying the foreground, the effect is confusing and unfortunate. The Museum at Haarlem possesses, in addition to the paintings already mentioned and others in the same category, two unfinished works of the great Dutch master. Considering his great age it is not wonderful that his faculties should have been impaired, especially as his mode of life was certainly ill-calculated to preserve them. Nevertheless, even in these, his latest, and in some respects, weakest works, the master's hand is visible and his individuality is supreme.

As a portrait painter, pure and simple, Franz Hals stands out pre-eminently among his contemporaries, his portraits being conspicuous for their absolute truthfulness, a characteristic not always to be found in the work of the artists of his day. Of these, the portraits of the Berenstein family, painted for an asylum founded by one of its members, are the most widely known and most generally admired. His success, it must be confessed, is far greater with male than with female subjects. His painting had neither the delicacy nor the mellowness necessary for an adequate rendering of the female countenance, and it is, therefore, but natural that he should have succeeded less with the portrait of the wife than with that of the husband. The costume and accessories are alike excellent, and the drawing of the face is altogether remarkable, but at the same time there is unmistakable evidence of the constraint which the artist must have placed upon himself in order to soften his habitually energetic and purely masculine method. This restraint is, indeed, so evident as almost to give rise to a doubt whether the portrait of Emmerantine de Berenstein, a young girl about thirteen years of age, can be the work of the same hand. The difference of treatment in these two portraits of mother and daughter is undoubtedly very marked, the latter being so closely allied to the style of Rubens as to suggest its being the work of a pupil of his school. A large painting, representing Berenstein, his wife, his children and their nurse, completes this small and very valuable collection, but it has been "touched up" to such an extent that the recognition of the original work is a matter of considerable difficulty.





ANTIQUE PAINTING
National Museum of Naples

POMPEII AND THE MUSEUM OF NAPLES



POMPEII may safely be said to be a subject of perennial interest, increased ever and anon by some fresh treasure trove. The latest outcome of the researches conducted under the intelligent superintendence of the Cavaliere Ruggiero is the discovery, quite recently, of a house containing a room whose walls are covered with frescoes, said to be of considerable importance, one of which is supposed to represent the *Judgment of Solomon*. Signor Ruggiero appears to be endowed with an aptitude for systematic observation and definite organisation fully equal to that displayed by his predecessor, Signor Fiorelli, with whom originated the pursuit of excavation after an intelligible plan. For a period of 1,000 years Pompeii was completely neglected, if not forgotten, and when in 1748, in the reign of Charles III. of Naples, excavations were commenced, they were only on a very limited scale, and were attended with anything but continuous success. As stated in an account of the progress of these researches given in the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1864, no regular plan was made of the part of the town uncovered, nor was there any attempt to restore or keep up the buildings. Accurate reports were made of the discoveries, but nothing more. This desultory state of things continued during the entire period of the Bourbon rule, but on the accession to power of Garibaldi in 1859, an era of increased activity set in, although the unfitness of M. Alexandre Dumas for the post of Director of Museums and Excavations, to which he was appointed by the Dictator, militated considerably against the successful prosecution of the work. On the Advent of Victor Emmanuel to the throne of United Italy, the post of Director was conferred on the Cavaliere Giuseppe Fiorelli, whose plan of operations is thus described in the article already referred to. "The excavations are commenced by clearing away from the surface the vegetable mould, in which there are no remains. The volcanic substances, either *lapillo*, or hardened lava-mud, in which ruins of buildings may exist, are then very gradually removed. Every fragment of brickwork is kept in the place where it is found, and fixed there by props. When charred wood is discovered, it is replaced by fresh timber. By thus carefully retaining in its original position what still

POMPEII AND THE MUSEUM OF NAPLES

exists, and by replacing that which has perished, but has left its trace, Signor Fiorelli has been able to preserve and restore a large part of the upper portion of the buried houses."



MARBLE STATUE OF ARTEMIS

National Museum of Naples

The architecture of Pompeii, as is the case with all large towns, was from time to time transformed in accordance with the manners and necessities of its inhabitants, and Signor Fiorelli succeeded in

determining three distinct epochs in the architectural history of the place during the six centuries which elapsed between its foundation and its total destruction. To the first epoch, dating from the occupation of Pompeii by the Oscans and Etruscans, belong the buildings constructed of large blocks of Sarno stone, put together without mortar, such, for instance, as the portions of the walls abutting on to the



HERMES RESTING
National Museum of Naples

Stabiae and Noia Gates, and the sea gate, now called the Porta della Marina. At this primitive epoch streets were unknown, and the houses were scattered over the space occupied by about a hundred and fifty families in the proportion of two acres to each. To the same period appertain the remains of the Doric edifice called the Temple of Hercules, which, from its size, arrangement, and style of art, is considered to be one of the most important buildings in Pompeii.

The second period, that of the Samnites, or the branch of that nation subsequently known under the name of Campanians, is marked by buildings constructed of Nocera stone frequently superimposed on the early Sarno blocks, and also by an approach to the formation of streets. In the third period, which dates from the establishment of Sulla's colony, when the town obtained the name of COLONIA VENERIA CORNELIA, regular streets were laid out, and the place assumed the appearance which it retained up to the time of its destruction.



BRONZE BUST OF BERENICE, FROM HERCULANUM

National Museum of Naples

A full report of these historical transformations of Pompeii was presented to the Italian Ministry by Signor Fiorelli, and from the date of his assuming the control and direction of the excavations their progress has been recorded from day to day in a journal published by the School of Archaeology, which forms an indispensable complement of the catalogue of the Museum of Naples, wherein are deposited so many of the treasures rescued from the ruins of the once buried city.

The National Museum of Naples, notwithstanding the fact that it can boast a rich gallery of master pieces of painting, as well as an antique collection of some note, would in fact occupy a merely second rate

position among the great galleries of Europe, were it not for the exceptional importance attaching to it by reason of the antiquities from Pompeii and Herculaneum which it contains. No collection of bronzes can enter into comparison with that of Naples, and there alone is it possible to study antique painting. If it had been practicable to leave the statues, furniture and, especially, the mural paintings in the positions where they were discovered, a more general and complete idea might doubtless have been gained of the manners of the ancients and the important place occupied by art in their civilisation. But in order to preserve these monuments from rapid destruction, it was absolutely necessary to shield them from atmospheric influences, and as covering Pompeii in with a roof was scarcely feasible, there was nothing left but to house the town in a museum. The compulsory abandonment of nearly all the remains of decorative and ornamental painting to the destructive action of the wind and rain has been sufficiently disastrous, and many even of the figure compositions have been perforce left to their fate owing to the great difficulties which have stood in the way of their removal to Naples. The most important in size have been left in their original positions to disappear by slow degrees, and to be recognised hereafter only by the more or less exact illustrations which have been made of them. Photography, so valuable in connection with the reproduction of statuary, is confessedly unsatisfactory as applied to paintings, for not only does it falsify the relations of light and shade, by making certain colours appear too dark and others too light, but it brings out into painful prominence deteriorations which the eye would minimize in the original work, and renders it extremely difficult to trace the artistic intention of a fresco the greater part of which is obliterated.

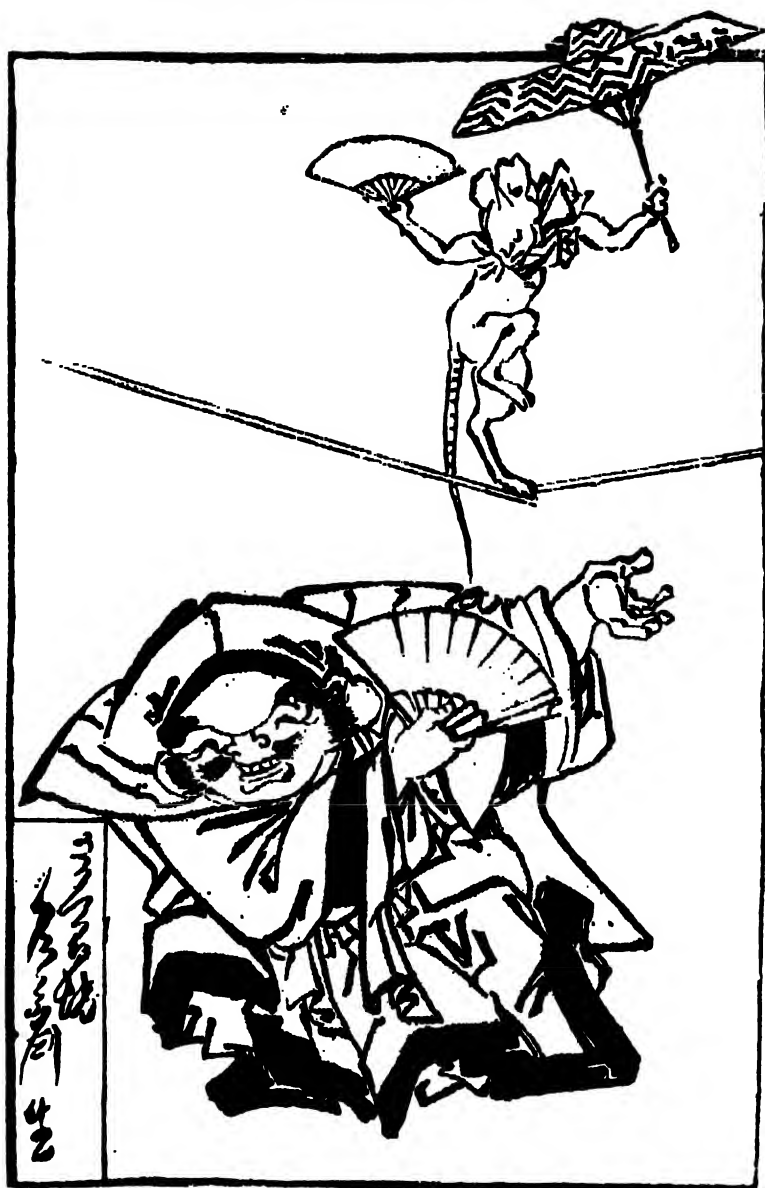
The ancients attached fully as high a value to their painting as to their sculpture, but the former, owing to the very method of its production as well as to the materials employed, suffers from the ravages of time more cruelly than the latter. Not only have no celebrated paintings of antiquity come into modern possession, but there are not even any copies, although many museums can boast of statues of the Roman era which are known to be imitations of masterpieces of old. It would, therefore, be unfair to judge of antique painting by the insignificant samples we possess, but we know enough of it to arrive at the conclusion that the ancients were not in the modern sense colourists, and that they were sometimes neglectful of the laws of perspective. Painting in their case seems to have been a transformation of *bas-relief*, and subject to the rules which govern sculpture. The converse holds good in regard to productions since the Renaissance, for the majority of modern *bas-reliefs* are veritable pictures.

This sculptural character of antique painting is especially noticeable in two frescoes in the last of the rooms on the ground floor in the Museum of Naples. One represents horsemen to whom a female is holding out a goblet; in the other is represented a religious dance of women in the form of a right and left chain. The general catalogue classes these paintings, which were discovered in a tomb at Pestum, as Etruscan, but they are generally accepted as Greek paintings, possibly the most ancient in existence. The weapons of the horsemen and the small flags which they carry are to be met with in the paintings on vases of good style. The figures form a procession which is displayed on the smooth colourless ground of the fresco, and the frame is composed of two bands of very simple ornamentation, the elements of which are repeated from one end to the other. The drawing is bold and free, the figures are conspicuous for nobility, and the tints of the colouring are uniform.

There are in the same room some small monochrome paintings, or, to describe them more precisely, designs drawn in cinnabar on flat surfaces of white marble. One of these compositions, representing some young girls playing at knuckle-bones, while their mothers, Leto and Niobe, stand by hand in hand, is particularly interesting because it bears on its face, in addition to the names of the personages represented, that of the artist who produced it, Alexander of Athens. There is no other known work by this painter, but the style of the figures indicates that he lived at a period when art was in a flourishing state.

THE FAN: ITS HISTORY AND ITS USE

The stern realism of the prosaic time in which we live, however, demands some more serious explanation of the origin of the fan than can be traced in the fanciful imaginings of the poets; and though the continuous mention of its existence, and the absence of any record of its first appearance, might almost lead one to infer that it sprang into being as Topsy supposed that she did, there is no reason to doubt that it owed its birth to the mother of invention, necessity, and that its cradle was assuredly in the East, where it is now held in even higher honour as an emblem of rank than as an article of dress. Its use, too, by both sexes there proves that utility rather than ostentation was its original *raison d'être*.



JAPANESE MAN WITH FAN, ILLUSTRATING THE LEGEND OF DAIKOKU AND HIS FAN
Drawn by H. Somur from a picture in a Japanese Album

Apart, moreover, from the interest attaching to the fan from a purely social point of view, as an article of luxury and a requisite of the toilet, it possesses additional attraction inasmuch as its origin and the gradual improvement in its form and mode of manufacture supply a distinct and by no means unimportant chapter in the record of the progress of art and industry throughout the world, for not only has the production of the frame-work exercised the ingenuity of workers in ivory, mother-of-pearl, tortoise-shell, and various kinds of wood in all countries, but great artists have employed their imagination and their talent on the painting of the leaves. In numbers of instances, many of which will be particularised in their chronological sequence, individual specimens are also rich in personal and historical interest. Not unfrequently a fan records an event of transcendent importance, possibly an epoch in family history, and as a commemorative *souvenir* of marriage it seems to have been, and still to be, regarded as peculiarly appropriate. There are, therefore, more reasons than one why the attempt should be made to trace the history of the fan, and it may safely be assumed that its attractiveness from a purely artistic point of view will not suffer from the introduction of social and personal details incidental to its progress from the rude collection of feathers, its original shape, to the elegant form which it subsequently assumed and still retains.

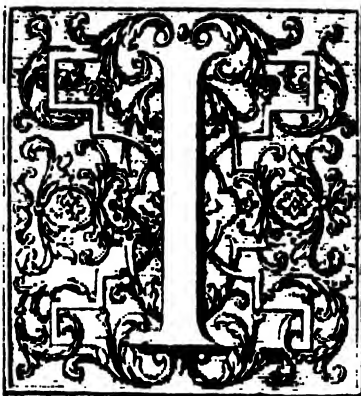


QUIET WATERS

Drawn by P. Toussaint from the picture by Daubigny

MODERN LANDSCAPE

V.



IN this brief study of modern landscape we have touched only incidentally upon the art of the present day. What was modern yesterday seems already tinged with the brighter glory that belongs to the past—a glory that will possibly be dissipated by the new ideas of to-morrow. The fashions in art march quickly, although they do not march far. Each generation is eager to distinguish itself from the last, even although the revolt may involve a passionate return to a still earlier ideal. And every generation, however consciously sincere in the pursuit of beauty, sacrifices something to its theories, something also to the incurable desire of novelty. Men study nature, not merely to wrest from her the beauties that they love, but to find out and discover the truths that others have not perceived. Thus there is always in the most characteristic products of a particular epoch something both of exaggeration and defect. Certain principles of art are strongly held, and others again are as wilfully neglected, not always because they are false in themselves, but because in the hands of their latest exponents they had sunk into artificiality and convention.

This accent of revolution strongly colours much of the landscape-painting of our time. Never have the realities of outward nature been more widely studied, or with greater earnestness and conviction. Literature and art have combined to draw men's eyes from other forms of beauty, and to fix them upon the varied and shifting beauties of natural scenery; and yet, in spite of the devotion of so many hands and minds to this one department of art, it is impossible not to feel that contemporary landscape-painting often misses the coherence and unity of earlier achievements in this kind. In the endeavour to assert its own independence, and to prove to the world the all-sufficing efficacy of nature, it has sometimes too contemptuously cut itself adrift from the control of system and style. This certainly is true of the vast number of less gifted artists who are not strong enough to be a law unto themselves. The work they produce is often interesting and admirable, while it limits itself to the scope of a

simple and conscientious study, but their skill fails them when they attempt to employ material so laboriously collected in the complex design of a picture.

Even the most masterly performances of our school are sometimes marked by this limitation of style. Mr. Millais' genius in painting admits of no denial and needs no defence, and Mr. Millais' landscapes occasionally offer to us the very highest expression of his powers. He has, as he makes us feel, an intense love of nature, and an extraordinary command over such facts as he chooses to render. His intention is never balked by imperfect resource, for there is scarcely any problem of imitative skill which he cannot successfully encounter when he is at his best. And when his choice of a subject is so fortunate as in the case of a picture like the *Chill October*, the result suggests but little in the way of criticism. It is only now and then, where the original harmony of nature outstrips the means of art, and where, in order that the impression of its beauty may be successfully reproduced at all, there is need of sacrifice and selection, that we are made to feel the absence of those qualities which governed an earlier phase of landscape-



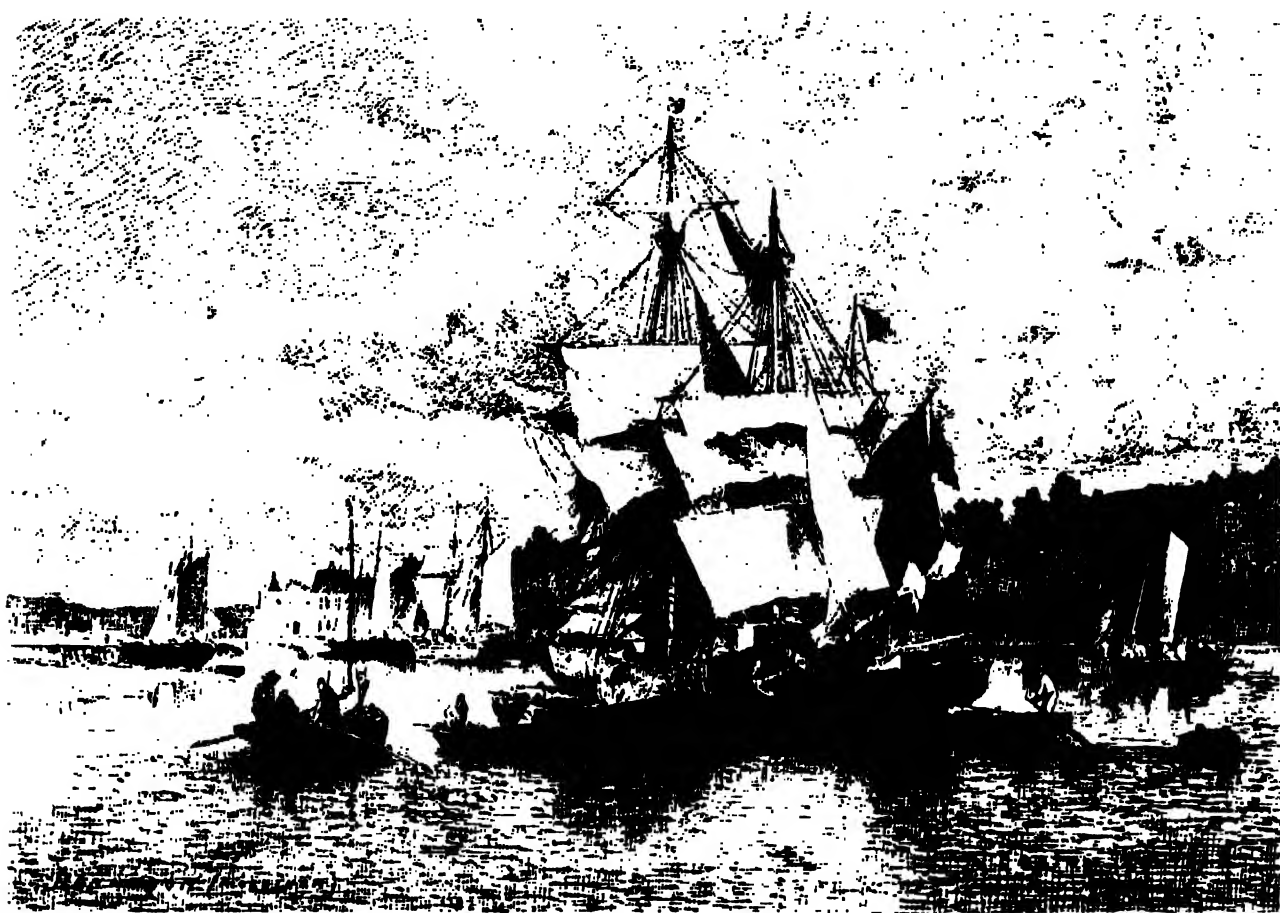
A BREEZY DAY

Engraved by Dumont from the picture by G. Roulet

painting. It is not in Mr. Millais' genius to attempt to reconstruct the realities that present themselves for interpretation. He does not choose to modify the composition of a chosen scene, or to translate its brilliant colours into a lower key. He makes for nature as it is and as he sees it, and is content to win or lose upon the stake. And even where his success is not complete, it is extraordinary how constantly this spirit of determined realism carries him beyond the reproach of absolute failure. It is not in such work as his, sustained by the highest technical skill, and always illumined by passages of real beauty, that the defects to which I have referred make themselves most keenly felt, for there is that magic in genius that makes us half forget the vices of a system, and it is only when the same means are employed by less able hands that we are fully conscious of the loss to contemporary landscape which is implied in the deliberate neglect of the laws of graceful and ordered composition.

We have taken Mr. Millais' landscape as the most brilliant and the most powerful expression of a dominant tendency in the art of our time. If he has no rival, he has at least many followers, whose

work is governed by a kindred spirit, but who lack the natural gifts needed to give force and effect to their theories. But this particular school, though it occupies a prominent place in the public regard, has not served to exclude every other ideal. In painting, as well as in literature, the poetical aspect of nature has still found its worshippers, and during the coming winter the public will have a favourable opportunity of studying the work of two men who did much in their lifetime to vindicate the claims of imagination. The death of Cecil Lawson followed hard upon that of the veteran master John Linnell, who had so long outlived the associates of his youth and early manhood. Together they may be said to represent the earliest and the most recent phases of contemporary landscape art, for, while the special tendency of Lawson's work denoted a measure of reaction against mere realism, Linnell's practice in painting was the survival of an earlier style that had not yet been affected by the realistic movement. In the collected display of Linnell's work, which the Royal Academy has undertaken to present to the public, there will be a full representation of the art of his earlier years, when his great powers were at their highest point



THE PORT OF BENNEBONT (MORBIHAN)

Drawn by G. Roulet from his picture

of development. In later life Linnell had become something of a mannerist, both in colour and composition. There was still the glow and grandeur of a great inspiration, but the original invention was no longer refreshed by direct observation of nature, and the technical method had lost freshness and simplicity. In quality of colour, much of this later work will often be found wholly unacceptable. Bright tints and warm tones are allowed to prevail to an extent that is fatiguing to the sense, and the surface of the painting is disturbed by a restless method of execution that destroys the needful impression of repose. But a great artist must be judged at his best, and we feel confident that in some of the earlier landscapes of Linnell, where the colours are massed with greater breadth of effect, there will be found beauty enough to warrant the high esteem in which his name has been held by artists and the public.

The art of Cecil Lawson needs to be judged from a different point of view. Here we have to make allowance for the errors of youth, not for the weaknesses of old age. He died at a time when he had scarcely been able to do more than was needed to convince the world of the brilliant future that was



SEAPERS

Engraved by Leveille from the painting by Fred. Meyer, in the possession of G. H. Beeding, Esq.

in store for him; and yet, when his pictures are grouped together at the Grosvenor Gallery, they will at any rate suffice to prove the distinctly imaginative quality of his genius. Among the young men of his own



FOURVILLE, NEAR DIEPPE
Engraved by Puyplat from the picture of L. F. Sauvage

generation, Lawson's position was wholly original and independent. There is no one of his contemporaries to whom he can be said to be in any way indebted, nor does his work enter into competition with

theirs, being for the most part wholly different both in aim and method. Something he owed to the influence of earlier art, to the genius of Constable and of Turner, and to the example of the great masters of the Dutch school. And yet, despite the evidence of an earnest study of these giants of the past, Lawson's art was essentially modern in spirit and absolutely individual in form. It was modern in the determined effort which it exhibits to combine fulness of detail with unity and singleness of impression. The poetical conception was always first in Lawson's mind: he never painted any scene without first possessing some definite image of its beauty, and in order to recreate this image upon the canvas he was ready for any sacrifice of subordinate truth or obvious realism. But it was his ambition, as we may especially perceive in his earlier work, to associate a poetical idea with as much elaboration of detail as it would bear. The typical achievement of his art in this respect is the picture called *The Pastoral*, by which he first made his reputation. It is certainly a most extraordinary performance for so young a man, full of careful and conscientious labour which yet never overburdens the original impression, of faultless harmony in colour without being open to the reproach of dulness or monotony in tone. Here, as one may say, the poetical and the realistic tendencies of Lawson's art were held in just balance. The works of later years sometimes showed an excessive preponderance of the one or the other, and the brief duration of his life did not suffice to enable Lawson to pass through this period of experiment and adventure, and to recover upon a foundation of wider experience the completeness and the sweetness of his youthful achievement. Such a process of development as we may observe in Lawson's career is very happily described by Keats, in his preface to *Endymion*. "The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy: but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted." These words, though written in reference to Keats's own work, have a wider application. They will always be true of men of imaginative temperament possessed of a high and eager ambition, in whatever department of art they may be engaged. That they are in a measure true of Lawson will scarcely be denied by any one who has studied his art with sympathy and admiration, and who takes a high view of the triumphs that were in store for him in the future.



THE POOL.

Facsimile of an etching by A. P. Martial from a picture by Diaz



LA FORTUNINA

BY MRS. COMYNS CARR, AUTHOR OF 'NORTH ITALIAN FOLK,' 'A STORY OF AUTUMN,' ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was early morning.

The Prevosto had but just finished saying the daily seven o'clock office. But the inmates of the Presbytery were astir as early as other country folk, and the old kitchen rang with the commanding tones of the ancient housekeeper's voice in expostulation with stupid Ikppo, the garden labourer, while on the damp flags of the fountain in the courtyard stood Vittoria Vite flogging and soaping white linen on the hard stones, and rinsing it in the running water.

She looked healthier and less emaciated than on that day when she had trod the Casella road in the teeth of the treacherous spring wind, but her face wore the same perplexed and careworn expression as ever, and the heavy lids drooped just as sadly over the great black eyes.

A month had passed since the terrible day of Fortunina's accident.

It was May now; the earth was radiant with summer brightness, and the child who had so narrowly escaped death danced beneath its broad-leaved chestnut trees or sported upon its hay-strewn meadows as gaily and carelessly as ever.

They had had hard work to bring her round, the water had been so cold, and deep, and strong.

But no loving care or patient effort had been spared, and thanks chiefly to Vittoria's promptness, Pietro had been lifting his simple word of thanks to Heaven for his darling's preservation, even before the good doctor arrived from Ponte with his restoratives.

Yes, it had been Vittoria's doing—all her doing.

For when Pietro had first recognised her he had been as one paralysed. His heart that had been thumping against his bosom with fear had stood still and left him icy cold; he had been useless, witless, numbed. It was Vittoria who had borne the cold little body to the cottage, had plunged it in hot water and rubbed it with hot blankets, and tucked it into the warm bed.

Though her own clothes had been wet too and her own body shivering, she had done it all—it was she alone who had saved Fortunina's life.

Yet, strange and unaccountable being that she was, she had spurned all thanks for it, and, tender as she had shown herself to the child, she was proud and haughty, nay, even ungracious to Pietro himself, and to all those who had offered her help and protection. What was the reason of it?

The good old parish priest, hastening to the scene of the accident to find Fortunina restored to consciousness, and her preserver with leisure, for the first time that day, to consider her own further movements, had hard work even to persuade her to rest that night at the Presbytery.

She had insisted that her home lay but a few miles further, and, had it not been from sheer exhaustion, would evidently not have given in to his proposal.

But Nature had been too harshly dealt with, and was to have her revenge.

The next morning when the strange woman awoke beneath the kindly canonical roof, she was no longer in a condition to assert her own will; fever was raging in her veins, and, for a time, her senses had taken leave of her.

The priest's upright old housekeeper had looked askance at her when the master had brought her in that evening, wet, and haggard, and wild-looking; but her heart had thawed to the poor soul when she had seen her misery, and she had nursed her well and patiently.

Vittoria was not ungrateful for it.

No; now that she was well and strong again, she sought every possible means of rendering a service to good old Tomasina and her reverend master; only she would not be open with them, she would keep her own counsel.

One might almost have said that for fear of betraying herself she wilfully kept up that barrier of impenetrable reserve, so strange in one of her class.

The priest was mortified, not to say incensed.

It was terrible that a soul should refuse the duty and comfort of confession like this. He argued, threatened, persuaded. It was all in vain. Vittoria insisted that she had nothing to confess.

When first she had come out of the fever she had worn a kind of hunted, nervous look, almost as though fearing, so the old man thought, that she had betrayed herself in her delirium.

But beyond vague words and moans of sorrow she had said nothing that could give a clue to any mystery, and when she had seen that this was so she had retreated again behind her wall of reserve.

Once the Prevosto had almost had a mind to hunt the poor creature away for her obstinacy, but his good nature had been stronger than his pride, and he would let her remain, he had said, till she was well.

To-day, however, as she had stood in the courtyard, stretching her tall figure to its utmost height while hanging the linen to dry, the Prevosto had made up his mind that his patient had no need for further bodily care, and had told himself that, in justice to his own coffers, he should not keep her longer on charity.

Tomasina should question her about her intentions that very day.

Vittoria, with skirts tucked up and bare feet, stood and flogged and soaped the linen.

Steps came up the path from the belfry. It was Pietro with a basketful of garden-produce for the rectory tithes.

He stopped and started when he saw Vittoria. She had not been out about such hard labour before.

He had not expected to meet her thus, alone, without the protection of Tomasina, and while it pleased him it flurried him.

All the time that Vittoria had been ill he had come daily, almost hourly, to the Presbytery to have news of her, under some pretext or other. No one thought it strange that he should be anxious for the recovery of the woman who had saved his child's life.

When he had learned that she was out of danger a great weight had been taken from his heart, and he had been content ever since to repose in the glow of grateful joy and in the bliss of knowing that she was near to him, without thinking of how he should act when she was well and he met her again.

But now here he was, face to face with her, and all the complications of his life rose up in a cloud before him. He stood on the topmost step under the vine and looked at her.

For she had not seen him yet—the noise that she had made beating the linen, and the sound of the rushing water, had prevented her from hearing the sound of his steps.

He looked at her, and his heart contracted. Was he free to say that which his tongue was burning to speak?

Was he at liberty to tell of the silent, consuming love which had so steadily illumined his path these six years?

Of course, even now, though she was poor and ill and lonely for surely she must lack friends or they would not have abandoned her thus on the brink of death—even now she might spurn him!

She was so much too good for him, and she was so proud.

But for the sake of a quiet home, perhaps . . .

It would be worth risking.

Folk would laugh: a vagrant whom no one knew, as a mother to keep Fortunina straight and proper!

But, never mind, on that score he would take his chance.

Only—and his heart contracted again—what of his honour in the parish?

Nothing more had been said to Teresina; he had let matters slide. But was he not compromised in the sight of the neighbours?

He sighed impatiently at the perplexities and cruelty of fate, and looked again at Vittoria. How beautiful she was!

She had stopped her work a moment, and, fatigued perhaps with the first return to toil, or harassed, may be, with some heavy thought, she stood upright, straightening her back, and with her arms uplifted and clasped behind her head.

She too sighed a deep, heavy, terrible sigh. Then she murmured something, just above her breath.

"Dear Virgin, to think that I might not die after all," Pietro heard her say.

Then she too was unhappy, since she had wished to die.

Poor soul! That was why her eyes always looked so mournful now, and not at all as they had looked on that evening of the fair when they had seemed to flash sparks of fire.

The thought of her sorrow gave him courage. If it could but be given to him to comfort her!

He stepped forward, and she turned round hastily.

A scowl of annoyance crossed her dark brow.

Had any one dared to watch her?

"Good day to you, fair neighbour," said Pietro, unconscious of her displeasure. "I rejoice to see you once more at work. Are you well again now?"

"Well enough, I thank you," answered the girl, returning to her task, and flogging the linen with an almost vicious force.

Her attitude did not invite to conversation, but Pietro persevered.

"Yet you are thin still," he said, sympathetically. "You

should not work too hard. Six years ago you had flesh on your bones and blood in your cheeks."

Vittoria turned fiercely round. Her eyes burned now indeed! But with the fire of anger, not with the exultant flame of triumph he remembered in them before.

"How do you know what I was like six years ago?" she said. "I have always been as I am now, neither worse nor better."

"I beg your pardon," murmured Pietro, aghast.

She had not noticed him then, that day at the fair. Why should she, of course? She had had a dozen other swains more comely on whom to turn her eyes!

It was natural she should not have noticed him. Though she did not need to be so rough over the subject.

There was a pause.

Pietro could not make up his mind to tear himself away, but truly Vittoria's manner was repelling in the extreme.

"All the same, you should not work too hard," he repeated shyly, after a while.

The woman laughed harshly.

"You should know that poor folk must earn their living," she said. "If I do not work I must starve. These four weeks past the luck has been hard on me, and I have had to live on charity. I ought to be grateful—I *am* grateful—but I hate it, and it burns me to get to work again. Thank God, I am strong enough, I *can* work."

"Yes, yes, of course you are strong," declared Pietro. It was no compliment to fancy a peasant woman was not strong, for strength is beauty in the labourer's sight. So Pietro hastened to repeat that of course Vittoria was strong, and, indeed, any one looking at her splendid frame would have said the same thing.

"How is your little one?" asked the girl, somewhat more graciously, and beginning to twist and wring the linen before carrying it to the drying ground.

"Fortunina is well," answered Pietro. "She is always well, but she takes a deal of looking after. The crops do not get the attention they require, for I have always the child in my eye."

"You should find some one to take charge of her," suggested Vittoria; "there would be many willing."

"Ay, but Fortunina is so sadly wilful," deplored the young man. "She will go willingly to none but you. If she had known I came here to-day there would have been a rare scene to get taken too. But I had business with the Prevosto. Ah, the little one loves you rarely."

Vittoria smiled—one of her rare, tender smiles. If she had chosen she might have said the love was not all on one side. She might have told of stolen interviews with the little dark-eyed maiden, when she had crept down in her weakness to the little cottage by the river just for the pleasure of one kiss from those rosy lips.

But she did not tell, she only said as carelessly as she could:

"She is a pretty child. But you spoil her. You should find some woman to take care of her. Women have more sense."

"That would I, willingly," said Pietro. "But how is any woman to have proper watch over such a rare piece of mischief unless she be always by, and if she be always by—"

"You must wed, that is all," laughed Vittoria, a little harshly, supplementing poor Pietro's awkward pause. "It is not always reckoned so grave a hardship!"

"Nay, indeed, not if one may take the woman one has a liking for," faltered the young man. "But"—and he made a step nearer to her—"that is not always so easy to do. Some women are so far above a poor devil like me—and so hard to get near—and so proud!"

"'Tis well to be proud," said Vittoria coldly, wringing out the last of her clothes as she spoke. "If folk are not proud they get the worst of it in this bad world!" She packed the linen on the

washing-board, and moved towards the garden steps with it in her arms.

"I must go hang out the things," she said, "and here comes his reverence, with whom you had business."

She stood aside to let the old priest pass, and Pietro sighed a sigh.

He had got no further in his courting, and the appearance of the Signor Prevosto struck a cold chill to his heart, for it reminded him of unwelcome and neglected duties.

"What, business, and with me, Pietro Paggi?" asked the old man in his loudest and cheeriest voice. "We can guess what that's about, eh? Come into the parlour with me, my son. Yes, yes, come in, and we will conclude the matter outright. Thy visit falls well this evening. Ay, uncommonly well! Ah, and when Pietro has finished his say, I would have a word with you also, my daughter," added he, turning to Vittoria. "I have just heard of a good place on the farm up the hill, and since you have conducted yourself well in my household, I will willingly recommend you to it. I know that you wish to work, and, now that Heaven has restored you to strength, I feel it is my duty to help you to it."

A cloud gathered on Vittoria's proud brow.

There was something of patronage in the priest's tone, and her unruly spirit resented it.

"Nay," said she, "your reverence has already been too charitable to me. It is best I shift for myself now. I will be on my way again—whither I was bound when the bad luck took me. I think I will set forth with the dawn."

"Well, we will speak more of the matter to night," said the priest, a little harshly, and, as Vittoria turned up the steps to the fields above he looked after her with a knitted brow, and murmured beneath his breath: "A strange, fiery spirit, upon my soul! There has been chastening at work there already, or I mistake not. But not enough yet—no, not enough!"

He turned again towards Pietro.

The young man's gaze was fixed upon the spot where Vittoria had disappeared. His mouth was half open, and his eye was dreamy. The Prevosto considered him a moment; then rapping sharply on the pebbles with his stick he cried sharply:

"What, art *thou* going wool-gathering too? What ails thee? Dost thou know anything of the lass?"

Pietro started.

"Nay, nay, nought," faltered he. He had a vague suspicion that Vittoria would not wish him to say he had ever seen her before, and he wanted to do what Vittoria would like. "I was but thinking that if she takes her way from hence 'tis my Fortunina who will give it tongue and no mistake! She is mad after la Vittoria."

"'Tis right she should show gratitude to her preserver," said the priest. "But Vittoria will not go. I have my reasons for suspecting she will hide where she is safe. All the same thy little one must not be wilful even in matters of affection. Teresina della Fontana is, may be, a better guide for her than this poor vagrant. Thou art fortunate that thou canst secure such an one for her. Ah, here she comes, the pretty one," smiled he. The Prevosto always had a liking for dainty propriety. "Did I not tell thee thy visit fell uncommonly well to night? Come into my parlour, both of you, and we will conclude this little matter at once. I have sounded the lass already," whispered he, "and I know she is nothing loth."

Pietro drew a sigh, and felt his heart grow cold.

For pretty little Teresina tripped lightly round the corner of the Presbytery with her usual white smile upon her lips, and he knew that his fate was sealed.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Pietro came out of the Presbytery that morning, he was a betrothed man.

There was no use trying to deny it.

He was pledged.

Tomasina in the kitchen congratulated him as he came out, and Teresina sat down for a bit of a gossip with a neighbour who had stepped round for a loan of curds.

The affair was concluded, and would be discussed by every cottage hearth that very evening.

There could be no drawing back now, and to speak to Vittoria again would be a sin.

Poor Pietro! How often had he thirsted for a glimpse of that proud and fiery face, and now that it was within his sight it was a sin to gaze upon it!

Truly it was hard, and he was out of patience with the fates of this cross-grained old world!

He could not summon the fitting smile of confused satisfaction to his lips as he stood there in the canonical kitchen beside his newly-betrothed bride. His heart was beating with vexation, and something akin to shame, and he was listening for footsteps without, and fearing lest at any moment Vittoria might come in.

She had snubbed him, it is true, and probably would never have had anything to say to him, but still he could not help fancying that she must have guessed at his love, and he thought he should die of shame when she came to know that he had pledged himself to another.

For how was she to guess that it was for Fortunina's sake alone, and as a tribute to his mother's memory, that he had ever drifted into it?

So he was out of humour as he stood there, and hated the Signor Prevosto for his prompt action in the matter.

But no one guessed at the reason of his downcast face. They all thought he was shy: Pietro Paggi had always been shy.

"There, you are one of the wise ones," the priest was saying kindly as he patted Teresina on the shoulder. "You stick to the good honest fellows of our own village, and do not go making a fool of yourself with flashy upstarts from foreign parts, as I am ashamed to see some of the maidens of the parish doing. Nay, nay, you need not blush," laughed the old man. "I have seen that coxcomb the American dandy—who thinks he is better than all his neighbours, because he has a longer purse. I have seen him making eyes at you, pretty one, but I have also seen how well you can make him turn his gaze aside; and I say Pietro Paggi is lucky to get you for a wife, and for a mother to his brat. The Lord will bless you, children, for you are worthy of one another."

Pietro tried to murmur something to this, but Teresina said nothing. She only blushed redder than ever, so red that Pietro thought she must be a modest girl indeed to take a word of praise from her own confessor as if it were a compliment from a city beau!

Old Tomasina remarked on it, and judging perhaps that praise had gone far enough, said there was never a woman born yet but might have a bee in her bonnet some day or other, and that for her part she advised Pietro to look out for some other and worse fault in a wench who was so precious careless of a man's looks. At which everybody laughed, and Teresina blushed again and pouted, and the housekeeper hastened to add that of course Teresina would have her work cut out too, in keeping Pietro from the wine-shop and the bowls, when once he should know he had a wife at home to mind house and child, besides which it wasn't every girl would overlook the mistake of his youth, as she had consented to do! And then the Prevosto hushed her up, and said her tongue was a full yard too long, and the betrothed pair took their leave amid a hearty round of hand-shakings.

They took different roads when they got outside, and Pietro breathed freer, for Vittoria had not returned from the drying-ground in time to witness his disgrace.

Pietro went back to the cottage and fetched Fortunina from her play with the neighbours' children, and put her in the hay field hard by the garden wall while he went to hoe in the plot; but though her laugh was merry as she tumbled up and down upon the haycocks, and her chatter sounded blither than all the voices of other children, he had no heart to be proud of it to-day; life seemed only a long course of work and patience stretching before him, with never a bit of pleasure to brighten its way.

He felt almost cross even with the child that she had been the innocent means of crushing the last little chance he might have had with the woman of his fancy.

But Fortunina did not notice his gloom. She was happy—teasing great Maso, who mowed the meadow where the grass stood tall yet with its ox-eyed daisies and harebells and golden buttercups and pink ragged robin. The meadow belonged to the Signor Carlo Strappa, the "American" as he was always called—that rich emigrant who had made so much money in the West, and who had come back to his native village to buy up all the land and lord it over the friends and comrades of his boyhood, and play the great man in the eyes of foolish village maidens.

Nobody liked Carlo Strappa, but many were forced to work for him whether they would or no, for he paid good wages, and money is hard to earn. But those who worked for him were those who disliked him the most. It was bitter to have to take the orders and stand the reproaches of a fellow with whom one had been on equal terms six years ago. The American's fine, big new house, with the stucco portico, stood hard by in the midst of the sunny fields.

He came out from beneath it presently, and stood leaning over the paling of his garden watching the work. Maso did not notice him at first, neither did Fortunina.

"Bring the scythe round a bit further and cut off a piece of your legs, Maso," said the saucy child to the old labourer. "You don't need them so long to walk about with! You might take off a good foot and feel none the worse for it. And I'm sure it would save you cloth. Why, you must want four yards and more only to make yourself a pair of breeches!"

Maso grunted good naturedly. The child was a favourite for her pretty eyes' sake, and spite of her saucy tongue.

"Well, well, if my long legs need more to cover them than other men's they do more work too," he said, stopping his mowing to moisten his horny hands that the scythe should not blister them.

"Ay, the cloth costs less for Maso's long legs than for your short ones," sneered a gaunt girl of some fourteen years, who stood raking the hay together hard by; "every one knows you are but an encumbrance and have no right to anything!"

Fortunina's face flushed crimson. With flaming eyes and quivering lips she sprang towards her insulter, bravely clenching her little fist for a blow. The girl only laughed; the child scarcely reached to her waist, and her attempts at castigation were easily parried, though she delivered her thrusts with no mean power and evidently with the best of intentions.

"Go away, naughty, wicked, ugly one," cried the poor little thing. "The Virgin will punish you for talking so, that I know, for I will ask her to. How can I help it that I have no mother to buy me clothes? But father buys me clothes, though. And I am no encumbrance! And I hate you for laughing behind your hand as you always do."

She hit out again, but the thrust was a blind and feeble one, for her eyes were full of tears, and her voice was choking with sobs.

What was it to be an encumbrance, and why was she a worse one than other little girls?

The American had been watching this scene all the time from over the paling of his garden.

There was a half-amused look on his face.

He opened the gate now and came out. "Whose is the child?" asked he of old Maso, coming up to the group.

Carlo Strappa had been Pietro Paggi's best friend in his boyhood. They had climbed the same orchard trees and stolen the cherries together, and Pietro had many a time screened his friend from disgrace for Carlo Strappa had always been a scapegrace, and something of a coward, and Pietro was a generous lad.

Then had come the time when Pietro's father had died, and he had been forced to labour hard as his mother's only protector. There had not been much leisure for sport, and the lads had drifted apart. But still they had been comrades till the day when Carlo's uncle, in despair at his laziness, had put him to work in a mercantile house in town, where the youth had soon taken to ways so evil that presently he had had to be shipped off in disgrace to the New World.

Somehow or other he had fallen on his feet over there, for he had made a fortune, and now he had come home and had inherited the uncle's money as well, and was a rich man as things go in la Valle Calda. Yes, but though he had coin and to spare now, Pietro Paggi had many a time stood him in good stead, and lent him of his savings in the old days when he was always in difficulties, and one would have thought he might have had the good grace to be civil at least to him and to have known something about his affairs.

But that was not Carlo Strappa's way. Though his vanity had urged him to come back and show off his splendour before the comrades of his youth, he did not care for it to be remembered that he had once been a peasant such as they.

That was why he had fostered in the parish that notion that he was really a foreigner, so that actually few in the village even remembered that his name was Carlo Strappa: he always went by the title of "the American."

It was the same motive that influenced him now. Though he must have heard the tale of Pietro's little scandal times enough in the wine-shop, he chose to pretend ignorance of the affairs of so humble a personage, and asked carelessly, "Whose is the child?"

Maso put down his scythe and came towards his employer.

"She is the child of Paggi, your honour," answered he, nodding towards the field where Pietro was working.

"Why, I did not know the fellow was married," replied the other.

Old Maso nodded his head sagely.

"Nay, he is not," whispered he. "She is his bastard."

The American burst into a loud laugh.

"Well, that is good for a church-going fool, I must say," chuckled he. Then, turning to the little one who still stood valiantly trying to master her mortification: "So they say thou art an encumbrance, cherub," smiled he. "But since thou art clothed and housed and fed, what matter what folk say? Nay, never think of it! With those pretty bright eyes of thine I'll lay a wager thou wilt always find some one to clothe and house thee! So be merry. And now, come and give me a kiss!"

He held out his big hand with the heavy gold rings on it and tried to pull her towards him.

But Fortunina resisted.

She had never seen the great Signore before, of whom the neighbours talked, tossing their heads. He had but lately come to live in the village. And now that she saw him she did not like him. It was rude of him to meddle with her, and she would not go to him.

"Come, I have something for thee that will soon make thee forget thy trouble," repeated the man, fumbling in his pocket.

But still she held back.

Fortunina was never persuaded to do what she did not wish.

"Trouble, indeed!" cried she stoutly, swallowing her grief as best she could. "Do you suppose I care for the words of an uneducated girl like that? Bah, not a bit, and I require no comfort."

"Oh, then thou wilt not see what I have for a pretty little girl?" smiled the man again. "Thou art a foolish child. To-day I go to town, and do not return till the San Giovanni. And if thou hadst been gracious to me I would have brought thee a pretty present for the feast-day."

"Thank you, I want none," muttered the child surlily. "Do you think I have no one to give me presents, and must needs take them from strangers?"

The insult was still rankling in her bosom, or she would not have been so ungracious.

But her heart was sore, and she did not like her new acquaintance, and so, waving him aside, she rushed across the meadow to the spot where Pietro was working.

It was only just in time to save her dignity, for the sobs would not be held back any longer, and the sound of her new friend's scoffing laugh in the distance did not tend to dry her tears.

Pietro had seen her coming, and had thrown down his pickaxe and leapt the wall into the meadow.

She threw herself into his arms, and burst into a wild paroxysm of grief.

"Why, what ails thee, little heart?" asked the man tenderly, forgetting his unreasonable rancour of two minutes ago, and smoothing her curly brown head softly with his horny hand. "Hast hurt thyself? Tell me where is thy pain."

Fortunina could not speak. The sobs came too fast and thick.

"Come, come," said Pietro, after waiting a few moments, and judging from the signs that temper and not pain was the cause of these tears, "San Giovanni does not love children who cry, and he is coming soon, thou knowest. Thou wilt do well to show him a good face!"

The child made a violent effort to swallow her tears.

"They told me I had no mother," gasped she.

Pietro felt himself grow pale.

Surely this was a retribution for his selfish repining at an act of self-sacrifice which should secure peace and happiness to his darling. He tried to laugh.

"That thou didst know for thyself," said he. "But come, if thou wilt be a good child, and stop thy crying, and come home and shred the beans for me, maybe I will tell thee something that will make thee happy."

Fortunina dried her eyes with her little blue linen apron.

Her face was still red and tear-stained, but the current of her childish anguish was stemmed as such fierce and shallow currents usually are.

"Yes, let us go home," assented she. "It gives me no pleasure to remain in the fields when there are such horrid folk around. There is that great Signore who would have given me money and promised me gifts from the town for the San Giovanni. But I like him not, and do not know him, and why does he offer me gifts?" pouted Fortunina proudly.

"Ay, thou art right! The jackanapes!" muttered Pietro.

He too was proud, and he resented this admiration of his pretty darling by a man who ignored his own existence for all they had been comrades in youth.

But aloud he said, "Nay, he was kind, nevertheless thou dost not need to speak much with him. He is not of us." And he was pleased somehow when Fortunina answered: "Not I, indeed! I prefer to go with thee. So now take me on thy shoulder, and tell me thy news." And from her post up there beside the dark, swarthy head and face, with her little arms clasped around the brown throat, she added with an amusing affectation of philo-

sophical carelessness: "Thou wert right to laugh at me, dad, for caring what Grigia said. She is a bad, ugly wench, every one knows it. And for all her taunts she will not have half such a good frock as I when the San Giovanni comes round!"

Pietro smiled, but he felt it incumbent on him to administer a reproof.

"Hush, hush!" remonstrated he. "It is not pretty to be vain."

He was not prepared for the reply, whispered coaxingly in his ear:

"Ah, dear dad," cooed the child, stroking his rough cheek tenderly, "it is not that I am vain *this* time; though it is true I love a new frock dearly. It is that I want all the people to say, when they see me at the procession: 'See what a good father little Fortunina has, and how he loves to dress her better than all the other children!' Then nobody—neither la Grigia nor any one else—will *dare* to say any more that I am an encumbrance, and that I am worse than other children because I have no mother."

Pietro felt the tears spring to his eyes, and he pressed the tiny hand firmer than ever in his grasp.

This, then, was the offence that had gnawed at the little heart.

Thank God that he had taken the best means he knew to avoid such for the future!

They reached the cottage before Fortunina had had time to press again for that piece of news which he burned yet feared to tell her.

Pietro set the child down on the low ledge of the *loggia*, beneath the vine, and holding her still by her two elbows, while he looked steadfastly into her deep, blue-black eyes, he said persuasively, "Thou lovest la Tercesina della Fontana, dost thou not?"

The child pouted a little, and tried to turn away her head.

"Well enough," answered she, after a pause. "She plaits my hair, and yesterday she gave me a sweet. I like sweets. But"—as though with a sudden inspiration—"the tall woman who saved me from the fishes gives me no sweets, and yet I love her—oh, a thousand times better!"

Pietro released the child and turned away. Truly the fates were pursuing him!

As he had carried his treasure along just now he had almost thought he could love the rough path into which he had, so to speak, been thrust, if to her it might prove a smooth one, and free from the mortifications which she must otherwise encounter.

And now, instead of that, here was the child herself pointing to the way which he himself had been burning to choose. Life was a very incomprehensible and contradictory affair, and he was heartily sick of it.

He was angry with himself, angry with the child, angry with everybody—even with Vittoria, about it.

"It is right thou shouldst have gratitude for the woman who saved thee from death," he replied, somewhat sententiously. "But for her thou wouldst have been drowned."

"Ay, with the fishes," put in Fortunina.

"All the same, thou hast scarce seen la Vittoria since, save when I have taken thee to the Presbytery, and it is not pretty of thee to say thou preferrest her to good Tercesina, who has been kind to thee these five years past."

"Nevertheless, I do," reiterated the little damsel, nodding her head gravely. "And as for never having seen la Vittoria since, why, she comes down here when thou art away at work, and kisses me, and plays with me better than any one. She used to come when she was still so ill she had to walk with a stick—so."

Fortunina was a regular little mimic.

"And then, when she is with me alone, she laughs. She is not sad and angry as when thou art by."

Pietro listened aghast.

If he had known this, what courage it would have given him, and how bravely would he have defied the Prevosto and all other mediators and inventors of foul marriages!

"Dost thou not want to know that piece of news that I promised thee just now in the meadow?" asked he presently, with a groan, but trying to put the best face on a bad matter.

Fortunina clapped her hands.

"Oh, yes!" cried she. "Do tell me, quick!"

"It is that, if thou art a good child, and obedient, the dear Madonna will perhaps send thee a mother. And then the girls of the village will not be able to say any more thou hast no mother to buy thee clothes."

"I should like that," smiled Fortunina, still radiant. "What will she be like?"

For a moment the truth trembled on Pietro's lips, but he had not the courage.

The child would know soon enough from other tongues than his.

"That will be for the good Madonna to choose," said he. And then he added solemnly: "And the dear grandmother in heaven—God rest her soul!—will perhaps tell the Madonna who would be best."

"Then I will be glad and love the mother that she sends," assented the little one. "But I hope she will be like la Vittoria!"

And then she jumped down from the wall and ran into the kitchen.

The strain on her seriousness had been long enough.

"Give me the beans to shred," cried she.

"Yes," said Pietro, putting a big yellow bowl in her hands. "Thou sayest right; 'twere time the pot had been on for dinner full half an hour ago. Set to thy task quickly, like a nimble little housewife as thou art, while I go to the outhouse for wood."

He left her and went down the steps into the path.

As he turned the corner, the smart new cart of the American howled past along the road.

He was going to the station to take the train to town.

He was proud of showing off his possessions in his native village, but he was a gay spark too, and he loved town pleasures.

He spent much of his time there.

Pietro looked after him as he sped along the road, and some thing like a sneer curled his lip.

Fortunina also watched the gay cart dash past.

She did not like this great Signore, but she clapped her hands as she stood on the *loggia*, for it was a merry sight to see.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FORTUNINA sat upon the doorstep, engrossed in her task.

Her eyes were bright again now, and the ready smile lay near at hand, though, at the moment, she was pointing in the very earnestness of her absorption upon the work that she had undertaken.

Her grief was all forgotten.

She had spread out her little skirt over her fat little legs to make a lap, and had planted the big yellow basin well between her knees, and now she had begun to open the pods with her tiny thumb, and to let the beans clatter down into the dish.

The fire crackled on the hearth within, and outside the sunshine blazed hot upon the meadows, and upon the willows by the river; the carnations on the window-sill scented the air in its heat, and the golden gourd blossoms opened their broad petals down in the tangle of garden below.

It was just midday.

Down the valley, and up the valley, and all around, wooded hills sent their jagged outlines up against the clear summer sky. The ruined castle at Savignone was almost lost in the haze of heat. The *Campanile* clock struck twelve jarring strokes, and then, after a few minutes, the bells began, slowly at first, and afterwards with disorderly speed, to ring a half chime.

"Tomasina pulls the great bell," said the child to herself. But she did not stop her work to listen. She went on shredding her beans busily, her eyes fixed on the dish.

Some one brushed through the trailing gourd tendrils, and stood a moment at the foot of the steps, watching her as she sat upon the doorstep beneath the shady *pergola*.

"Fortunina!" said a voice very gently.

The child looked up.

Vittoria stood below.

"Art thou alone?" whispered she.

The little one nodded.

"Dad is gone for wood," she said.

The woman came up the steps and sat down on the doorstep beside the little one.

She took her in her arms, and kissed her—kissed her very tenderly.

Fortunina did not object, though if any one else had ventured to interrupt her in the performance of a task, she would have hit out fast and thick.

But, she had said it, she loved Vittoria.

So the beans were forgotten for the time being, while the pretty head allowed itself to be taken to the warm woman's bosom, and willingly submitted to the shower of caresses that was lavished upon it.

Vittoria had come to take her farewell of the only thing that she loved in this village that she was going to leave—ay, of the only thing that she loved in this whole, wide world—and her heart was very heavy.

For she had said she would go, and she meant to do it. Even for the sake of remaining near to the child whom she had saved from death and loved so strangely well in consequence, she could not persuade herself to submit to what she called patronizing charity.

She had come to say good bye, but she had not the heart to tell the little one so!

She preferred to talk of ordinary affairs.

"Whose was the smart carriage that went by just now?" asked she.

"That was the American's," answered Fortunina. "His, thou knowest, who has the fine new house in the meadows yonder. He only came to live here a little while ago, because he did not come back from America before, and then the fine house was not finished either."

"What is his name?" asked Vittoria listlessly, and thinking of how she should tell the child of her departure.

"That I do not know," replied the little one. "Every one calls him the American. But thou hast seen him, hast thou not? Or is it because thou hast always been ill since he came, that thou dost not know him?"

"May be," answered Vittoria, still carelessly. "Anyhow, I have not seen him."

"Ah, he is like Satan, I think!" continued the child. "Red hair, and the eyes of bad people. He wanted to bring me back gifts from town for the San Giovanni—he is gone away till the San Giovanni—but I do not like him, so I said 'No!'"

"Thou didst well."

"He is a coxcomb, the neighbours say! And has come to play the insolent to us poor peasants," added Fortunina, sententiously.

Vittoria smiled to hear the words of the shrewd village gossips in the mouth of this little innocent. But she took but little interest in hearing about this stranger whom they called "the

American," and turning the talk she asked abruptly: "What was it thou didst cry for just now in the meadow, Fortunina?"

The child demurred.

"Who said that I cried?" asked she suspiciously.

"No one," laughed the woman. "But I was passing in the road below. I heard thee. What was it for?"

"For nothing," said the child evasively.

"Come, come, one does not cry for nothing. Tell me. Thou knowest I will not reproach thee."

"I cried because the neighbours make fun of me, and say that I am different to other children," confessed Fortunina presently, a little crestfallen.

Vittoria was silent.

She knew the tale of Fortunina's birth as it was told in the parish: that is to say, she thought that the child was Pietro Paggi's illegitimate offspring by some city wench who had since deserted both of them.

From the point of view of morality, she no doubt thought no worse of Pietro's error than did the other neighbours, and in the ordinary course of events would probably have judged it a fitter subject for raillery than censure.

When she had advised Pietro that morning to take a wife for Fortunina's good, she had not thought there would be any disgrace in the matter.

She was not scandalised at the tale, but for some unknown reason of her own she was always profoundly moved whenever it became the subject of discussion.

"The neighbours say it is a disgrace to have no mother," said Fortunina again after a bit, seeing that she got no reply. "So that is why I cried."

Vittoria sighed.

"Thou criest because thou hast no mother and I cry because I have no child," she murmured to herself. "What a life it is! And no help for it; holy Virgin!"

"Folk say I am a child of sin," continued the little one. "But I don't know what it is to be a child of sin. I have done nothing. I did not make myself. That is what I say."

"A child of sin," repeated Vittoria, while a dark look came over her face. "I know what it is—ay, merciful God, I know what it is!"

She shuddered, and rose from her seat.

"Dost thou?" said the little girl, "tell me what it is."

The woman did not hear.

Her hands were pressed to her brow, as though to keep her wits from ebbing away; her eyes were staring wildly out towards the river.

Fortunina pulled at her skirt.

"Tell me what it is," she repeated. "The foster mother says it is a child who has no father. But I have a father. So I am not a child of sin, am I? And it is none of my fault?"

Vittoria shook herself, and glanced down at the little eager face.

"Nay," she said, with a sigh so deep that she shuddered again in breathing it, and shaking her head as though to dispel an evil dream; "nay, little one, the sin is never the fault of the child, it is always the fault of the mother. Ay, always of the mother!" she added with a scornful laugh, "and the mother must bear the punishment! Well, well, such talk is not for thee, madonnina," she added quickly.

And taking the two little brown cheeks in her hands, she kissed the red mouth several times passionately.

"God bless thee!" she said.

"Ah!" said the child, releasing herself. "Now I shall know what to say to them all. It is not my fault, it is the fault of my mother, I shall say."

She looked exultant at having found a way out of her difficulty. But Vittoria's face frightened her.

"Oh, child, hush, for pity's sake, hush!" cried the woman. "Thou dost not know what thou sayest. Thou dost not know how thy mother has, maybe, suffered for her sin. But I know—ay, I know! For the love of God do not think ill of thy mother!"

The little one pouted, and stood pondering. In a moment, however, she smiled brightly.

"Why, how can I think ill of my mother if I never had one?" she laughed. "How foolish we are! Because that mother that dad said the good Madonna would perhaps send me one day if I was sensible, she will be a new mother, I suppose."

It was all very puzzling, and Fortunina knit her brows in perplexed thought.

"Did thy dad say that?" asked Vittoria, turning suddenly.

"Yes. Dad is not a poor man now like some folk," asserted the child proudly. "And so I suppose he can afford to buy a mother just as Bianca del Prelo affords to buy herself so many children."

Vittoria smiled.

"What mother is he going to buy for thee?" she asked.

"That I do not know," replied Fortunina, returning to her impressive gravity of demeanour. "It will be for the good Madonna to choose, and the grandmother up in heaven."

"What mother wouldst thou like?"

"I should like thee," answered the child, without a pause. "I told father I loved thee next best to him."

"Didst thou?" said the woman. She took Fortunina in her arms once more, and stood her up on the parapet of the little terrace. "Ah, if it could be," she murmured—"if it could only be that I need not part from thee!" Then hastily putting the child down again she muttered with her old, wild manner, "Never, never! What have I to do with peace and joy? What have I to do with anything but thinking and thinking and thinking for ever of a cry that will ring in my ears till death?"

She started, for she caught the gaze of the child fixed on her intently. She took off the kerchief about her throat, shook it out, folded it afresh, and pinned it around her again, as though to bring herself back by force to her ordinary condition of mind.

Steps were heard upon the path.

Vittoria turned quickly round, snatched one more hasty kiss from the astonished child, and disappeared round the corner of the house that was furthest from the road, as Pietro came along the path and ascended the cottage steps.

"Who was that with thee?" he asked.

"It was la Vittoria," replied Fortunina. "She kissed me very much, and talked to the sun, and had the tears in her eyes!"

Kissed her very much!

She loved his poor little foundling, then!

Perhaps would have stood instead of her own mother to her!

For the sake of the child would even have put up with such as he!

Ay, and it was all too late—too late!

Fortunina would have brought him good fortune—the best he had ever had in his life—and he would not let her!

He could have tortured himself for the fool he had been!

To think she had been there—there upon his own threshold, beside his own hearth—and he had not kept her! Dared not have said to her: "I am unworthy of you, but for the child's sake stay."

"I told her thou hadst promised me a mother," prattled the child unconsciously.

"Ay, and what did she say?" asked the man, to whom every word was a new agony.

"It was then she cried and looked at the sun," answered Fortunina. "Vittoria makes me afraid sometimes—when she

looks at the sun. But I love her. Dost thou not love her too, father? I wish thou couldst give *her* to me for a mother!"

"Hush, child," said Pietro, with such an unwonted sharpness that Fortunina looked up in dire astonishment. "Thou dost not know of what thou speakest. Little girls should be discreet."

And for once Fortunina was obedient. She returned to the shredding of her beans and to being "discreet," and the subject of her new mother passed from her mind.

But not, alas, from the mind of Pietro nor from the mind of the woman who was sadly turning her steps back towards the Presbytery.

She had resolved to part from the child to whom she had become so strangely and unaccountably bound, and yet even while she said she was resolved she felt her resolve waver.

She had only this one thing in the world that she dared love, and it was hard she should have to put it from her.

As she went her way, pondering and reviling her fate, a horrible temptation came before her.

She had not been blind all these years to Pietro's passion. She had known all along, ever since that San Giovanni evening on the Casella Green, that he loved her. She had fathomed his honest, faithful temperament at a glance, and she knew that she could count upon him; she knew that he loved her still.

Had she not seen his eyes kindle and his hands tremble this very morning as he had talked to her?

It was a balm to her poor heart to feel herself loved by a man like that, and perhaps in time she would come to be able to give him the regard of which he was worthy.

He would make her a good husband—she would have a quiet, comfortable, and honest home—and she would have Fortunina!

Some day this one's merry laugh might drown the echo of that other plaintive cry in her ears.

Oh, how happy she would be!

Why must she always put away from her every chance of peace and pleasure?

He—he was not without blemish himself. The temptation was growing stronger at every step that she took!

He had promised Fortunina a mother, and she could easily guess who he hoped that that mother would be.

Vittoria, partly through her illness and partly through her morose and reserved character, had lived so entirely apart from village gossip since her arrival in la Valle Calda, that she had heard no hint of that rumour that had been creeping about the parish touching the probable betrothal of Teresina della Fontana and Pietro Paggi.

She did not guess at the troubles and complications that had entered into her faithful gallant's simple existence.

She counted on him as she knew that she could count—on his heart.

She was passing beneath the arch of the belfry—the Presbytery porch was in sight.

Tomasina would be waiting to make that investigation of her affairs that she had been long expecting.

If she persisted in her flight, Tomasina and the priest would feel it their duty to fathom the reason of it.

Here was another argument in favour of her remaining.

Her mind was made up.

The Prevosto would propose the place on the farm to her again.

She would accept it. She would remain in the valley near to Fortunina—and would wait to see how things arranged themselves.

(To be continued.)





NOTES



THE autumn Exhibition at Manchester is the last that will be held under the individual control of the Royal Institution. The transfer of the building in Moseley Street to the Manchester Corporation, which has now been effected, marks the beginning of a new era in the artistic concerns of the city. Henceforth the municipality will undertake the control of the annual exhibitions, and will at the same time organise a scheme for the establishment of a permanent Art Gallery and Museum. While wishing all success to the new venture, we must congratulate the Council of the Institution upon having so worthily completed their long and arduous labours in the cause of art. Doubtless many of these gentlemen, who, like Mr. Falkner, Mr. Worthington, and others, have been so closely identified with the practical conduct of the exhibition in the past, will be among the members elected to assist the Corporation in the future. The galleries of the Institution contain as usual a large number of well-known works, already familiar to visitors to the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery. Chief amongst the number are the superb portrait of Cardinal Manning, by G. F. Watts, R.A.; a delightful coast scene entitled "Caller Herrin," by J. C. Hook, R.A.; the Rose Standish of Mr. G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.; and "At the Golden Gate," by Val Prinsep, A.R.A. The Exhibition viewed as a whole is particularly distinguished by the excellence of its portraits and its landscapes. The principal contributors in the former class are M. Fantin, Mr. Partington, Mr. Bright Morris, and Mr. Percy. The landscapes include several works by native Manchester artists, whose strongly-marked manner of execution is perhaps most powerfully expressed in the paintings of Mr. Anderson Hague. Mr. Henry Moore sends a lovely sea piece, and there is a smaller but very brilliant example in the same kind by Mr. Brett. We may mention also the landscapes of Mr. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Munn, and Mr. Wade, whose delightful study forms a prominent feature of the water-colour collection.

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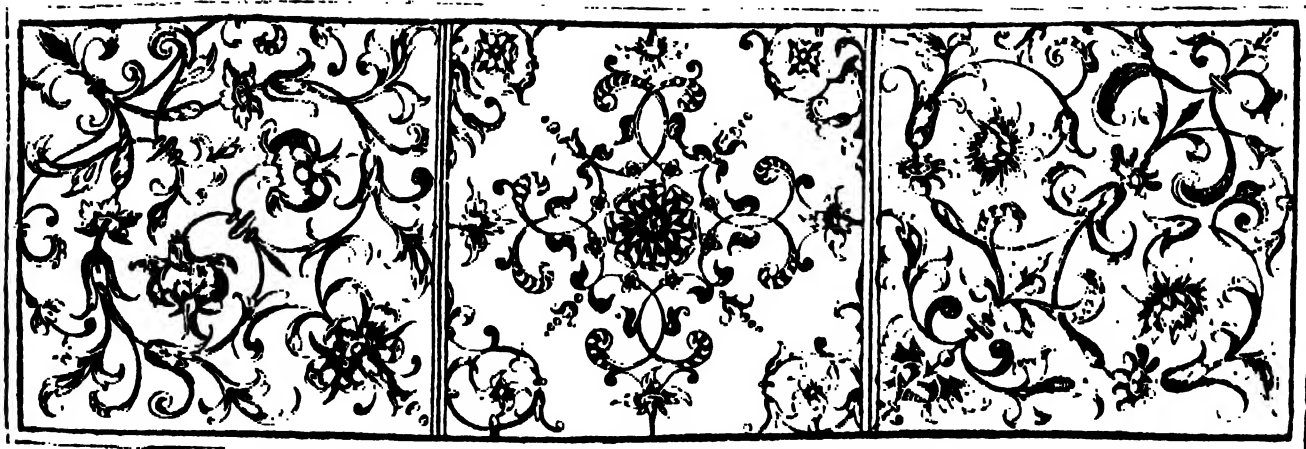
M. LUDOVIC LALANNE, writing in *L'Art*, announces a discovery of extraordinary interest recently made by him in the library of the Institute. He has found in an old volume, which had hitherto altogether escaped the notice of students, a series of two hundred original drawings by Jean Cousin, one of the most celebrated artists of the Renaissance. Cousin was a typical representation of an epoch in art when it was not uncommon for a single individual to combine the practice of several distinct branches of artistic craftsmanship. He was, at the same time, painter, sculptor, painter on glass, and illustrator of books, and it is to his work for engraving that the drawings now brought to light undoubtedly belong. They form a connected series of illustrations to a *Liber Fortune*, consisting of symbols and emblems arranged in a manner common to his time. A number of facsimiles from the original designs are published in *L'Art*, and more are promised in succeeding issues of the journal. The discovery gains additional interest from the fact that the existence of such a work by Cousin was known by tradition, but was supposed to have perished.

MR. GEORGE FAULKNER, of Manchester, whose labours in the artistic revival of the earlier forms of printing are well known, has prepared and issued from his own press an interesting monograph

on the "Shrine of our Lady at Loretto." The strangeness of the legend, and the beauty of the place with which it is connected, have taken strong hold of the writer, and he contrives to impart something of his own enthusiasm to the narrative of his several visits to the shrine. The book is beautifully printed, each page being framed in an ornamental design reproduced from a *Book of Hours*, printed by Kerver in 1526.

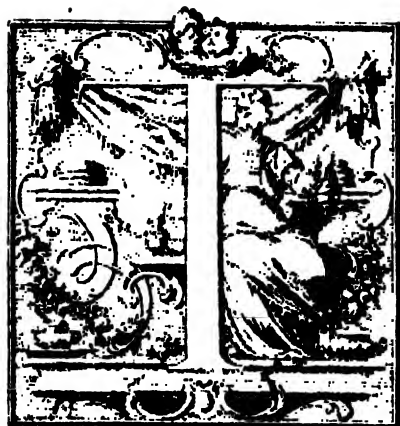
LOVERS of lace will be interested in learning that an Exhibition of that delicate fabric will be inaugurated at Brighton this month. The exhibits will be in three divisions; needle-point, comprising Venetian, rose, and Alençon point, and white Spanish lace; cushion lace, comprising French, Belgian, Flemish, Valenciennes, &c.; and machine-made lace. Medals will be given as prizes in this, and also in an exhibition of Fans of all countries, which is to be held simultaneously.

THE value and advantage of Trades Exhibitions are now so universally conceded that their almost perpetual recurrence is but natural, notwithstanding the fact that their novelty has worn off, and they suffer a consequent diminution of popularity except in the eyes of those immediately interested in them. Leather presents but few attractions to the ordinary observer, and this may account for the extremely business-like air which pervades the Leather Trades' Exhibition and Market, now in full swing at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Its appreciation by the Leather Trade is, however, amply proved by the circumstance that this is the third exhibition of the kind held within the short period of two years. From a technical point of view the Exhibition is interesting as showing the various improvements which have taken place, and are still progressing, in the tanning and preparation of all kinds of leather, and the gradual process of converting the raw hide into the several descriptions of the finished material adapted for the multitudinous uses to which it is put. Several of the exhibitors have contrived to impart considerable attractiveness to their exhibits by means of trophies in which the skins are judiciously arranged with the heads of the animals from which they are taken, and the implements used in the capture of the latter. This is notably the case with Messrs. William Stephen & Sons, of the Arctic Tannery, Dundee. Looked at artistically, the Velociplastic Facsimiles of Mr. Henry Loewenberg are alone noticeable, but the number of the exhibits of this manufacture is unfortunately too small to admit of any adequate idea being formed as to the value of the invention. The manufacture claims to be an exact reproduction of objects of art and nature, and the aim of the inventor is to imitate quickly and cheaply any object that is beautiful, or scarce, or unique; to copy it in such a manner that its reproduction shall be equal to the original in form, colour, surface, strength, and durability, and may, moreover, be found capable of being practically used instead of it. The invention claims to go to the extent of imitating, among other things, every kind of texture and braidings, of wood, ivory, tortoise-shell, malachite, cameos, marble, and metal, in high and low relief, in any degree of hardness without brittleness. If it is capable of carrying out so extensive a programme as this, the patent—the English right of which is for sale—may be pronounced to be invaluable indeed.



POMPEII AND THE MUSEUM OF NAPLES

II



THE majority of the paintings discovered at Pompeii are most probably due to the period between the earthquake of A.D. 63, and the destruction of the town in 79, which will account for the similarity in character observable in them. This similarity, however, does not preclude the existence of very noticeable differences in regard to artistic value and quality of execution, and though none of them can be looked upon as masterpieces, the greater portion display considerable delicacy of taste and simple elegance. These qualities are scarcely so conspicuous in the mythological compositions, which are almost invariably inferior in execution to the most ordinary antique *bas-reliefs*, as in the purely decorative and ornamental paintings in the style which has derived its modern name

of grotesque from the subterranean rooms *grotte* in which the originals were found. These rooms, by the way, must not be understood as having been built below the surface of the ground; they were buried by the gradual accumulation of soil and the ruins of the *therme* of which they formed a part.

Pliny deals at great length with this branch of art, the decadence of which, in his own time, he greatly deploras. According to him, painting for the purpose of external and internal decoration was first introduced into Rome by Grecian painters brought over by Demaratus, father of Tarquinius Priscus, and the first recorded specimen of Roman art was executed some two hundred years later, when one of the Fabii painted the temple of the Goddess of Health. Other artists are mentioned by Pliny, who states, nevertheless, that until the time of Augustus the custom was to paint the walls of houses only one single colour, relieved by fanciful ornamentation, and that the idea of covering whole walls with pictures and landscapes was due to that monarch himself. It was in his reign, also, that a painter named Iudius invented the grotesque, or arabesque, style of decoration. Once introduced it spread rapidly, to the great disgust, at all events, of Vitruvius, who condemns it in no measured terms, on the ground that it is absurd to represent beings who neither have nor can have any existence, and that fanciful painting not founded on truth cannot possibly be beautiful. Fortunately for the progress of art, public opinion, both contemporary and subsequent, differed entirely from Vitruvius, or we should probably never have known the ornamental designs of Raphael in the gallery of the Vatican, the idea of which occurred to him from the paintings found in the baths of Rome.

Sir W. Gell also mentions another style of painting, of which some specimens were discovered at Pompeii, extremely peculiar and, in his opinion, unique. "It is singular," he says, "that in many cases, though a picture be not ill-preserved, and may be seen from the most convenient distance, a style of painting has been adopted which, though calculated to decorate the wall, is by no means intelligible on a nearer approach. In a chamber near the entrance of the Chalcidicum, by the statue

of Eumachia, is a picture, in which, from a certain distance, a town, a tent, and something like a marriage ceremony might be perceived, but which vanished into an assemblage of apparently unmeaning blots, so as to entirely clude the skill of an artist who was endeavouring to copy it at the distance



HORSE'S HEAD IN BRONZE
National Museum of Naples

of three or four feet. Another picture of the same kind is or was visible in the chamber of the Perseus and Andromeda. An entire farmyard, with animals, a fountain, and a beggar, seemed to invite the antiquary to a closer inspection, which only produced confusion and disappointment, and

proved that the picture could not be copied, except by a painter possessing the skill and touch of the original artist. It is probable that those who were in the habit of painting these unreal pictures had the art of producing them with great ease and expedition, and that they served to fill a compartment where greater detail was judged unnecessary."

The artist, *Ludius*, mentioned by *Pliny*, was also a landscape painter. Whether he deserved all the eulogy showered upon him by the great historian is a point which it is impossible to decide, because none of his works have survived; but it is more than probable that the landscapes discovered in considerable numbers on the walls of the houses in *Pompeii* give an accurate idea of his manner. In speaking of landscape in this connection it is, of course, understood as having nothing in common



BRONZE TABLE AND LAMP
National Museum of Naples

with the art of *Ruysdael* or *Claude Lorrain*, *Constable* or *Corot*, that true landscape painting which has for its principal object the study of the effects of light and atmospheric influences. That is essentially a modern art. Rather must recourse be had, by way of comparison, to the decorative painting of the Chinese or Japanese, wherein perspective is, for the most part, equally conspicuous by its absence. Neither were the *Pompeian* artists colourists in the sense in which the term is applied to *Rubens* or *Rembrandt*, *Titian* or *Veronese*, but none the less did colour count as an element in their creations, as the polychromic character of their mural decorations amply proves. Occasionally, too, they coloured their statues. *Dr. Dyer* mentions a statue of *Venus* leaving the bath, naked from the waist upwards, and wringing her dishevelled locks, which was discovered February 16th, 1765, and has the

hair painted yellow; round her neck is a gilt necklace, the breast and upper part of the torso are also gilt, and the drapery which covers the lower members is painted blue. A small marble statue of Bacchus, discovered in the following year, had the hair, eyebrows, and eyes partly painted, partly gilt; the grapes, which formed a garland round his head, were also coloured. The goat skin which hung from his shoulders was covered with gilt spots; his buskins were partly coloured, partly gilt; and the tree against which he leant, as well as the tiger which stood near him, were also tinted. A colossal statue of an emperor, in Greek marble, discovered in 1853, had the hair painted red, the mantle purple, and the buskins black.

But notwithstanding the drawbacks incident upon a limited knowledge of perspective and an inferiority of colouring, it is quite possible to gain from frescoes, such as those discovered in Pompeii, a tolerably accurate notion of the country depicted and the extent to which its inhabitants admired and



BRONZE STATUE OF NARCISSUS
National Museum of Naples

understood nature. The description of a landscape, one of three discovered on the walls of a court in the building known as the House of the Smaller Fountain, will, probably, be the most efficacious mode of conveying an idea of this branch of Pompeian art. The scene represents a farmhouse and yard, with domestic animals. On the left, leaning against the wall, is the yoke for oxen; in the distance is a group of figures, one of whom seems to have just brought in a naked infant, and it is conjectured that the discovery and adoption of Œdipus by the shepherd of King Polybus, or some similar event, is here depicted. Trees and the surrounding country complete the painting which, as well as its two companion pictures, is stated by Dr. Dyer to differ in character from anything found in Pompeii up to the date of his experience.

It may be remembered that in the first portion of this article, in the last number of ART AND LETTERS, casual mention was made of the recent discovery and excavation of a house in Isola V.,

Regione VIII., at Pompeii, and before quitting the subject of mural decoration, a description of the wall paintings discovered there may not be uninteresting, though from all accounts they do not



MARBLE STATUE OF ARISTIDES
National Museum of Naples

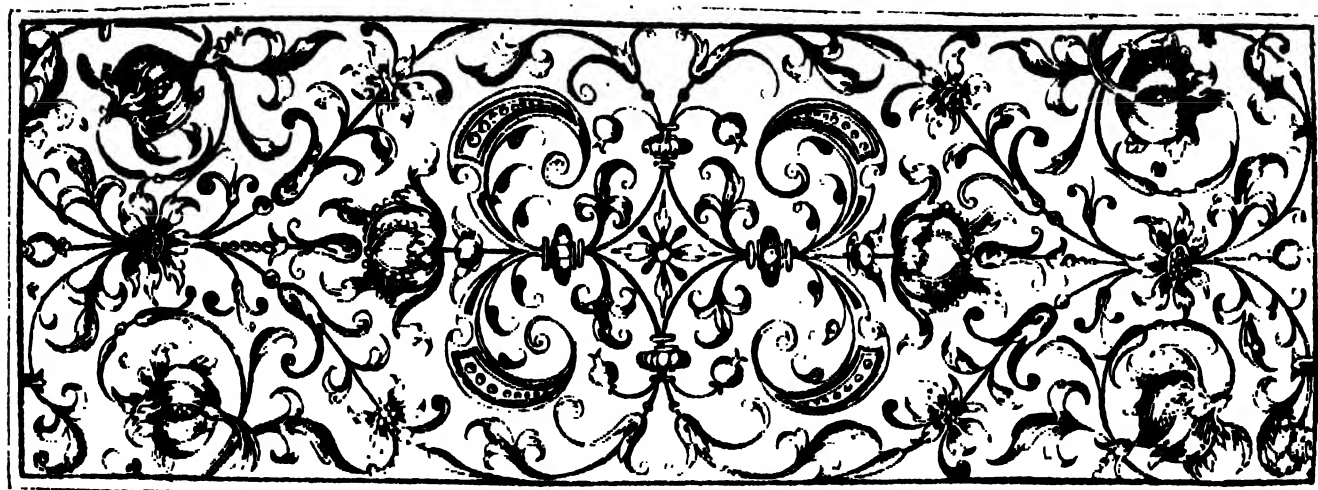
appear to be of any great value. On entering the doorway, a row of columns was found, forming a triangular space, in the midst of which is the triclinium with the reclining bed made of marble, and

in the centre a cylindrical table covered with slabs of marble geometrically arranged. In this space are wall paintings representing heads of Medusa, hypoglyphs, and fantastic birds. "Returning into the passage," says the Naples correspondent of the *Daily News*, who is responsible for the description, "there is on the left next to the kitchen an exedra with walls ornamented with white and yellow squares, divided by columns, decorations, and festoons all in fresco. At the entrance of this room are two strange figures; on the left an infant surprised at the sight of a large rat issuing from a trap, and on the right the same infant trying to catch the rat. On the left wall is a medallion with a small figure, two cupids and two flying geniuses, one with a pastoral staff in the left hand, and a bunch of grapes in the right; the other with the staff in the right hand, and the left supporting a basket on the shoulder. The opposite wall is in a bad condition, so that nothing can be distinguished but the faint traces of a similar medallion."

Ancient art was neither as cold nor as strained as it is with great injustice asserted to have been by those who base their opinion on the clumsy imitations of it due to unskilful copyists. The ancients, who knew so well how to associate sculpture with architecture, and who made profuse use of statues in connection with the interiors and exteriors alike of their edifices, in their public squares as well as in their gardens and rural sites, would be at a loss to understand the insignificant and useless part which we assign to sculpture in our buildings. Our statues are, as often as not, placed against a wall, or in recesses of the same colour as themselves, where it is impossible to obtain a clear view of them because they blend into the background; or else we perch them on the roof of a building, or at so great a height that the eye can only discern them with the aid of a telescope. We may almost go so far as to say that with us sculpture is an excrescence and a superfluity, and that it accords neither with our tastes, ideas, or manners; whereas it was a necessary adjunct to the intellectual and moral life of antiquity.

In giving utterance to this opinion there is no intention to depreciate the present and exalt the past. Ancient painting, to judge by the specimens we know, is decidedly inferior to the modern art, but, on the other hand, the superiority of ancient over modern sculpture is equally decided. Attempts are sometimes made to explain away this superiority by the assumption that sculpture is only capable of representing the material form, and that expression is not within its scope, but a form invariably represents an idea, and there is no form without expression any more than there can be expression without form. The fact is that sculpture, not having at its disposal either light or colour, cannot aspire to represent movement or passion, which are as variable and fleeting as the play of light and colour. It has perforce to confine itself to the expression of characteristics, which are as permanent as is form. Ancient sculpture has succeeded in representing with equal perfection general and universal types in the statues of its deities, and individual types in its portraits. Modern sculpture, on the contrary, is continually seeking to portray passion and movement instead of contenting itself with the expression of attitude and character; and as a natural result it enters into competition with painting on ground whereon it must necessarily be at a disadvantage.

It is no uncommon thing to find a modern statue in an attitude which a model could not maintain for five consecutive minutes, but nothing of the sort will be discovered in a gallery of statues due to ancient artists. All their figures are tranquil, and when you look at them they almost give you an idea that they have stopped to look at you. A pretentious head or a theatrical gesture may occasionally be met with, but they are invariably due to modern restoration. The greater portion of the antique statues handed down to our time are more or less mutilated, owing to the havoc wrought on pagan masterpieces under Christian rulers. In many cases the fragments were in such a state that they could only be appreciated by sculptors or *connoisseurs* of intelligence. To fit them for public appreciation the task of restoration which was necessary was confided to some artist or other who brought his own ideas and individuality to bear on the work, and the harmony of the original conception suffered in proportion. Some ancient statues, it is true, are of but moderate worth, some even are bad and of no value; but mannerism is not to be found in any of them; that addition is due to the restorer.



FRANS HALS

II



THE genius of Frans Hals has always won the respect and admiration of artists. His skilful manner of execution, even where assurance borders on audacity, appeals with especial force to those who have themselves to encounter the technical problems of art. There are many among the most eminent painters who do not possess this inborn gift of craftsmanship, and to whom the practical part of their calling remains to the last a difficult and laborious process. To such men, the easy mastery displayed by an artist like Frans Hals is a source of constant fascination. An interesting anecdote related by Decamps, proves that even in his own day this peculiar quality had received a full measure of recognition, and at the hands of one who was himself richly endowed in all the resources of the painter's art. Van Dyck was on his way to England,

when he stopped at Haarlem, for the express purpose of making the acquaintance of Frans Hals. So constant was Hals in his attendance at the inn, that the Antwerp master at last hit upon the device of sending word that some one was waiting at his house to have his portrait painted. As soon as Hals appeared, Van Dyck informed him that he was a stranger, that he wished to have his portrait painted, but that he had only a couple of hours to spare. Hals took the first canvas that came to his hand, arranged his palette with indifferent skill, and set to work. In a very short time he asked Van Dyck to get up and look at what he had done. The sitter complied, seemed well pleased with the portrait, and after chatting upon indifferent subjects, intimated his opinion that painting seemed so easy that he should like in his turn to essay it. Taking another canvas, he begged Hals to take his seat in the place he himself had just vacated. Though somewhat surprised at so novel a request, Hals quickly perceived that he had to do with a man who was no novice at the work, and when he was summoned to look at the result he exclaimed, "You are Van Dyck; he alone could do what you have done."

Van Dyck strenuously endeavoured to induce Hals to accompany him to England, promising him a considerable increase to his income, which was small enough, but all entreaties were in vain. With his faculties soddened by wine, Hals replied that he was happy, and desired no better lot than the one which had befallen him.

They separated with regret. Van Dyck took away with him the portrait which Hals had just completed, after having bestowed upon the painter's children a few gold pieces which, we may be sure, speedily found their way into the father's pockets, and thence into the till of the nearest public house. He subsequently repeated more than once that Hals would have been the greatest portrait painter known if he had only been able to impart greater softness to his colours, adding that he himself knew of no painter who was more thoroughly master of his brush.

In our own day another talented painter has paid a generous tribute to the powers of this gifted and eccentric genius. *Les Maitres d'Autrefois*, of the late Eugène Fromentin, is altogether a delightful example of discerning and brilliant criticism. It is the work of a cultivated artist, who possessed at the same time very remarkable gifts of literary expression, and it is matter both for wonder and regret that a volume marked by such rare qualities of thought and style has not yet been translated



COLONEL JOHAN CLAAZ LOU

Drawn by Camille Roddaz from a figure in a painting by Frans Hals
Haarlem Museum. No. 56

into our own language. In M. Fromentin's record of his travels through Holland and Belgium, one of the most interesting chapters is that in which he treats of the works of Frans Hals at Haarlem. Here only, as he truly observes, can we make a just estimate of the man and his talent. Isolated examples scattered over the museums of Europe impress us rather with the less worthy side of the painter's character. In many of them the unfailing facility of style verges on impertinence: the

painter seems only half in earnest, and shows imperfect respect both for himself and the spectator. Even the well-known portrait of Hals and his wife, at Amsterdam, is included in this category, and M. Fromentin notes with justice how eagerly the modern apostles of realism have seized upon these lighter and less serious examples of the talent of the painter to justify every eccentricity of caprice and incompetence. But when he is truly himself he passes far out of the reach of the modern realist of the *Impressioniste* school. Retaining a strongly defined individuality of method, he nevertheless proves that he is capable of earnest study, and that he can not merely excite wonder and curiosity, but command our respect and admiration. It is true that in comparison with other great portrait painters he lacks those higher intellectual qualities which give added refinement of perception and delicacy of workmanship. "Hals," to quote the words of M. Fromentin, "was essentially a craftsman, but as a craftsman he ranks with the most accomplished and expert masters that have ever existed in any country; even in Flanders, despite Rubens and Van Dyck,—even in Spain, despite Velasquez."



JOHAN DAMIUS (1627)

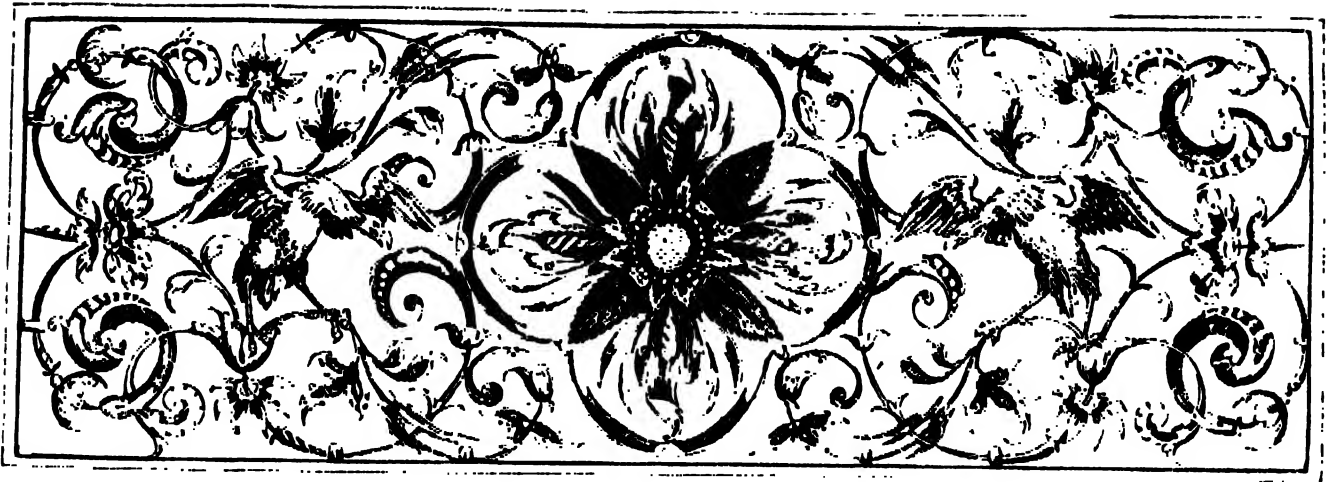
Drawn by Camille de Roddaz from a figure in the painting of the *Archers of St. Adrian*, by Frans Hals. Museum of Haarlem, N.

It is remarkable that, although little is known of the life of Hals outside of his art, the record of his progress as a painter is wonderfully full and complete. Rarely indeed has the critic an opportunity of studying in a single collection the fruit of fifty years' labour; and yet this is what is offered to the world in the gallery at Haarlem. His first large picture was executed when he was thirty-two years old, and beside it may be seen the effort of the old man of eighty, preserving, not indeed the full vigour of his youth or of his prime, but bearing still the unmistakable evidence of fine perception and a cunningly trained hand. Between these dates are numerous examples of Hals in the period of early manhood and in the full maturity of his powers. We may trace in successive essays the gradual assertion of the painter's individuality, the growing freedom of his method, the increasing confidence of his practice. In the presence of such a full and connected story of his professional career we are

enabled to understand by what means he acquired the right to use his brush with so much audacity and assurance. Whatever the faults of his characteristic manner, it was at any rate not the result of ignorant presumption. Speaking of the brilliant achievements of the year 1633 M. Fromentin thus sums up the qualities of the master at their best:—"He lavishes his colours with a generosity that is scarcely imitated by those who take him as their model, and who too often forget to note with what faultless instinct he combines a number of tints without destroying the effect of any. It is true, indeed, that he allows himself a certain licence of manner, but up to this stage in his career there is no sign of negligence. His execution differs from that of others only in more clearly revealing his craft and skill. His ability is incomparable; he knows it and is not sorry it should be known; and on this point especially his imitators scarcely resemble him at all. Let it be said further that he draws admirably, seizing upon the character of the head, and the hands, and all that belongs to the form, clothing it, emphasising its gesture, interpreting its attitude, completing its physiognomy. Lastly, this master of grouping and *ensemble* is none the less a consummate portrait-painter—far more subtle, more vivacious, more elegant, than Van der Helst; and this gift of portraiture, it must be said, is not the habitual merit of a school which specially prides itself upon its possession."

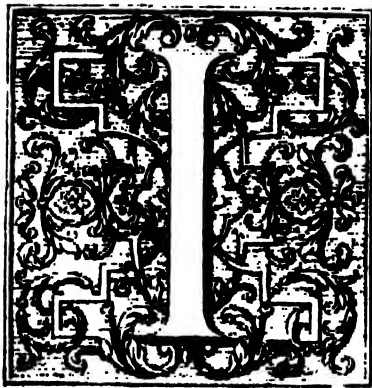
The writer does not exaggerate the peculiar distinction of the painter's art. In a certain sense the career of Frans Hals may be said to be typical of a tendency in painting that had been gaining strength ever since the example of Venice was accepted as the model of imitation for the schools of the north. When once the imitation of nature was allowed to take precedence of the higher qualities of design, and luxury and charm of colour were preferred to the severe beauties of intellectual expression—when, that is to say, the bright day of Florentine art had passed into darkness, and the exaggerated and lifeless efforts of a once noble style had yielded to the healthier forms of realism—it was inevitable that the purely technical side of the painter's craft should assume a position of increasing prominence and importance. Hals was by gift and training an unrivalled executant, and he therefore takes by right a high place in an epoch that was striving, not for ideal beauty, but for vigorous representation of actual fact.





THE FAN: ITS HISTORY AND ITS USE

II



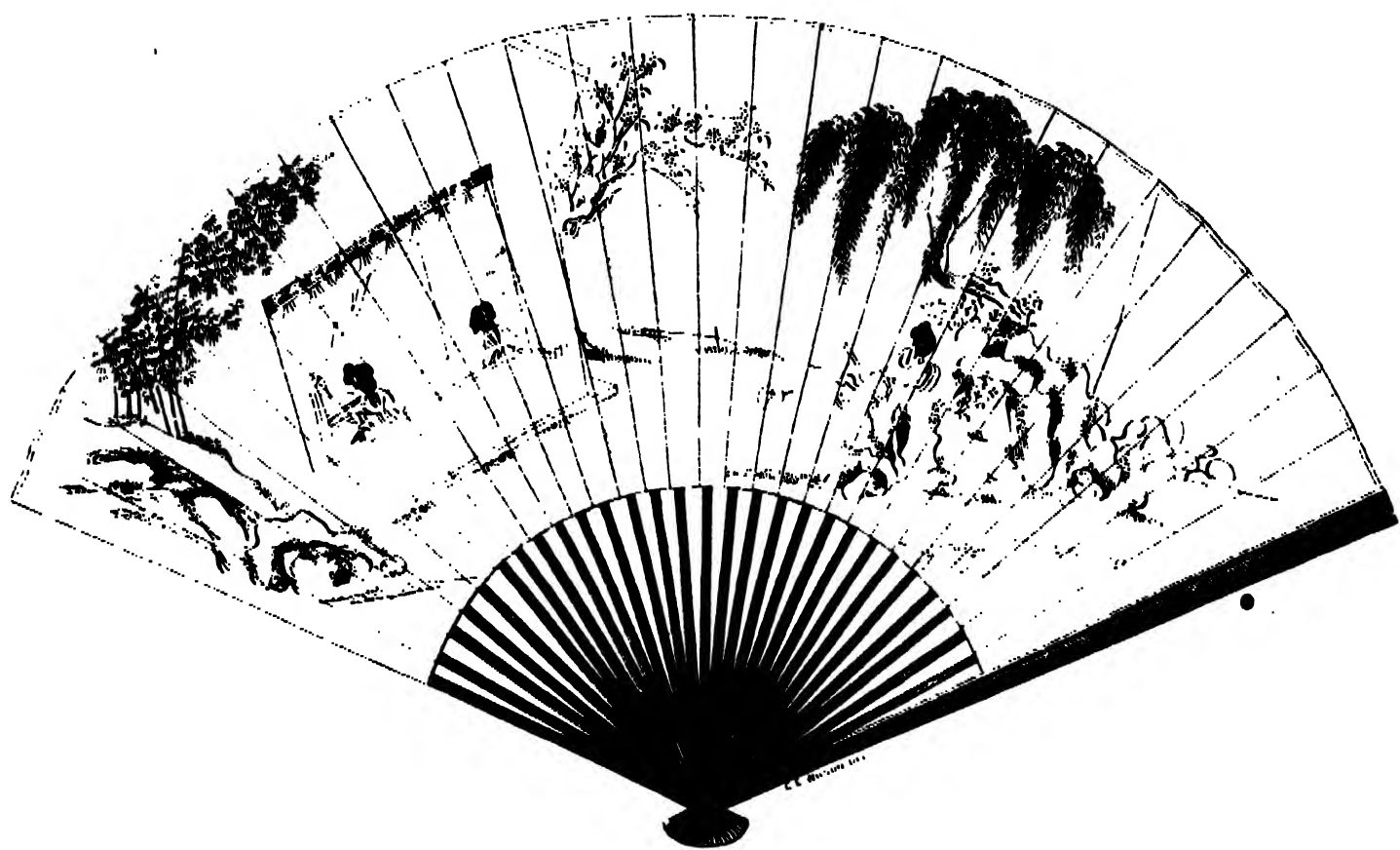
IF, in dealing with the origin of the fan, its introduction into Europe could be regarded as a point of extreme interest, nothing could be more simple or more correct than the bare statement that it came to the countries of the West from China and Japan. And in proof of this, the evidence of our own eyes is alone necessary, because the earliest known European fans are not only Japanese or Chinese in style, but professedly aimed at being so. As an article of dress and a ceremonial adjunct, the fan still holds its own in both those countries, whereas in India, where it was equally familiar, utility was its main feature. Hence it arises that the early examples of Indian fans lack the picturesque element so conspicuous in

those emanating from the skilled handicraftsmen of the Celestial Empire and that of the Mikado. Hence, too, doubtless springs the fact that, so far as India is concerned, it is almost impossible to consider the fan, as used by the hand, apart from the punkah, or pānkha, and the umbrella, the latter form being especially ceremonial in its application throughout the East. In Morocco, for instance, the Emperor on all State occasions appears on horseback, attended by a large concourse of followers on foot, one of whom holds over his august master's head an immense round umbrella, the sign of command, about three yards high, lined with blue silk embroidered with gold, covered on the outside with amaranth, and topped by a golden ball. No European who has been fortunate enough to have paid a visit to Fez, and has been present at a reception given by the Emperor of Morocco, can fail to have been impressed with the consciousness of the importance of the umbrella which is stamped upon every movement, attitude, and look of the attendant selected to bear it.

To return to India, the fan in its smaller and, to us, more familiar form may be said to have disappeared as a native ornament. Neither does the umbrella play the important part allotted to it in other Eastern countries; but, on the other hand, the more strictly utilitarian *tchaouri*, or as it is more commonly written, chowry, and the punkah are everywhere to be seen. The former answers strictly to the fly-flapper, or *flabellum*, of the Romans, and in its most approved form consists of the tail of a Tartary Yak, the domestic bull of Thibet. The tail is composed of an immense tuft of long bright hair that almost sweeps the ground, and adds greatly to the elegance of its singularly beautiful owner. It is far more copious than the tail of any horse, and, though not so long, much thicker, and with finer and more glossy hair, which in some of the Yaks is perfectly white. Lieutenant Turner, the author of *Asiatic Researches*, describing these tails, says that they were "esteemed throughout the East, as far as luxury or parade have any influence on the manners of the people; and on the continent of India are found, under the denomination of chowries, in the hands of the first Ministers of State."

Since his day, however, they have fallen somewhat from their high estate, and are more familiar objects in the hands of a *syce* than of a native functionary.

The rôle played by the punkah is strictly domestic, and the thing itself has become so commonplace as scarcely to deserve a notice in anything bearing upon the artistic aspect of the fan. But it nevertheless has an interest of its own. "It is a curious fact," says Captain Basil Hall, in one of his *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, "that the admirable contrivance of the punkah, which is merely a large fan suspended to the roof, and extending nearly the whole length of the room in India, is not only a purely English invention, but is very modern. It was first devised and introduced by the Bengal officers who served with Lord Cornwallis in the war of Mysore against Tippoo in 1791-92. The punkah afterwards became general in the Madras and Bombay Presidencies, but not for some time; and it was only in 1811 that they were introduced by the English into Java, on the conquest of that island." Captain Hall, however, was decidedly out of his reckoning in his account of the invention, which was known both in Spain and Italy before his day. In regard to the latter country, Guez de Balzac, writing in the reign of Louis XIV., speaks of large square fans suspended in the centre of the rooms, especially

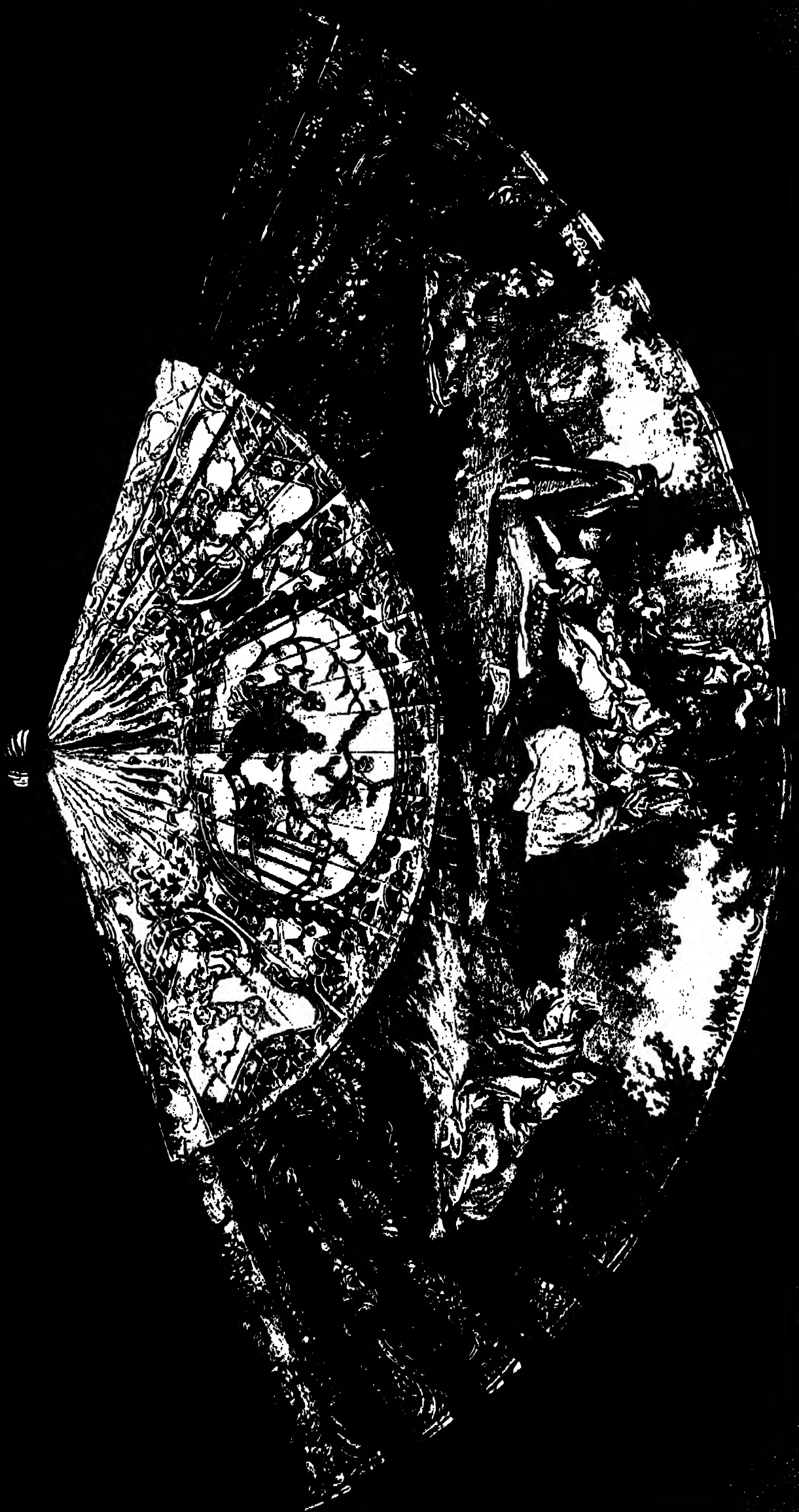


FAN OF A CHINESE MANDARIN OF THE FIRST CLASS

In the collection of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts

over the dining-tables, which required quite as much exertion as four lacqueys could bestow upon them. In his own room he says that he had a fan which, according to his account, could create a gale calculated to wreck a full-rigged ship in the open sea. But, three thousand years ago, the Assyrians made use of a very similar contrivance, which was attached to a beam fixed over their sleeping couches, and worked, like a pendulum, with ropes by a slave.

In one form or another the fan is frequently seen in the sculptures discovered at Nineveh and Persepolis, and according to Mr. Layard, who is inclined to assign an Assyrian origin to it, it was introduced in the ceremonies connected with the worship of Bacchus, and became a sacred emblem. In a bas-relief belonging to the south-western palace of Nineveh, and representing a procession of warriors carrying away the idols of a conquered nation, "the first figure," says Mr. Layard, "is that of a female seated on a high-backed chair, holding a ring in one hand and a kind of fan in the other." M. Thevenôt also, speaking of the sculptures of Persepolis, says, in describing one of the bas-reliefs:—"There you see an old man followed by two servants, one of them holding in his hands a great staff, with seven branches at the end of it,

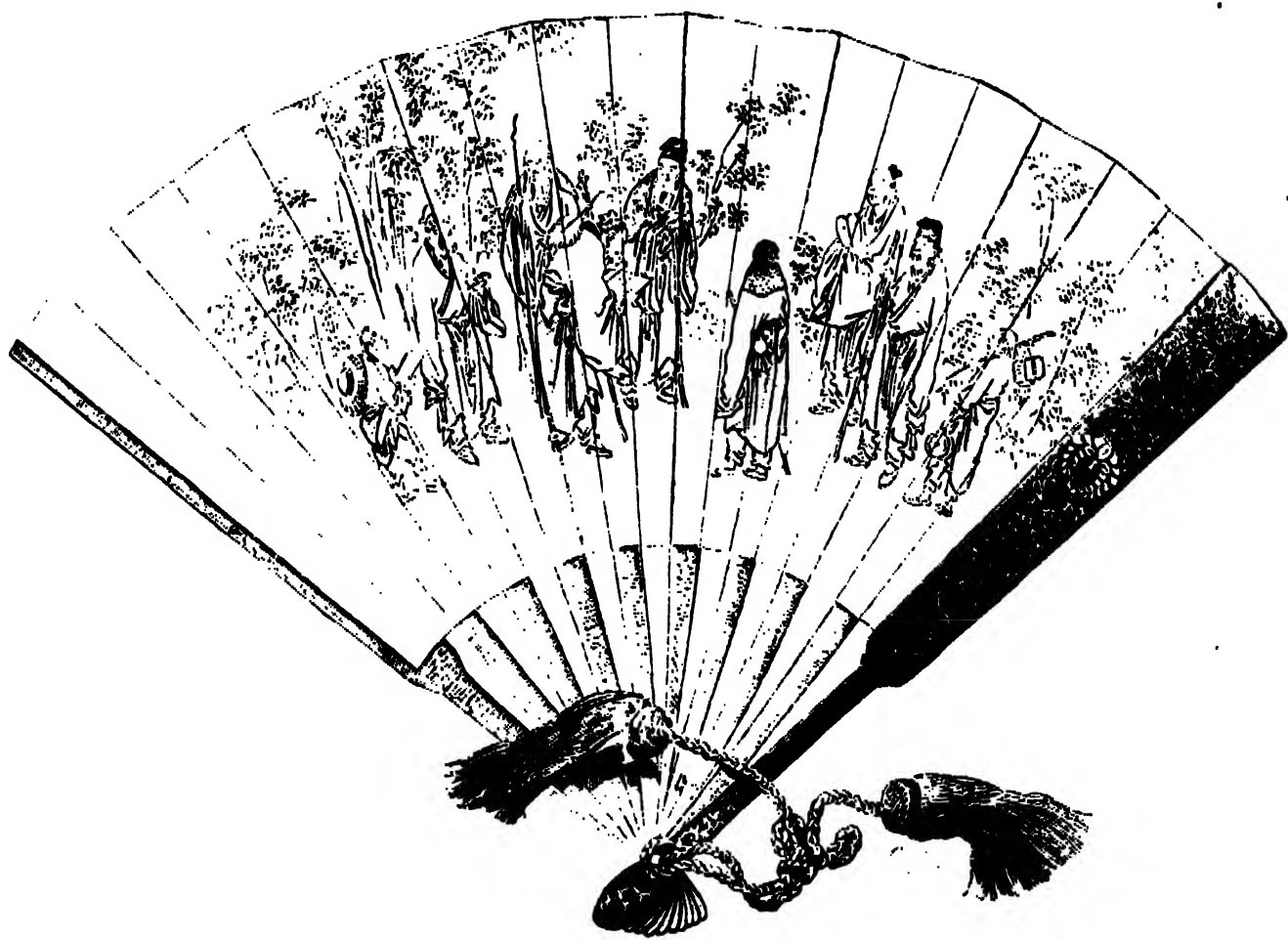


ITALIAN FAN, 18TH CENTURY

In the Collection of Signora Vittoria Brambilla Manzoni

which uphold an umbrella, just over the head of the master; and the other holds a mainpole in one hand, and in the other a crozier or crooked staff, liker to cricket-sticks than the croziers carried by bishops; nevertheless, by the way of holding it, one may judge that it is something resembling a bishop's crozier, for the crook is carried over the master's head." What M. Thevenôt describes as a crook is in reality a fly-flapper, held over the royal head. Mr. Vaux again, in his *Nineveh and Persepolis*, bears similar testimony. "On another slab," he says, "we have a picture of the head of a eunuch, holding in his hand the fly-flapper. This instrument is probably made of a horse's tail, and has a very handsome handle, terminating in the head of a bull."

Apart from this ceremonial use of the fan among the Assyrians, it was also employed for domestic purposes. A reference to Plate XXX. in the *Monuments of Nineveh* will show this conclusively. "This bas-relief," to quote Mr. Layard once more, "represents the return home after battle. The interior of a castle, indicated by a kind of ground plan with towers and battlements, is divided into four compartments. In each is a group of figures, either engaged in domestic occupations, or in making preparations for



GRAND OFFICIAL FAN, 18TH CENTURY

Iron frame incrustated with silver. Collection of M. Philippe Burty

a religious ceremony or sacrifice. In the first compartment, a eunuch waves a fan over two stands, upon which vases or bowls are placed. In the second, a eunuch holds a fan on a table on which are several objects; whilst a second, seated on a stool, appears to be fanning the fire in a brazier. In the third, are two eunuchs engaged in cutting up the carcass of a sheep, which is laid over a table. In the fourth, is a bearded figure apparently taking something out of an oven."

These fans were in all probability made of the leaves of the palm, as may be seen from the bas-relief in the British Museum, representing Sennacherib receiving the capitulation of Lachis. In this the king is represented as seated on his throne, and standing behind him are two females, each holding a fan or fly-flapper formed of a handle surmounted by three palm leaves. A similar scene in the life of Assourbanipal, King of Assyria, is depicted on a bas-relief in the Louvre. The fan used for domestic purposes, however, was square in form, almost precisely similar to those now used by the servants in Spain, to assist in kindling a charcoal fire.

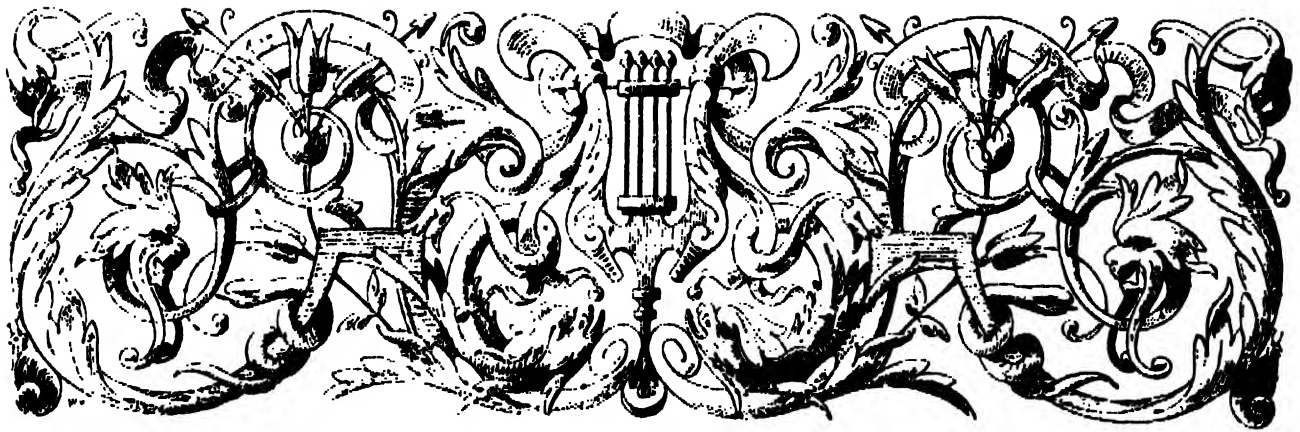
The mention already made of Persepolis shows that the fly-flapper and also the umbrella were in

vogue among the Medes and Persians; but the Arabs did not adopt the fan until a later date. Distinct mention of it is made by them at the commencement of the Christian era, and it is prominently alluded to more than once in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. The most noticeable allusion occurs in the following passage in the story of the "Sleeper Awakened":—"If ever mortal was charmed, Abou Hassan was, at every step he took in that stately hall; he could not help stopping to contemplate all the wonders that met his eyes, and turned his head first on one side and then on the other, which made the Caliph, who was concealed close by, laugh heartily. At length he went and sat down at the table; and all the ladies who stood round it began to fan him. He looked first at one, and then at another, and admired the



THE JAPANESE DANSEUSE SIRA-HIO-SI IN OFFICIAL COSTUME
Facsimile of a drawing by H. Somn, from a Japanese Album

grace with which they acquitted themselves; he told them with a smile that he believed one fan was enough to cool him, and made six of the ladies sit down to table with him, three on his right hand, and three on his left. Thus, as the table was round, whichever way he turned, his eyes were saluted with agreeable objects. He asked their names; which they told him were—White Neck, Coral Lips, Fair Face, Sunshine, Heart's Delight, Sweet Looks, and she who fanned him was Sugar Cane."



LOUIS IX. CONSOLING A LEPER



MAIGNAN may fairly be accepted as a representative of the contemporary historical painters of France, and in his work which we reproduce he has chosen for his subject an episode in the life of Saint Louis, a monarch whose character admirably suited the period in which he lived, though, judged by a modern standard, some of his actions, due to fanaticism, might be held to be more worthy of the inmate of a lunatic asylum. It has been said of him that "above all things he was a Christian; next, he was a king, and next, he was a Frenchman." He emphasised his claim to be called a Christian by his intrepid crusading spirit, and with him that spirit came to an end. In the expedition to

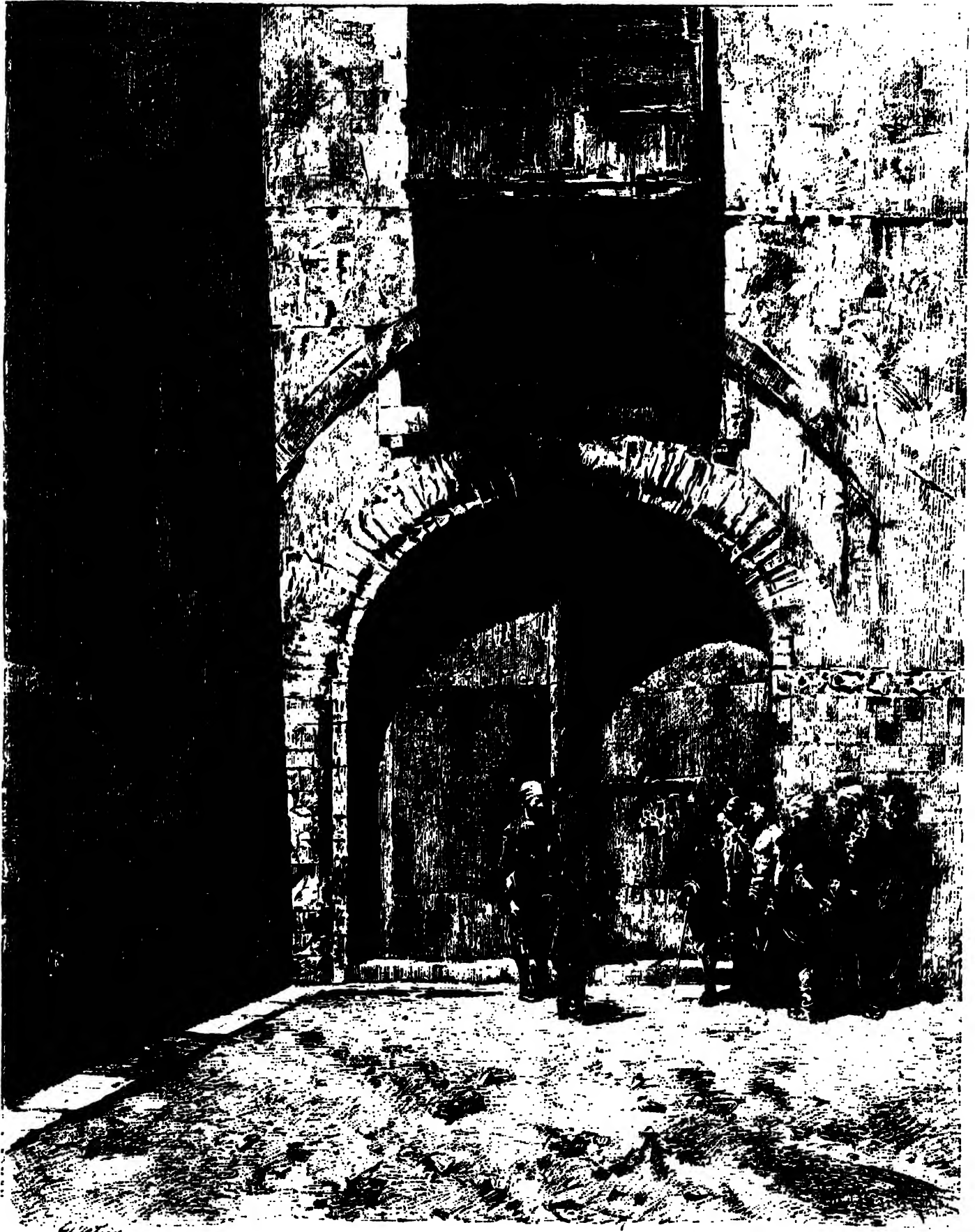
Africa against the Sultan of Tunis, in the midst of which he succumbed to the effects of the climate, which had already carried off the Counts of La Marche, Vendôme, and Montmorency, he displayed all his noblest qualities, and performed the duties of warrior and friend, praying with the dying, consoling the sick and wounded, and rousing the spirit of his soldiers by example as well as exhortation.

As a king his career was attended with even more conspicuous success; by his courage, religion, and justice, by his scrupulous adherence to the truth, and his untiring vigilance in the performance of his duties, he reconciled the various classes of his turbulent subjects, and he made his laws and his coin equally current throughout his dominions.

It is in his character of priest, rather than as king, that M. Maignan has elected to represent him, and he has given us the best side of his religious aspect in portraying him as engaged in a work of mercy. For occasionally he carried his zeal for religion to excess, as his untiring persecution of Jews and heretics amply proves, whilst his solemn pilgrimage from Vincennes to Paris for the purpose of depositing in Sainte Chapelle the portion of the Crown of Thorns sent to him by the Emperor Baldwin, shows the extent to which he pushed his fanatic belief in the sanctity of relics, and the external observances of his faith.

In regard to the picture itself, M. Maignan has not altogether risen to the level of his subject. In fact, the attitude of one of the attendants of the king, who, we must assume, is holding his nose to prevent that organ being affected by the effluvium arising from the leprous condition of the sick man's body, savours somewhat of the grotesque, though it is quite possible that the attendant in question did not share the piety of his king to its fullest extent, and that M. Maignan, after all, may be true to nature in so representing him.

are needed before there can be any question of artistic glory for Italy, but at all events there is the desire after a higher standard, there is ambition, and to a certain extent it is justified by production.



AT THE PRISON GATES. AN EASTERN REMINISCENCE

Facsimile of a drawing by F. A. Milius, after the picture by Albert Pasini

Since 1867, however, it has been evident that the Italy of painters has not fallen out of the world of art, and that if she is still somewhat backward and behindhand in the race for fame, she is thoroughly bent upon making up for lost time. Her artists have been outstripped indeed by her politicians, her statesmen,

and her soldiers, for it was but natural that a country conscious of her nationality but possessing neither the government of her choice nor the first elements of liberty should have claims upon her far more pressing than were likely to be put forward by the fine arts. Her first duty was to regain possession of herself, and when once she had thrown off an alien yoke, her artistic instincts commenced to assert themselves.

This was evident in the examples of the modern Italian school contributed to the Universal Exhibition of 1878, which were conspicuous for the complete abandonment of tradition. Though the artists, doubtless, continued to glory in the past of their country, it was evident that they had made up their minds not to live in it. They no longer looked behind, but before and around them. Neither heroes nor nymphs were to be seen in their works, and the classic tendencies which inspired Signor Luigi Mussini with the idea of his picture, *Education in Sparta*, were evidently out of harmony with the aspirations of his countrymen. We have used the conventional term school, but in reality there is no such thing in Italy. There are Academies of Fine Arts at Milan, Turin, Venice, and Carrara; Institutes at Rome, Florence, Naples, Bologna, Parma, Modena, Lucca, Massa, and Reggio Emilia; and both Academies and Institutes dependent upon municipal and provincial support at Genoa, Bergamo, Verona,



STUDIES BY G. INDUNO FOR HIS PICTURE, "ITALY"

Urbino, Siena, Pisa, Perugia, Ravenna, &c., &c., besides a number of schools of art wherein drawing is taught with great care and on an extended scale. But all these schools can only in time create a school, and at the present time three foreign influences, each struggling for supremacy with the others, divide the painters of Italy. These influences are the Düsseldorf school, French, and especially Parisian, teaching, and the Spanish style of painting established at Rome and Naples by the success of Fortuny.

Signor Gerolamo Induno not to be confounded with Signor D. Induno, the painter of a picture representing the laying of the first stone of the Gallery at Milan by Victor Emmanuel—is one of the most prominent examples of the Düsseldorf influence. He gained a medal at Vienna in 1873, and was honourably mentioned at Paris in 1855. As Milan, as well as Venice, then formed part of Austria, Signor Induno, as a Lombard, exhibited his works in the Austrian section, but he now appears both by right and inclination as an Italian. King Victor Emmanuel was anxious to possess a reminiscence of the last armed rising against Austria; Signor Induno was applied to, and the result was a picture which he called *Italy, 1866*. The period is before the campaign, and the scene is a humble, straggling village, wherein the Syndic, assisted by the village schoolmaster and the *cure*, informs the populace that war is declared, at the same time summoning the militia to serve, and encouraging voluntary enlistment. Young peasants come forward to enroll themselves. Here is one



LOUIS IX. CONSOLING A LEPER
Engraved by E. Von from the picture by A. Maignan



SOME MODERN ITALIAN AND SPANISH PAINTERS



STUDY BY G. INDINO FOR HIS PICTURE, "ITALY"

TO mete out even an ordinary measure of justice to the artistic Italy of to-day we must be careful to restrain our recollections of the past within reasonable limits. It would be as easy, as it would be unjust, to cast in the teeth of contemporary artists, who are doing their utmost to revive somewhat of the remote glory of their country, the ashes of her illustrious dead; and the only fair method of rendering account of her present position in the world of art is to recall the condition of Italian painting a quarter of a century ago, and contrast it with its more recent examples as made familiar to us through the various exhibitions in London and Paris.

The *régime* of the Academies, inaugurated in Italy in the seventeenth century, resulted in the general establishment of a uniform and low average of study, a conventional method, and a dead level of mediocrity which was supposed to be in conformity with tradition, but in reality arrested every endeavour after originality, and limited the play of individual talent. The remarkable dearth of painters in the earlier portion of the present century was the inevitable result of the system of instruction then in vogue. That eminent critic, M. Théophile Gautier, in his survey of the Italian portion of the Universal Exhibition in Paris of 1855, called Italy the "grave of painting," and summed up the contributions of the Italian school in half a dozen contemptuous lines. "Tuscany has only four pictures, more remarkable for the beauty of their frames than for any merit in the painting. The contribution of the States of the Church is insignificant. Florence and Rome have a right to rest; they have done enough to warrant them in reposing for a century or two."

The Universal Exhibition of London in 1862 was not in any way more favourable to Italy than that of Paris seven years previously, nor did her artists send any works comparable with the efforts of other countries, Spain alone excepted, for Spain too had fallen from her high estate and seemed to be exhausted by former glory. In 1867 there were a few but significant signs of revival. Whether it was a mere coincidence, or whether there really existed a close and logical relationship between the artistic and

political mind of the country is a question into which we need not enter; the fact remains that the political regeneration of Italy and the earliest symptoms of her artistic awakening were simultaneous. True it is that up to the present time the results are not exceptionally brilliant; time and labour alike



LA FORTUNINA

BY MRS. COMYNS CARR, AUTHOR OF 'NORTH ITALIAN FOLK,' 'A STORY OF AUTUMN,' ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE great feast day had come; its ceremonies were over, and its evening pastimes were about to begin. A group of villagers were gathered together around the public well, lounging on its cool, marble seats, or filling their water vessels at its trickling spring. The day had been fiery hot, quite a typical S. Giovanni. From sunrise to sunset not a breath had stirred the steady woods, not a cloud had masked the face of the sun. Many things had made a stride towards ripening that day. The black-hearts were full and luscious in the orchard trees, and the wild, red cherries stained the hill-sides with their bright, transparent berries.

The heart of the peasant was glad. To him the heat was no torture, for he welcomed its kindly influences for his crops, but the priests who had had to walk beneath the panoply in the procession, and the men and girls who had borne heavy crosses and images, flagged sorely beneath its intensity, and rejoiced the more in consequence at the evening freshness.

Teresina della Fontana sat upon the cool seat beside the fountain. She had carried the great cross, and was a little weary, for as every one knows, she was a small and slight figure, and the great cross was very heavy. Somebody said that a tall woman like Vittoria Vite—the new servant at the hill-farm—would have been better suited to the job. But at that Teresina curled her lips in a little sneer.

"One does not give the Lord's cross to girls of no standing to carry," she said.

At that moment Pietro Paggi sauntered up the path that led through the dell to the meadows and the fountain. He held little Fortunina by the hand,—radiant in the glory of her new frock. Pietro was not usually given to public meetings and gossip, but to-day was a *festa*, and father and child had been to see old Tomasina at the Presbytery, and old Tomasina had pleaded for the little one to be taken to see the dancing that would be sure to take place later, on the green.

"This time, 'tis I who tell you you need not deny her," she had laughed.

Fortunina had had a grand day of it. Pietro had carried the great banner of S. Giovanni in the procession, and she had been to see. Not running with the common herd of hooting village children, but walking demurely at Teresina della Fontana's side in the midst of all the women with their white veils. She would have preferred Vittoria as an escort, but Vittoria would not walk in the procession. The child chattered volubly now as she walked by the young man's side, for she had a frock to be proud of, and her companion wore his red scarf and his carnation in the hat like other dandy swains, and Fortunina knew what was what in the dress of a man as in her own. Pietro, however, paid

no attention to her prattle, and did not seem to remember he was well dressed and out for a bit of fun. He had caught the name of Vittoria Vite, and was on the alert.

"Who is it who is a girl of no standing?" he asked, as he came up to the group.

Teresina held her tongue. She did not want her gallant to know that it was she who had said that ill-natured word. She had betrayed herself for once—she who was generally so circumspect. For some reason or other Vittoria Vite was her pet aversion, but she was vexed nevertheless that she had let her tongue run to say a spiteful thing. There was silence for a moment. Then Bianca del Prelo, never behind hand with her speech, broke the pause again.

"Why, Vittoria Vite, to be sure," said she in her harsh nasal voice. "But you have no need to make yourself the partisan of a farm servant, Pietro Paggi. Vittoria Vite is no relation of yours that I ever heard, and as for sweetheart, why, there is yours close to you!" and she gave the man a familiar push towards the bench where Teresina sat. But Pietro made no advance towards his betrothed. He stepped into the centre of the group.

"No doubt you all know best," said he. "But I think it is an ugly thing to speak ill of a stranger behind her back. The maid has never behaved ill among us, and I, for one, will not stand by and hear her slandered!"

There was a movement of surprise among the bystanders, and Teresina bit her lip. But she did not look at Pietro, and he, as though alarmed at what he had done, drew back into the shade.

"Ay, dad loves la Vittoria, even if she is not his sweetheart!" cried little Fortunina in her soft treble. And though she quickly read her mistake in the shocked or amused countenances around, and was vexed in her heart at falling short of her ideal of behaving like the prim advocate's children up at the yellow palace, her proud little soul refused to be cast down, and she only added confidently: "Well, and should he not love the woman who saved me from the water, I should like to know?" There was a general laugh at this, but Teresina, who had recovered her usual demure coolness, said gravely:

"Thou sayest well, little one. Certainly he should, for it was bravely done of the wench, and I, for one, admire her for it."

"Oh, well, I'm sure—" began Bianca del Prelo, whose tongue always seemed as though it must be in every matter whether for good or evil. But she was not permitted to make mischief this time.

An interruption occurred in the little society. The Prevosto had appeared on the scene. Though tired by the labours of the day, the old man never failed to put in an appearance, however transient, at these *festa* evening gatherings. He liked to show his approval of all kinds of homely merry-making when conducted in a decent and discreet fashion.

Fortunina ran gaily from Pietro's hand to the priest's knee. She was a favourite with him.

"Well, cherub," said the old man, "hast enjoyed thyself?"

"Yes, your reverence," answered the little one. "The Madonna was beautiful, and so was dad carrying the big banner!"

The priest laughed. "What, more beautiful than la Teresina as she bore the great cross?" asked he.

Then he added, more seriously: "Ah, but that is scarcely pretty of thee! For la Teresina is to be thy mother, thou knowest. Yes—some day, very soon."

He had not bargained for the effect of his careless words.

Fortunina slid from his knee as though she had received a blow! She did not say a word. For a moment she did not move. The shock came upon her like a thunderbolt. She had never suspected such a thing before as that Teresina should be that new mother of whom Pietro had spoken! She stood there a moment as if stunned and then without a sign or a sound she broke a way impetuously through the little circle and rushed down the path!

All eyes turned in the direction in which Fortunina had fled. A woman was coming towards the well with a great copper bowl on her head. She walked with an easy, swinging gait and took long strides, but her carriage was so erect and firm, that, although she kept one hand rested on her hip as though to measure her steps, she did not even need to upraise the other to steady the vessel poised on her head. The walk, the height, the bearing were unmistakable even in the uncertain light of dusk. It was Vittoria Vite. She stooped and took the hand of the little girl quietly, leading her on beside her. She never made any parade of affection before spectators.

"Well, Vittoria," cried the Prevosto as she approached the group, "Fortunina does not forget her preserver. I am glad to see it."

"She is a very grateful child, your reverence," answered the woman as she made her way through the loiterers.

The men took their pipes from their mouths to look at her. But they did so in silence. Every man admired Vittoria, but none would have ventured to pay a compliment to a farm-servant before all the dignitaries of the village. And in private, those who had dared once to treat her as they would have treated any other farm-servant had received their reward in coin which they had not bargained for! The girl advanced quietly to the fountain—apparently unconscious of the furtive male gaze—and placed her copper vessel beneath the stream. Little Fortunina still clung to her skirt, and Pietro followed her greedily with his eyes.

All at once a scraping of fiddles was heard hard by, and under the chestnut trees beyond the meadow a glimmer of little lanterns began to be seen.

"They will begin to dance," said some one.

Pietro looked at Fortunina. He expected to see the child leap with the delight of the promised fun. But she stood perfectly still, only glancing now and then, with mistrustful eyes, from her father to la Teresina, who sat close beside the spring.

"Wilt thou not come with me to see the dance?" asked Pietro almost sorrowfully.

"No, I will go with la Vittoria," replied the child.

"I do not go to the dance, Ninetta," said the woman. "Thou dost best to see the fun."

"No, I will stay with thee," persisted the little maid as obstinately as was her wont. And she had her way. Pietro knew better than to insist and make a scene before the parish, and so for that matter did la Vittoria.

She turned from the child and raised the vessel of water that had been slowly filling from the trickling rill. With her two smooth, strong arms, she lifted it from the stone ledge and placed it firmly on the cushion upon her head. She asked for no helping hand in this feat as the other women had done. She even waved

Pietro aside when he stepped forward to lift the weight for her. She did her work alone—but in the effort she spilled a few drops of the water on to the gala dress of Teresina della Fontana who sat beside her.

"Excuse me," she said, though with little show of humility, as the other took her handkerchief and tenderly wiped the front of her gown.

Teresina pretended not to have heard. She rose hastily, and walking straight up to the spot where Pietro stood, as on thorns, said with a coy little smile that but imperfectly concealed her ruffled temper:

"Come, Pietro Paggi. Will you not offer me your arm to conduct me to the dance?"

Vittoria started, a little—ever so little—not enough to attract the attention of any but the luckless lover who was watching her narrowly. What was the meaning of the familiar tone which Teresina allowed herself to use towards one whom she, Vittoria, had been used to consider faithful to herself? Could it be that simple, honest Pietro had played her false after all? That she had swallowed her pride and stifled sundry scruples that she had had only to be slighted—she, Vittoria Vite? Certain it was that, far from her needing to avoid him, as she had to do before, Pietro had rather avoided her since that morning at the Presbytery when so little would have led him to a declaration. What had happened since to change his mood? Was it this? Was he betrothed or on the eve of being betrothed to another? She watched the two furtively, holding Fortunina—whose little face was as black as thunder—firmer than ever by the hand. Teresina stood coyly smiling, but with an unmistakable air of proprietorship about her, and Pietro looked another way with a distressed and conscious face.

"With your permission I would not dare leave this little tyrant here," murmured he to la Teresina, while he shifted uneasily from one leg to another. "And then, to tell the truth, I never danced in my life."

"Oh, never mind, one can go to look on. And I am a famous one at it, I can teach you the steps," replied the girl.

"Indeed," faltered Pietro, "there are many worthier than I to dance with you."

Teresina turned aside with a little shrug of the shoulders. She said no more, but the bashful swain was not to be let off so easily.

"Fie and for shame, Pietro Paggi," cried the old Prevosto from his post of president over the assemblage. "These are airs which youth did not allow itself in my day! Can a man permit himself to be besought of his betrothed?"

A pang shot through Pietro's bosom, and he looked at Vittoria. That unlucky word told her his secret! She stood motionless, still holding Fortunina's hand. The gloaming was deepening so that he could not see the light that leapt to her eyes. He laughed awkwardly.

"It is that I shall make but a poor figure at a dance, your reverence," faltered he. "And that there are plenty of gay young sparks here who will make better partners than I. But if la Teresina will excuse my poor appearance . . . eh, I am willing!"

The lads around broke into jeers. "Thou hast but a lame grace to court a pretty girl with," sneered one. But Pietro did not care. He gave his arm to la Teresina and led her off towards the green whither the villagers were already wending their way in groups. He dared not glance at Vittoria again, and seemed even to have forgotten the existence of the child, for he made no further effort towards persuading her to accompany him. Courtlly as he generally was in his simple way, he could find no word to say to his betrothed, although he knew that he had behaved towards her in a way which would have been totally foreign to him under any circumstances less harrowing than the present. But he was mad with mortification, and he could not yet collect

himself. If he had been capable of thought at all he would have been astonished, as many around were, that even such a gentle girl as Teresina should resent his strange behaviour so little. But he was not capable of thought, and he scarcely heard her as she murmured commonplace sentiments in his ear, or noticed her as she turned now and again to exchange some merry word of raillery with the neighbours who were following behind.

For the little assembly around the fountain had dispersed like smoke at the sound of the music under the trees beyond. Lads and lasses smattered side by side with jest and joke to the new scene of action, while even steady old farmers lit their pipes and followed for company, and stout village matrons or careworn housewives in holiday attire, forgot home anxieties for a time, to join and to see the fun. With a friendly good even to all, the old priest had tucked up his cassock and descended the path towards his Presbytery, and Vittoria was left alone with the child.

The little one's brow was clouded still, and her mouth was set in an almost cruel curve. One might almost have fancied she had caught a reflection from the stern face above her. Vittoria stood just as she had stood all along. Not a muscle of her face or figure had relaxed during the last five minutes. She never turned to look after the couple. She stood there with the water-vessel on her head, steadying it with her right hand, while with the other she held the child tightly. Only the hand which closed around the little fingers trembled slightly in its grasp. That was the only sign of emotion.

"And I who had permitted myself fancies," murmured she to herself after a while. "Fool that I am!" She laughed her dissonant laugh. "Already beginning to think whether I should allow myself to have him or no. Well, well, I am spared the temptation. Who would have thought I should not be cured of vanity yet! Holy Mary, forgive me! So, there's one more gone. It serves me right for thinking he at least would be faithful for ever, though he had never spoken, poor fool!"

"What art thou muttering about?" said the child, pulling at her skirt. "What ails thee? Thou art always muttering and making signs like that."

Vittoria shivered. "Eh, yes," she said. "It is my way. I say my prayers so," she added with another laugh.

"True of honour? But thou dost not close thine eyes as one should to pray. On the contrary, thou hast eyes all staring and angry!"

"Perhaps," said Vittoria. "So that is thy stepmother, Ninetta?"

"The priest said so," said Fortunina, "but, as for me, I will not believe it."

"Why not?"

"Because dad always does what I wish, and I do not wish la Teresina for my mother. I do not like her. I will have thee for my mother, or else no one."

"But thou canst not always have what thou desirest. Thou hast obtained it too often. Thou must make shift now with that which thou dost not like."

"Why?" said Fortunina, beginning to cry. "Why canst thou not be my mother?"

Vittoria paused, stroking the dark little head gravely with her free hand.

"Dost thou not know that for me to become thy stepmother I must be thy father's wife?" said she. "And I do not want to be thy father's wife, neither does he want me."

Fortunina said nothing.

"But do not fear, little one," continued the woman, "thy father's wife will not be thy real mother. I pray God she may be good to thee, but if she be rough, bear it patiently; it will not be a mother's hurt. Thine own mother wanders over the earth in search of thee. Yes—I believe that! Ay, even though she were bad as folk say, I believe that she repents her with a

sore heart and yearns for thee. So be a good little maid, I pray thee, Ninetta, that she may be rewarded when she finds thee. And even if she should never find thee, if she should have died without seeing thy face, still pray for her, child, and do not be afraid. Though I do not go to confession as a good Catholic should, nor often listen to what the priests say, I know thou wilt then have a mother one day in heaven!" Vittoria said all this, erect and stern, with her eyes fixed upon the luminous twilight sky beyond the mountains.

"Yes, the good Madonna is the mother of all gentle little girls, I know," said Fortunina solemnly, but a little perplexed. "And her I shall find in heaven, of course."

A shout of laughter broke on the stillness of the evening air. The fiddles broke out into a merry tune.

"Wouldst like to see the dance now, little one?" said the woman, returning with a sigh to the present.

"I don't know," replied Fortunina, wistfully glancing in the direction of the merry-making. "It is a fair sight, is it not? and I have never seen folk dance."

Vittoria bit her lip. She had been guilty of a secret hope that the child would prefer her company even to such fun as this. But she was unreasonable. Was she going to be jealous of this child, who after all was only bound to her by ties of gratitude? The little one's grave mood had lasted long already for such an impulsive little person. It had been quickly summoned by grief and anger, it was as quickly dispelled by the remembrance of a long-expected treat. Was it not natural? Vittoria watched the changing face in its struggle and said to herself that she would not be unfair.

"La Teresina is dancing, and I do not love la Teresina, that is sure," said the child.

The better part triumphed in Vittoria. "Oh, hush," she whispered, "la Teresina has always been kind to thee, thou shouldst not speak so of her. And thou dost forget thy father. Dost thou not love him?"

"Yes," answered Fortunina, a trifle doubtfully.

"Well, then, let me take thee to him."

"He is with the Teresina."

"Never mind!"

"Wilt *thou* not come to the dance?"

"Nay, such things are not for me, and I have the water to carry home."

"Then I will remain with thee, for I love thee, and father is with la Teresina," said the child.

Vittoria would have liked to catch the little face to her heart, but she was wise, and then she had the water on her head!

"Thy dad will be pleased to see thee, nevertheless," she said aloud. "So we will take the water home, and then I will bring thee back to the green."

"Truly?" cried Fortunina, clapping her hands; "thou art good, really thou art good! Quick, quick, let us get to thy house that we may be back before they finish." She tripped gaily in front, down into the dark dell.

"Never fear," laughed Vittoria, "they will not finish before thou art sleepy, Ninetta."

"Sleepy, that shall I never be," echoed the merry little voice back again from among the trees by the brook.

CHAPTER XX.

PIETRO stood beside his partner in the ring. The darkness was deepening. The dim light of four little oil lamps—hung to the tree trunks—left the scene in comparative obscurity, for there was no moon, and even the glimmer of fifty pipes, of fifty thousand fire-flies flitting in and out among them, and of fifty thousand stars twinkling overhead, scarcely told as more than sparks of fire in the blackness.

Teresina did not wish to dance yet. Like most vain people proficient in an art she chose to wait till her audience was thoroughly warmed to their subject, and disgusted also with foregoing failures. So she stood and watched and laughed at an adventurous couple who had been merry enough to begin the fun and were bobbing up and down on the turf much to the amusement of the company. They were such bad performers that even the fiddles played worse than usual to enhance the joke of their lame figures and steps.

Teresina stood by and amused herself at their expense, while Pietro lounged beside her with his hands in his pockets and looked at her, and—God forgive him!—almost hated her as he looked. He, who was so gentle and diffident as a rule, so tender that he would bear anything rather than willingly hurt the feelings of a fellow-creature—he felt again, as he had felt that evening five years ago when the old mother—God rest her—had spurned his poor little foundling! Yes—he had southern blood in his veins after all, blood that boiled and raged now within him as though it would burst his heart in two! He was desperate, he felt that he could do anything! All these years he had lived a passionless existence, he had feasted upon an idea, but now that his passion was thoroughly roused at last it was stronger than he—it mastered him! For that mother's sake for whom he had had so tender an affection, and as compensation for the sorrow he had caused her during the last months of her life, he would have done much—but not this, oh, no, this was too much! He had thought he could do it, but since he had seen Vittoria again he knew that he could not. After all he was a man—a young man—and there are limits to the capacities of self-sacrifice. He had never realised that his lot had been one of self-sacrifice; it had come so naturally and simply to him. But now that he did realise it he refused to obey. He was restive, he would do as other men did—he would follow his instincts. Or at least it should not be his fault if he did not!

There was only Fortunina who might possibly have influenced him. Since the tragedy of his mother's death, and since the child herself had begun to develop her own powers of affection and intelligence, he had lavished all the treasures of his tenderness upon her, and for her sake he would have denied himself much. But the child too turned against him! Ay, that was the last drop of bitterness which had filled his cup to overflowing! The child far from helping him to follow the path of duty—turned against him for choosing it. She too clung to this strange woman who had come to sow dissension in their lives! Why then, in the name of Heaven, should he crucify his inclinations any longer? For the sake of the opinion of the parish, of his good standing in the estimation of the Prevosto? He cared not a straw for other folk's judgment in comparison with obtaining Vittoria! He wanted Vittoria, and, by all the Saints, if he could get her he would have her, and the parish might say what it liked!

He started. Some one had laid a hand on his shoulder. He turned round. Teresina was no longer there, but Bianca del Prelo stood beside him, her last youngest on her arm.

"Come, come, you are not of a good humour this evening," said she, with a hidden sneer in her harsh voice. "I know the reason! Fortunina has not been kind. Fortunina does not approve. She would like the block of a woman from the farm for her stepmother, eh? Yes, yes, I don't doubt. Because the wench spoils her—thinks the little imp is made of cream cheese, just because she pulled her out of the Scrivia. I wish she'd have let her be! There'd be some chance of making a man of you if it weren't for that little curse of an encumbrance! Well, well, you needn't sweat! Though to think you should set such store by the child now, when you were as cross as two sticks with all the bother when first you brought her to the village. Oh, don't I remember! I suppose there's more than a drop of the bad blood of her mother in the little chit that

makes her wind round you so! But, there, come, be reasonable. Teresina is a proper—clean girl, and will do the little one some good, while that slut."—Pietro made an angry movement, but Bianca never noticed aught but the sound of her own voice when she was speaking—"that good-for-nothing proud piece o' goods does her naught but harm. Ah, your good mother—God rest her soul—knew what was what though she was a bit harsh! And she always used to say Teresina della Fontana was the thriftiest wench in the parish. Ay, and so she is, too," declared the woman more emphatically, giving a smart cuff to the squalling babe on her arm, and shifting it over to the other side. "The thriftiest and the most pious besides. That other stuck up hussey never goes near the confessional, so I've heard, though she must have plenty to confess from the evil looks of her! But Teresina della Fontana never misses the seasons, and you don't see *her* joking with the men as you do some of the village lasses!"

Pietro turned away wearily. He had not heard a word that the woman had said: his thoughts had been elsewhere and had been busy with very different problems than whether Teresina or Vittoria were the thriftiest lass of the two. He was a thrifty man himself, but for the moment he was sick of thrift and piety. The monotonous cadence of the gossip's voice annoyed him, however, though he gave so little heed to its import, and he thought he would leave this scene for which he was so little in the mood, and go and look for Fortunina. The child was angry with him, but he would make it all right. He knew the way to win back her smiles now. He passed round behind the trees in the darkness.

A couple were standing there close together in the deepest part of the shadow. "You see I did not forget to return from town for the S. Giovanni," the man whispered, bending towards the girl. She did not answer, for Pietro came up, and the two moved apart a little, the woman stepping forward into the brighter ring of light around the dancers. It was Teresina della Fontana, and the man she had been talking to was the rich land-owner—him whom they called "The American." Pietro gave little heed to the circumstance, and would still have tried to get away unnoticed. But his betrothed was far too shrewd a girl to let it appear as though she had been caught in that of which she was ashamed. Pietro's dead mother had never said a truer thing than when she had declared la Teresina to be thrifty. She was not going to snap one good string to her bow until she was very sure of a better! She laid her hand on Pietro's arm as he went by. "It is our turn for the next dance," said she suavely.

He was obliged to stop.

"As you will," said he, "but I confess to you frankly I do not know the dance, and I am weary and have little mind to such things."

"Poor devil, let him be in peace! It is well to be understood that when one works so hard all the week one prefers rest to dancing on a holiday," said the dandy in a patronising tone, and switching his thin cane about him with a supercilious air, as he came up behind the betrothed couple.

"Ay, I am a plain countryman, that is true," answered Pietro quietly, but not without a touch of resentment in his voice. He could not forget that by birth this man was a plain countryman too. "My limbs are trained to measured tramps over the mountains, my back to bow to mother earth with the hoe and the spade. I should make but a poor figure with head thrown back in the air, and hands on the hips, and legs flinging themselves on either side!"

"Every one does not need to dance as ill as they do," said Teresina with a little frown, and nodding her head towards the performing couple.

"That is well. Let those dance who have learnt it and who like it," was Pietro's curt reply. "For me, I love it not, and so I will ask you to excuse me!"

In his present mood he did not care if he offended his betrothed or not.

"Oh, certainly," said the girl tossing her head. And she turned away as if in dudgeon. She had never really intended to dance with Pietro. He would have made her cut too poor a figure. But it was more circumspect to appear offended.

"Never mind, Pietro," roared a stalwart farmer in the crowd, slapping him good-humouredly on the back as he spoke, "thou art right. Dancing is sport for girls and boys and for fine gentlemen from the towns! Thou art neither. So come and stretch thy limbs at a game of bowls yonder with us. It will do thee good whiles thou art waiting for thy sweetheart, here, who will find other partners, or I mistake much."

"Nay," said Pietro moodily, "I must go home to look after my little one, for I know not what has become of her."

"Make thy mind at ease," replied the farmer. "I met Vittoria Vite in the glade as I came up, and she bade me say thy Fortunina was safe, and she would bring her along presently."

No one would have thought there was anything wonderful in the homely farmer's simple words. Yet they produced strange effects indeed on two men who heard them. Pietro's eye might have been seen to kindle with a sudden fire, and, stranger still, the bold brow of the proud dandy whom they called "the American" became suddenly clouded with a dark and perplexed frown. Plunging his hands in his pockets he appeared for a moment to be lost in thought, and even forgot to insult his old comrades, or to pay any more compliments to pretty Teresina. What could it be, and what was the name of Vittoria Vite to him that he should appear so disturbed to learn that she was to bring Pietro Paggi's child round to the dance?

Teresina looked at him under her eyebrows. She had made sure he was going to ask her for a dance, and she would have been proud to have been led out into the ring by this fine man with the massive gold chain and now, behold, his face was all overcast and he looked at her no longer.

"Who is Vittoria Vite?" asked he presently with well affected carelessness.

"Vittoria Vite?" answered Teresina, her thin pink lip curling just a little as though in scorn. "She is a poor vagrant who came here a month ago in search of work. She had a bad illness and the Prevosto took her in at the Presbytery for pity, and now he has found her a place as farm-servant the holy man! She is a bold handsome girl."

The "American" bit his lip.

"So she lives at San Bartolomeo now?" said he.

"For the moment, but one can never tell with folk like that," replied Teresina, still with that ugly sneer behind her voice. "She was for running away a week ago, so they said. And then, it seems she changed her mind. God knows why."

"Folk must please themselves," laughed the man, who had now recovered his self-possession. "I thought it was strange I had not heard the name if she was a village lass, but since she has been laid by with a fever I suppose she has not been seen."

"Nay, and she is a proud unsociable wench," added the girl. "She never shows herself, nor has a laugh with any of us. She has no friend in the parish but that strange little child of Pietro Paggi's."

"Oh, well, if she is that kind she will find a poor place amongst us to-night," laughed the dandy loudly, recovering his self-possession; "we are going to be merry. Come, pretty Teresina, since your betrothed will not dance himself, maybe he will permit that we trip a measure together!"

The last words were added in a louder voice, and the "American" turned as he spoke them towards the group of older farmers in whose midst Pietro Paggi was still standing, silently and preoccupied. He started as the rough tones of his old comrade's voice roused him from his dream. This evening was

almost the first occasion on which Carlo Strappa had addressed him since his return to the village, and twice now it had been in a tone that too clearly meant to say they were on a different footing to what they had once been, and that the old days were to be as though they had never existed. Even in the midst of his preoccupation this second slight came with a bitter sting, and he clenched his fist, and looked his old friend fiercely in the face.

Teresina saw the look, and hastened to the rescue. It would not suit her at all that there should be any quarrel between these two.

"Nay," said she, smiling sweetly, "I thank you kindly, Signor Americano, but a girl who is betrothed should methinks dance only with her bridegroom."

The appeasing voice recalled Pietro to himself. He knew that he would be a fool to meet the scant courtesy of his old companion with anything but proud contempt.

"Nay, nay, it is natural girls should like a frolic," said he. "And you are welcome to lead the maid out if it please you."

He turned aside to make room, and Teresina with a blush and a smile stepped forth into the ring with her showy-looking partner. She was not going to be tempted into anything that might have cost her the loss of a safe, country marriage, but since it could be done discreetly—with the sanction of her betrothed, given in the sight of the whole parish—she was woman enough to be susceptible of the glory of stepping out with the great man.

And in truth the two made a good figure as they danced, for Teresina was as light and graceful as a feather in the breeze, and always won the applause of the spectators.

Pietro stood by in the shadow of the tree, and looked on with his hands in his pockets. The village youths laughed at him for neglecting his favourite game of bowls to watch the antics of his betrothed, and twitted him with a jealousy which, alas, he was very far from feeling! For he was not thinking of Teresina as he looked. The scene brought another scene to his memory. Remembering it, that wild hope and still wilder determination which had germinated in his heart half an hour ago, took shape and form. They had said Vittoria would be here presently. He would wait for her. And so there he stood as in a dream. The figures danced before his eyes mechanically; their form was lost to him. His gaze was fixed and sombre, his cheeks were aflame, his heart was full of burning thoughts.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE church clock struck nine. Pietro started. Two little arms were stealing around his knees, and two little fat fists clasping themselves together about him. He shivered and turned round. His dream had vanished, and he sighed. Fortunina stood there beside him alone.

"Where is la Vittoria?" said he. "The neighbour said la Vittoria was to bring thee!"

He spoke quite sharply, and the child looked up aghast.

"She did bring me," answered she half pettishly. "But when we had reached the edge of the crowd she said she had no mind for such doings, and she showed me where thou wert standing, and bade me run to thee while she turned back!"

"Then she is gone," cried Pietro almost savagely. "Where is she gone?"

"She turned up the path into the wood."

Pietro pushed Fortunina aside, and made a step forward.

The child held her breath not to cry, but one little, stifled sob would not be quite kept in.

He came back. "Nay, do not cry," said he, gently now. "Sit thee down here, and watch the lights and the dance. I will be back soon."

It was the first time in his life that he had ever been unkind to Fortunina, but, somehow, even Fortunina was second in his thoughts to-night. "See, the foster-mother is here, and Teresina will be out from the ring in a moment. Thou art not alone. And I go only for a trice."

The little maid said nothing. She was too proud to complain. She sat down quietly on the turf. But this was not what she had come to the dance for! Nevertheless she would not even turn her head to see which way Pietro went. He hurried out of the throng, and took the way to the wood. Before he had gone far along the dark path a tall woman's figure came in sight, striding along in front of him. She was sombrely dressed in a dark stuff gown: there were no signs of *festa* garb about her—but to Pietro she was more beautiful than all the gay damsels he had left. He hastened after her.

"Vittoria," whispered he, as he came up with her.

She turned. "What, did the child not find you?" asked she. "I showed her where you were standing."

"Yes, yes, the child is all right," answered he hastily. "I left her with others. For I must have a word with you to-night."

"What about?" said she, coldly. "I know of no affair on which we have to speak." And she moved on.

"Nay, do not go, I beg it of you," pleaded poor Pietro, keeping up with her. "If it were only that you saved the life of my child I should want a word of friendship with you sometimes, yet you always avoid me as though I were worse than a stranger."

"You make too much of my having plucked the babe out of the river," said she, quickening her steps. "'Twas but what any one would have done."

"Nay, only you could have done it," repeated Pietro. "And that is a little why I must have a word with you. Because there is a misunderstanding between us, and there must not be—even if it were only that you had saved Fortunina's life, there must not be."

"There is no misunderstanding," said she.

"Oh, yes, there is," declared the man. "It is natural, but I can explain! It is because I tried to force my heart for the little one's good. But I cannot do it. I must go back from my word. It was a little because you treated me so coldly since you came here that I let myself drift into it. Why do you treat me so coldly? For the sake of a summer's evening six years ago when *you* were dancing as they are dancing here now, do not treat me so, Vittoria! Listen to me at least while I explain."

She looked round. Her face was dark. Why would he always allude to that time that she wanted to forget?

"Ah, you did not notice me!" went on Pietro, passionately. "What was I to you? Only a poor labourer, a peasant, a nobody! And you—I don't know if you are born of peasant blood or no, I dare say you are, for peasants can be as fine as other folk anyhow you were the queen, you were admired of all, you were beautiful. How could you notice me? I am not surprised that you do not know you ever saw me before you

saw me here. But I—I cannot forget! You have been a star of heaven to me ever since!" He paused for breath, he was trembling.

"I do not know what you mean, Pietro Paggi," said Vittoria in a cold, hard voice. She had not moved her eyes from him during the whole of the last speech. "I told you before, scenes of dancing and wild folly are not to my taste. You think of some one else. You are dreaming!"

She hastened forward again. Pietro groaned. What was he to do? He must try to control himself.

"You do ill to mistrust me, Vittoria Vite," answered he in a calmer voice. "I would be your friend. I wish you no ill. If you have any reason for hiding your personality, it should not be from me, because I would keep any secret of yours as my own."

"You forget yourself," said the woman frigidly. "Why should you imagine to yourself that I have secrets?"

"Then why do you choose to deny that you danced on the green at Casella fair this time six years ago?"

She did not reply. She only gave a little, low moan, and hurried on faster than ever; and Pietro strode after her.

"Vittoria, stay one moment, for pity's sake!" he cried. "For the sake of the child!"

At that she stopped. A stifled scream escaped from her, and she put her hands to her head with the motion of mad terror so peculiar to her.

"What have you to say about the babe?" she whispered presently in a hoarse voice, so low that Pietro could scarce catch the words.

They stood by this time in a thicker portion of the chestnut wood, and some little way off from the groups of merry-makers. There was no path near them, nor any cottages beyond them—the bulk of the village lay on the other side—and no loiterers were likely to come by. The trees arched overhead, sweeping the ground with their branches, and their leaves were broad and thick in this June season. It was very dark; only the thousand fire-flies, and the stars shining overhead in the clear summer sky, made a little light wherever the branches were parted. A clearing opened out at their feet, where the smooth turf sloped down to a rill in the valley. Vittoria stood still just above this bank, and Pietro came up alongside of her. She still kept her back turned towards him, setting her face towards the lighter part of the sky. She took her hands from her brow now and clasped them tightly over her bosom. Her breath came quick and short, as though she had been running. She leant against a tree-trunk hard by to steady herself.

"What have you to say about the babe?" asked she again, beneath her breath. Her bosom rose and fell in terrible agitation. She turned towards him and looked piteously into his face.

But he—he stood there speechless.

(To be continued.)





NOTES

THE extraordinary success of the Worcestershire Exhibition ought to serve as a stimulus to the local patriotism of other counties. It is not often that an adventure of this kind, undertaken in a public spirit, yields in the result a substantial balance of upwards of £1,000. If we look, however, to the intrinsic interest of the exhibition, such unwonted success is scarcely surprising. The Fine Arts Section in particular, may be said to reflect the greatest credit upon the efforts of the General Committee, and their energetic Honorary Secretaries, Mr. R. W. Binns and Mr. Charles M. Downes. Worcestershire, as the contents of these galleries amply prove, counts within her limits many valuable private collections of pictures and works of art of various kinds. We may notice in particular the section devoted to the display of different examples of art needlework, where the energy and taste of Lady Alwyne Compton, by whom this department was mainly organised, availed to secure an exhibition of rare interest and value. The pictures, more especially the older pictures, were also worthy of the occasion; important examples of the great schools of Italy and the north had been obtained from the collections of the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Dudley, Lord Somers, Sir Edmund Lechmere, Mr. Corbett, and Mr. Galton. The representation of contemporary art, though less noteworthy, was still sufficiently varied to afford a comprehensive survey of the art of the principal countries of Europe, while the series of historical portraits having special reference to Worcestershire served to give a distinctive character to the exhibition.

As our readers are doubtless aware, the pictures purchased for the nation at the Hamilton Sale are already exhibited in the galleries in Trafalgar Square. Thanks to the energy of the director, the public has been permitted to enjoy without delay these newly acquired treasures. But although this is an advantage in itself, we most earnestly trust that these pictures are not to be allowed to remain in the positions they now occupy. Temporary easels erected in the centre of the room by no means contribute to the safety of the national art treasures. It is impossible with such a series of obstructions that the attendants can make themselves sufficiently responsible for the conduct of visitors in the gallery, and even apart from this consideration, the present arrangement very seriously detracts from the general aspect of the room. We are aware that the director has at present no choice in the matter. As the available wall-space is already appropriated, the pictures must be shown in this way or not at all, but it is certainly monstrous that he should be driven to this alternative, for, as we have pointed out on a previous occasion, the nation directly suffers from this short-sighted economy. It is cheaper to build new rooms than to buy new pictures, and if there were always ample wall-space at the disposal of the directors, private collectors would be more ready to endow the gallery with donations or bequests of value.

THE scene of Mr. Tennyson's new play, which is to be produced at the Globe Theatre on the 11th of this month, is the poet's native county, Lincolnshire. Mr. Tennyson, as those who

are familiar with the *Northern Farmer* will scarcely need to be reminded, has a rich command of dialect, and a keen sense of rustic humour, and the new play gives scope for the exercise of both these gifts. The story of *The Promise of May*, though sufficiently simple, is exquisitely touching, and besides the song which gives its title to the piece, there is a delightful peasant's chorus in the second act.

THE Tadema Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery bids fair to be of remarkable interest and completeness. Nearly all the owners of important examples have already signified their willingness to contribute, and it is noteworthy, as illustrating the widespread fame of the painter, from how many different parts of the world the exhibition will be recruited. Foremost in the rank of the fortunate possessors of Mr. Tadema's work is M. Gambart, who will send some of the most brilliant examples from his gallery at Nice. The King of the Belgians will also be found among the contributors, and in England, amid a host of other names, we may particularly mention those of Baron Schroeder and the Baron de St. Uree, both of whom have long been known as collectors of Mr. Tadema's works. It is hoped that an important series of pictures will also be secured from America, the collections of the Vanderbilts, Mr. Walters, Mr. Marquand, and Mr. Nendler. A feature of the exhibition will be the representation of the several artists who have etched or engraved Mr. Tadema's pictures.

MR. T. COOPER has just finished a dry-paint etching from his father's well-known picture *The Monarch of the Meadows*. The plate is of exceptional size, and the force and depth of tone with which the artist has presented the subject is therefore the more remarkable. The work has the further attraction of seeming less like a translation from a painting than an original study from nature, and the execution throughout shows a breadth and freedom of manner which indicate the presence of a higher order of artistic power than the professional engraver can always boast.

MR. LOUIS FAGAN has just published a translation of Signor Minghetti's monograph on Raphael and his masters. Messrs. Field and Tuer also announce as being in preparation Mr. Fagan's long promised work on collectors' marks, a subject upon which Mr. Thibadeau has, we understand, also collected materials for a volume.

THE threatened onslaught against the City Guilds has not only roused the better known among them to increased activity, but has had the additional effect of reviving some which, if not actually extinct, had allowed themselves to drop entirely out of notice. One of these is the Worshipful Company of Horners, of London, under whose auspices an exhibition of works in horn, ancient and modern, has been held most successfully at the Mansion House during the current month.

THE Trade or Mystery of Horners, or buyers of horn and manufacturers of horn wares, is, as Mr. C. H. Compton has narrated for the benefit of the British Archaeological Society, one

of the most ancient, the trade having become an important branch of industry so far back as the reign of Henry III. That monarch in the year 1268 granted an annual fair at Charlton, in Kent, which continued to be held regularly until 1872, when it was abolished under the provisions of the Fairs Abolition Act, of 1871. It was known to its latest day as Horn Fair, although it must for very many years have ceased to have any special connection with the trade from which it took its name. In the reign of Edward III. the Horners were classed among the forty-eight mysteries of the city, ranking in the third class or smaller mysteries, and sending two deputed members to the Common Council. In 1641 the Company, for the more effectual preservation of its trade, obtained a Charter of Incorporation from Charles I., but the appointment of the first master, Robert Baker by name, dates at least three years previously. In 1796 the Company granted a lease of their property in Whitechapel to a cork cutter, and they therefore ceased to be a trading company somewhere between 1745 and that date. Owing to the substitution of glass and other materials for horn, the trade has declined of late years, but the Company was in 1837 still classed by the Commissioners on Corporations in England and Wales as the fifty-fourth out of eighty-nine companies therein enumerated, and in 1846 the Court of Aldermen granted them a livery.

THE trade in horn, we are told by Mr. Compton, shows signs of revival, an assertion to which the recent exhibition lends considerable colour. Like other trades, it stands in need of encouragement, and to this end, as well as to the cause of technical education, the efforts of the Horners' Company cannot fail to be extremely useful. One of the cases in the exhibition is filled by a collection of horn curiosities from Windsor Castle, contributed by the Queen. Included in this is a magnificent trophy of arms of horn, belonging to the Armoury of Rhodes, and sent to Her Majesty from Malta in 1879. Other noticeable items in this case are: a magnificent bow of buffalo horn, in two parts, brass mounted; a German *couteau de chasse*, with rich silver mountings; and a grey powder horn, mounted with G. R. and cairngorm, which is said to have been worn by George IV. in Scotland. The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education contribute a selection of curiosities from the South Kensington Art Museum, some specimens of horn work from the Indian collection at the same place, and a further selection from the Bethnal Green Museum. More interesting still are the pre-historic relics contributed by Mr. H. Syer Cuming and the Rev. S. M. Mayhew. Many of the relics exhibited by the first-named amateur were discovered in the course of excavations in the metropolis, such, for instance, as the unfinished haft for a stone axe, wrought out of deer's horn, and found, together with the skull of a whale, twenty-five feet below the roadway at London Wall, opposite the turning into Finsbury Circus, on February 22, 1869. A portion of an ancient drinking horn was turned up in Moorfields in 1866, and a Norman drinking cup two years previously at the Steel Yard, Upper Thames Street. Mr. Mayhew's collection includes, among many other interesting relics, a horn case for holding writing materials, about 1370—1400; a child's horn-book, for teaching letters, the paternoster, &c., *ante* 1600; and a snuff-box of softened, moulded, and coloured horn, with portraits of Louis XVIII., Philip d'Orleans, and Necker, &c., with the inscription, "La France recuit les vœux des trois ordres, les presente au roi, à M. Necker, au

Duc d'Orleans." The Earl of Cawdor also exhibits a drinking horn, mounted with silver, supported by a silver dragon and a greyhound, on an oval stand *repoussé* with flowers, snails, &c. It was presented to David ap Evan by the Earl of Richmond, as the following inscription shows: "David ap Evan, son of Roderick the Great, lived at Llwyndaffydd, in Llandisiliogogo; he entertained Henry, Earl of Richmond, on his expedition against Richard III., for which he was rewarded by the Earl with several presents, amongst them this drinking horn, since presented to Richard, Earl of Carberry." The contributions of the trade exhibitors are interesting as illustrating the revival of horn-working in all its branches, cups, spoons, fans, knives, combs, &c., and especially in regard to horn furniture, of which beautiful specimens are exhibited by Mr. John Parker, of Woodstock, and Messrs. Silber and Fleming, 56, Wood Street, Cheapside. Among the prize-winners were also Messrs. J. and F. Kain and Son, Fleur-de-Lys Street, Norton Folgate; Messrs. Mordan and Co., City Road; Herr Christian Francke, Fürth, Bavaria; and R. W. Aspinall, Crondale Street, Hoxton.

THE new premises of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours in Piccadilly are rapidly approaching completion, and if all goes well the first exhibition will be held there in April next. Up to the present year the Institute has been a close corporation, confining its exhibitions entirely to the works of its Members, Honorary Members, and Lady Members. Now its constitution is based upon that of the Royal Academy, and in future its exhibitions will be thrown open to all Painters in Water Colours, subject to selection. For some years past the Institute has been working towards this end, which could not be attained until their restricted galleries in Pall Mall had been replaced by larger premises, such as those now in course of construction. The façade of the new building, which has only recently been exposed to view, is in admirable harmony with its position. It is ornamented, on the left, with busts of Sandby, Cozens, Girtin, and Turner; and, on the right, with those of David Cox, Dewint, Barrett, and W. Hunt. There will be three galleries on the first floor, the ground floor being devoted to the entrance and shops. Two of these, at either end, will measure respectively 70' 1" by 33' 9", and 70' 1" by 28' 5", and the centre one 44' 9" by 45' 9". The President of the Institute is M. Louis Haghe, and among the Honorary Members are Her Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of Germany, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice. The roll includes in all eighty-five Members, ten Honorary Members, and twelve Lady Members.

THE Italian Government has commenced the preparation of a catalogue of the museums of Italy, a laborious and costly undertaking, for which it will deserve the gratitude of lovers of art of all nationalities throughout the civilised world. The issue will be limited to two hundred and fifty copies, to be distributed gratuitously. This number will certainly not allow of a copy being sent to each of the Libraries and Museums of Europe, and the Italian Government would do well to augment it. The two volumes of this important work which have already appeared are devoted to the Museum of Turin, and include the Egyptian monuments and the first portion of the ancient coins deposited there.



THE ROAD TO SAN GERMANO

Facsimile of a pen and-ink sketch by G. Palizzi from his picture

SOME MODERN ITALIAN AND SPANISH PAINTERS

II



THE influence of modern French art upon the contemporary painters of Italy is very strikingly displayed in the works of Signor Alberto Pasini and Signor de Nittis. In fact, as was stated in the remarks accompanying the reproduction of Signor Pasini's picture, *Falconry in Syria*,¹ these artists belong, both by sympathy and training, to the modern French school. The salient characteristics of Signor Pasini's work, the success of his delineations of the varied aspects of Oriental life, and especially his delicate feeling for the most subtle realities of light and tone, were noticed on the occasion alluded to sufficiently to render any further reference unnecessary. The reputation of Signor de Nittis is of more recent growth, and his work exhibits greater variety both of subject and

treatment. Within the space of only a few years his mode of painting has indeed undergone three distinct transformations of style, which may be said to correspond in some degree with the artist's successive changes of residence. A native of Barletta and a pupil of M. Gerôme, Signor de Nittis first of all installed himself at Rome, and enrolled himself among the followers and imitators of Fortuny. His next departure was to Paris, where he acquired more moderation and greater refinement, and thence he came to London. He appears, therefore, by turns in his works as Roman after a Spanish fashion, Italian or English with Parisian tendencies, and Parisian tinged with Anglicism. Opinions vary considerably in regard to the merit of his latest method, and as extreme instances of the divergence which showed itself in connection with four of his works, *The Bank of England*, *Trafalgar Square*, *Piccadilly*, and *Westminster*, the remarks of M. Paul Mantz in the *Temps*, and an anonymous criticism which appeared in the *Athenaeum*, are striking enough to warrant quotation. The former authority described these pictures as "landscapes astonishingly real in the light of their semi-obscured skies, as well as in the successful impression of the busy traffic of the streets, the omnibuses and cabs, and the crowd of newspaper boys and sandwich-men. England, if she has not already done so, ought to secure these paintings, for they are portraits and in time to come will possess great historical interest." The

¹ See "ART AND LETTERS," Vol. I. p. 234.

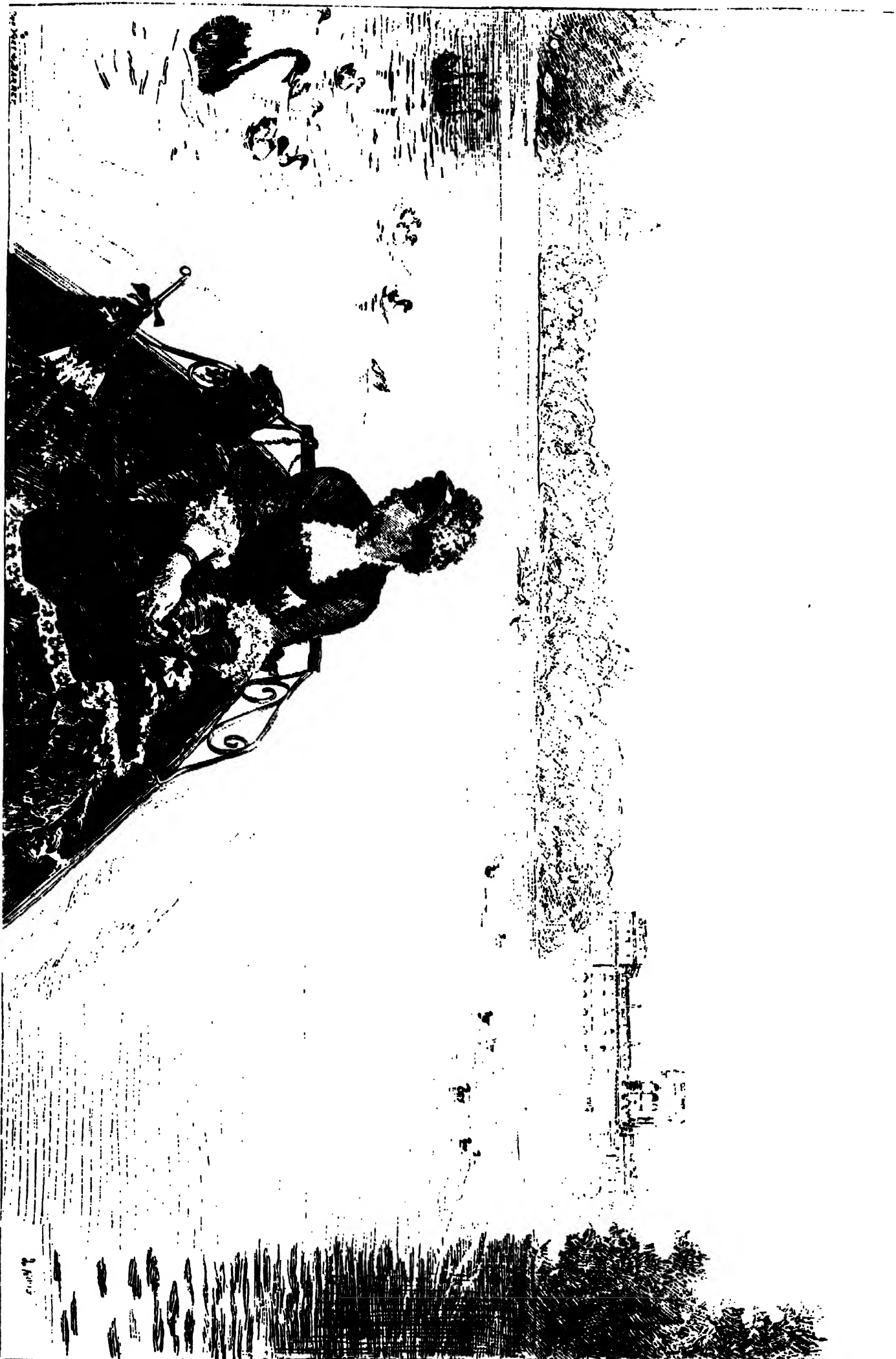
Athenæum, on the other hand, gives its opinion that modern Italian artists seem entirely destitute of any serious aim, that "their works can only be intended to catch the attention of the least cultivated tourists, hardly rising to the level of the copies of old masters or mosaic views of Rome of which every visitor is expected to make some purchases," and that in style they are mostly feeble imitations



AN ENGLISH LABOURER.

Drawn by A. Brun after a study by J. de Nittis for his picture of Westminster

of the Fortuny school, frivolous in subject and flimsy in execution. In regard to Signor de Nittis the criticism is equally scathing. "For instance," the *Athenæum* goes on to say, "Signor de Nittis, whose *Road to Brindisi* shows he can paint neatly and carefully, exhibits a dozen daubs representing views of London, in which our women all look like denizens of the *demi-monde*, and our men awkward or



ST. JAMES'S PARK, LONDON

Thames by the bridge after the picture by J. de Nivis

ludicrous louts; they are always walking in thick mud, which also covers the houses and fills the skies; we do not suppose that the painter intended these for caricatures." Of the types of English character, as represented by Signor de Nittis, the study for one of his figures in his picture, *Westminster*, which we reproduce, will give an adequate idea, and assuredly the *St. James's Park* can claim exemption from the unsparing castigation administered by the *Athenaeum*.

Signor de Nittis may, with a greater show of reason, be reproached with having introduced into his Parisian paintings the grey sky with which his English experience familiarised him, but which is rarely met with on the Continent. In his *Return from the Races in the Bois de Boulogne*, both the

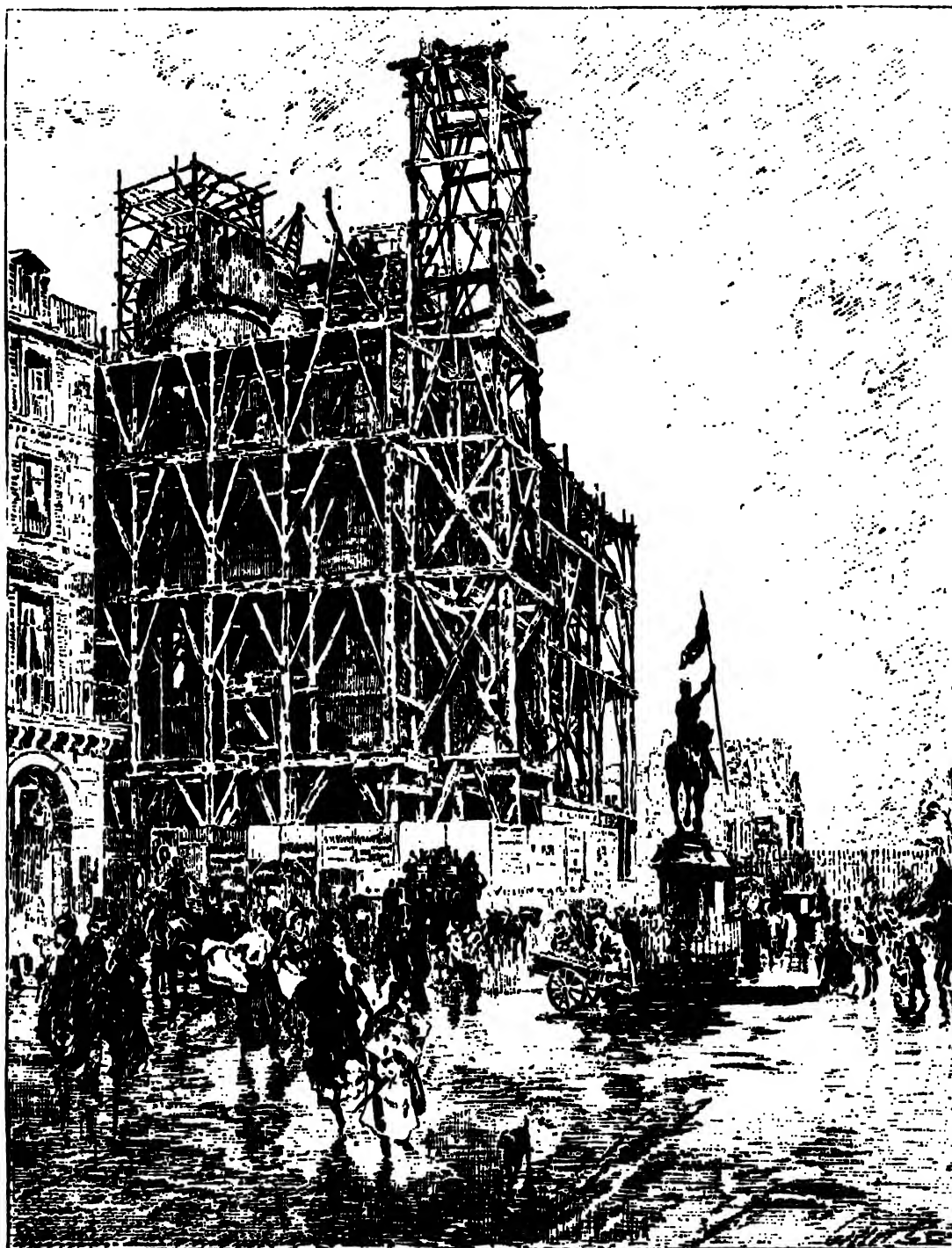


A VINTAGE WINE

Pen-and-ink sketch by Attilio Simonetti

atmosphere and the sky are more English than Parisian, and one is tempted to ask what kind of aspect he would have bestowed upon his *Place des Pyramides* if the heavy shower which makes it so muddy had fallen after his return from England. The grouping in this work is conceived in the happiest manner, the picturesque elements of the scene are most skilfully combined, and the artist shows himself capable of entering into and bringing out the smallest details of reality without endangering the general impression of his picture by a laborious dulness of execution. Signor de Nittis did well to separate himself from the Fortuny School, nor does he stand alone among his contemporaries in his voluntary emancipation from the trammels of ultra-realism. Signor Pio Joris, a pupil of the Academy of Saint Luke at Rome, is another Italian painter who has broken away from the influence

of his early surroundings, and who already gives unmistakable evidence of the true artistic temperament. His *Via Flaminia* bears witness to a determined effort after an effectual rendering of the glowing tints of the setting sun in southern climes. The scene is a spacious roadway running between two long walls, above which appear shrubs covered with roseate flowers, gilded by the rays of the sun piercing through the trees surrounding the houses. A number of small figures, designed with grace and refinement, lend animation to the road and add to the gay aspect of the picture. *The Return of the Orphans*, by the same artist, is a still better example of his work. The effect is not so studied as in his *Via Flaminia*, but it is more just and true by reason of its greater simplicity. Here the sun has set, and



THE PLACE DES PYRAMIDES

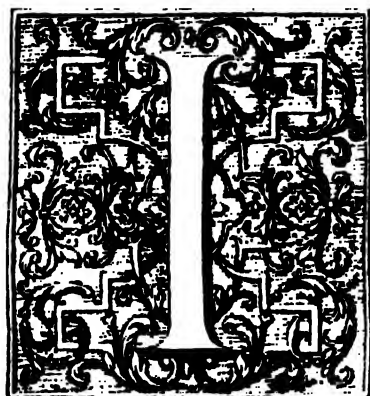
Facsimile of a drawing by Buhoh after his picture by J. de Nittis

the road, bordered by large trees, derives its light from the lingering glow of the fast departing twilight. But though no ray of light serves to reveal the tint of the foreground, the figures nevertheless preserve their just tone and produce a very happy effect. The scene depicted is the return of a band of juvenile orphans from a walk in charge of Sisters of Charity, whose modest and tranquil mien harmonises well with the sober colouring of the sky. A contrast is obtained by the introduction of some fashionably attired ladies crossing the road and mingling with the pauper-clad orphans. The dramatic element is conspicuous in all the works of Signor de Joris, who in that respect may be regarded as the most remarkable among modern Italian painters.



POMPEII AND THE MUSEUM OF NAPLES

III



IN the destruction of the works of ancient art which went on under Theodosius and his successors, cupidity lent its aid to fanaticism, and directed its attacks principally against the statues in gold, silver, and bronze, which were melted and converted into coin or ecclesiastical ornaments. As for the marbles, they were first of all broken in order to get rid of the traces of a proscribed religion, and many of them were subsequently converted into lime. The great number of such works which have been discovered in the course of the excavations made in Italy since the Renaissance proves how prodigious the quantity must originally have been. The majority of these marbles are copies made under the emperors for the adornment of the palaces and villas of wealthy Romans, and this explains the frequent repetition of the same subjects, as well as their inequalities of execution which varies according to the talent of the copyist. Thus the Farnese Hercules at Naples, which bears the name of the Athenian Glycon, is regarded as a copy of the original by Lysippus, whose name is found on a similar statue, but of inferior execution. The *bas-relief* in the Louvre, which represents *The arrival of Dionysus at the House of Icarius*, is also to be found in the Museum of Naples, as well as a very beautiful Greek *bas-relief* in the Louvre, called *Antiope and her Sons*, in accordance with a Latin inscription which is probably erroneous, as the *bas-relief* at Naples bears in Greek characters the names of *Hermes*, *Eurydice*, and *Orpheus*. Minor differences in composition may frequently be observed in two examples of one type. The *Venus of Capua* resembles the *Venus of Milo*, but the greater inclination of the head, and the trace of the two feet of a child on the plinth, showed that she ought to have been grouped with Eros, and the statue has been restored in conformity with this idea. Again, three of the figures which ornament the beautiful vase of Salpion in the Museum of Naples are exactly reproduced on a *bas-relief* in the same museum.

Statues after the Archaic style are extremely rare in all collections, but the Museum of Naples possesses two very remarkable examples, an *Athene* and an *Artemis*,¹ both discovered at Herculaneum. The *Athene* is in a fighting attitude, with upraised lance, and the left arm protected by the *egis*. In spite of the marked movement of the figure, the drapery retains the symmetrical rigidity of its folds. This regularity of disposition, which characterises the Greek costume in works after the ancient style, is seen also in the *Artemis*. When this statue was discovered it presented numerous traces of colouring which, unfortunately, have in a great measure disappeared. Two statues of athletes known under the names of Harmodios and Aristogeiton, may also be cited as belonging to the old Greek style. The nomenclature is apparently correct, for two figures in analogous positions may be seen

¹ See "ART AND LETTERS," Vol. II. No. 1. page 7.

on an Athens medal. A trophy representing a young female captive seated on the ground between two maidens who support the entablature, may likewise be mentioned as a Greek work belonging to a good epoch in art. An inscription in beautiful characters conveys the information that this trophy was erected to Greece in honour of a victory over the Carians, which justifies the explanation given by Vetrivius of the name of Cariatides.

In the great republican period of Grecian art, sculpture was almost exclusively religious or athletic. The religious statues were occasionally in gold and ivory, the majority being acroliths, small figures clothed in rich stuffs, whose heads and extremities were either in metal or marble. As the centre portion decayed through age it seems to have been replaced by marble, the original aspect of the figure being scrupulously adhered to. As instances of this, we may quote the *Athene* of the Dresden Museum,



BRONZE LAMP
National Museum of Naples

and the *Venus Genetrix* of the Louvre. Statues of athletes were as a rule of bronze, whilst marble was chiefly used in decorative sculpture. It is extremely difficult to identify any statue as a portrait, unless, indeed, the head happens to have been repeated on a coin, but the admirable statue in the Museum of Naples called *Aristides*¹ belongs to this class, whomsoever it may represent. The attitude and draperies strikingly recall the statue of Sophocles at Rome, but the head is altogether different.

The immense importance of the Museum at Naples lies undoubtedly in its bronzes, some of exceptional dimensions, as for instance the *Horse's Head*,² of which we have given an illustration. The art of casting and working in bronze reached in olden times a technical perfection, the results of which are evident, though the method of procedure is still a sealed book. It must have been very economical,

¹ See "ART AND LETTERS," Vol. II. No. II. p. 35.

² *Ibid.* Vol. II. No. II. p. 35.

because the ancients undoubtedly possessed the secret of working the raw material into an insignificant thickness of metal, and also because the work of the handicraftsman was more simple and rapid than it is in our day. At all events, the constant use of bronze, not only in sculpture but also in domestic art, can only thus be accounted for. Bronze statues, and even statuettes, are luxuries with us, but at Pompeii, examples which are occasionally masterpieces have been found in houses of modest pretensions.

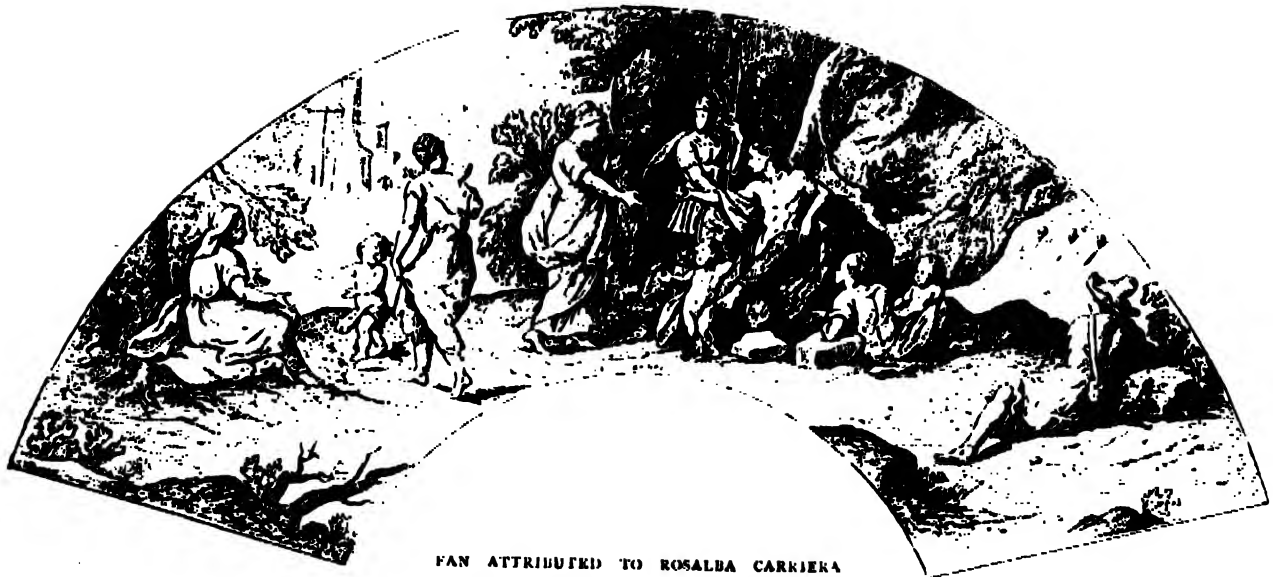


BRONZE BUST OF HERACLES
National Museum of Naples

Everybody knows, by the copies, if not by the originals, some of the admirable statuettes in the Museum of Naples, such as *The Dancing Faun*, *Victory*, *Alexander*, *The Amazon*, and many others, of which exact reproductions, facsimiles rendered with marvellous fidelity, can be purchased at the Museum.

Among the works of this branch of art discovered at Pompeii, the most remarkable is a charming statuette of a youth with his feet shod in elegant sandals and having a goat's skin over his shoulder. The movement of the right hand and the inclination of the head led Signor Fiorelli to think that the

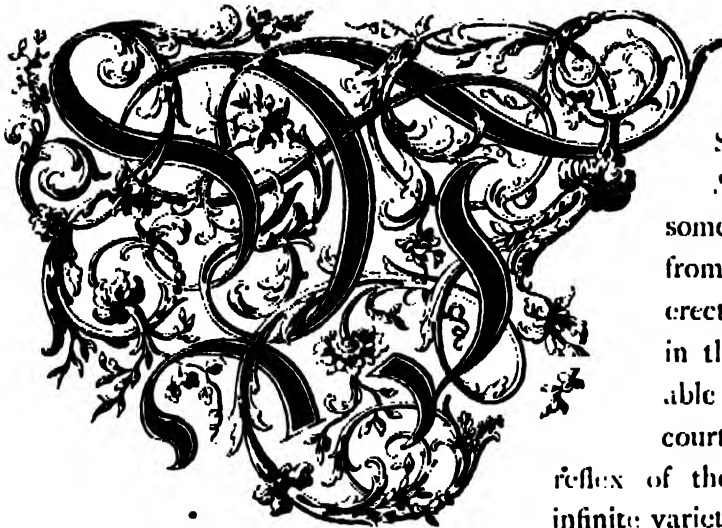
¹ See "ART AND LETTERS," Vol. II. No. II, p. 34.



FAN ATTRIBUTED TO ROSALBA CARRIERA
Collection of M. Ph. de Saint-Albin

THE FAN: ITS HISTORY AND ITS USE

I



OMEN are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them."

So wrote one of Addison's correspondents in the *Spectator*, and that he was in a position to speak with some show of authority on the subject may be assumed from the fact that, according to his own account, he had erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that were in his day practised at court. In his opinion the fan was capable of becoming a reflex of the mind of its wearer. "There is," he says, "an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous

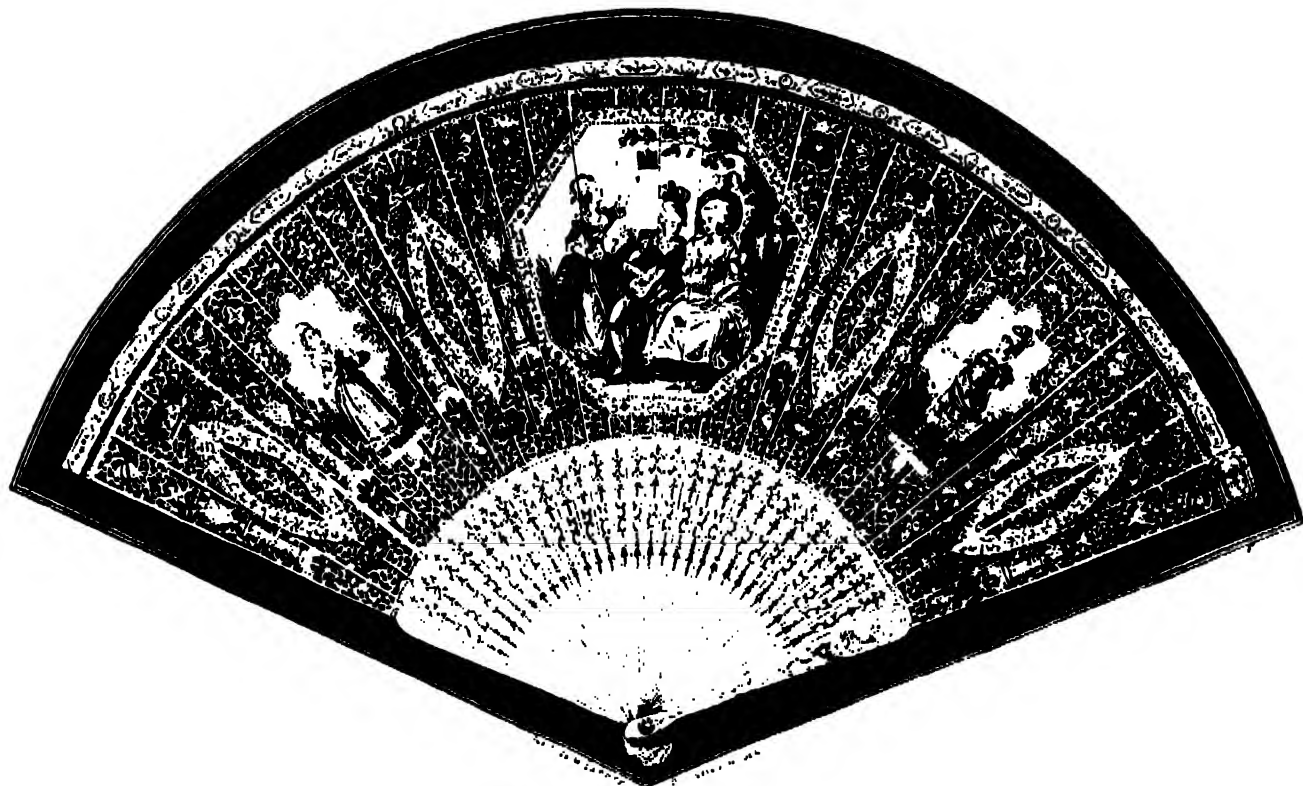
flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan, insomuch that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude or a coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it." His notion, only half earnest though it be, was shared in all seriousness, and to its fullest extent, by Madame de Staël, who, in a letter to one of the Court beauties and wits of the time of Louis XIV. of France, declared that a Princess could be distinguished from a Countess, a Marquise from a *roturière*, by a *coup d'éventail*, adding moreover that no feminine adornment could be turned to such advantage as the fan, and that of none could so much use be made. As a matter of fact, there is abundant evidence, even in the prosaic writings of learned travellers and antiquaries, to show that before the fan became known and was adopted in Spain, Italy, and France, or in our own country, where the exigencies of the English climate compel it to yield the *pas* to the umbrella as an out-door companion, it had for ages been a feminine adjunct, a portion of

"Th' inconstant equipage of female dress,"

whether for use or ornament, in India, China, Persia, Japan, and generally throughout the East, as well as in South America. And it is only fair to add that it is never mentioned except in terms which are invariably appreciative of its importance and social interest.

Nor is the celebration of the fan confined to prose alone. Soame Jenyns, that "elegant and ingenious writer," the author of the *Art of Dancing*, is especially enthusiastic in the testimony he bears to its mingled grace and power :—

"Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aside,
A toy at once display'd for use and pride,
A wondrous engine that, by magic charms,
Cools your own breasts and every other's warms.
What daring bard shall e'er attempt to tell
The pow'rs that in this little weapon dwell?
What verse can e'er explain its various parts,
Its num'rous uses, motions, charms, and arts?
* * * * *
Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?"



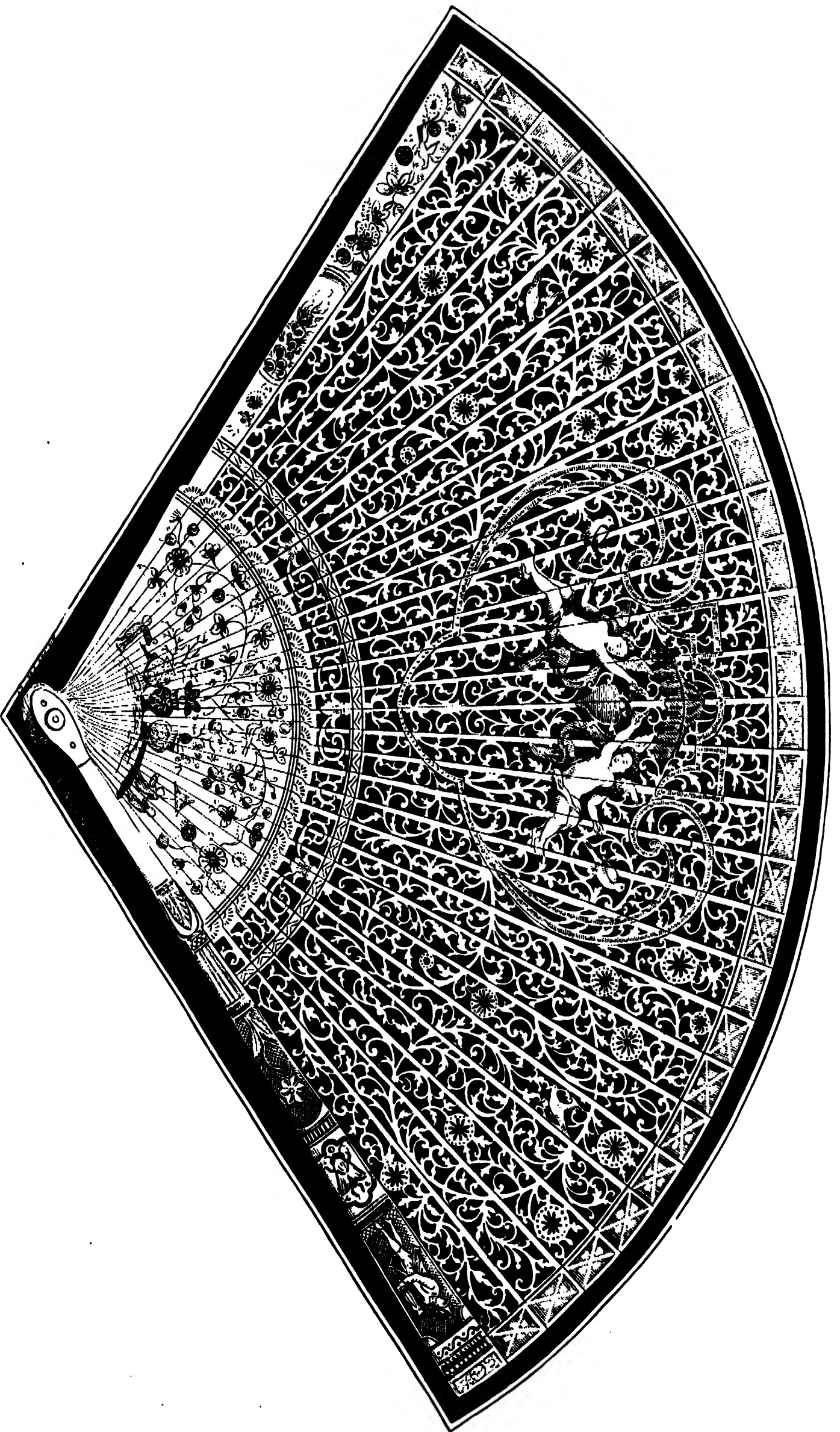
FRENCH FAN, TIME OF LOUIS XVI.

Drawn by C. E. Wilson. In the Mylius Collection, Genoa

Gay, on the contrary, was afflicted by no such nervousness, but boldly attacked his subject in true Virgilian fashion, at the same time displaying considerable knowledge of the historical aspect of the "fantastic engine" or "costly toy," as he indifferently calls it.

"I sing the graceful toy, whose waving play
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day,
Not the wide fan by Persian dames display'd,
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade;
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Which, while it cools the face fatigues the hand;
Nor shall the muse in Asian climates rove
To seek in Hindostan some spicy grove,
Where, stretch'd at ease, the panting lady lies,
To shun the fervour of meridian skies,
While sweating slaves catch ev'ry breeze of air,
And with wide-spreading fans refresh the fair;
No busy gnats her pleasing dreams molest,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast,
But artificial zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the fever of the sky.
* * * * *

Stay, wand'ring muse, nor rove in foreign climes,
To thy own native shore confine thy rhymes.
Assist, ye Nine, your loftiest notes employ,
Say what celestial skill contrived the toy;
Say how the instrument of Love began,
And in immortal strains display the fan."



IVORY FAN, PIERCED WITH FLOREATED SCROLLS, PAINTED WITH CURPIS IN A GILT-CARTOCHE AND FLOWERS
Italian, about 1730. (South Kensington Museum.)

Each of these authorities propounds a fanciful and elaborate theory of his own as to the origin of the fan, and, bearing in mind the fashion of the time in which they lived, it goes without saying that both attribute it to a classical source. According to Gay, the inevitable Strephon, the Mrs. Harris of that particular school of poetry, took the absence of reciprocal affection in the breast of the "gay Corinna" so much to heart that he complained to Venus, and invoked her aid in producing some bright toy which might humble the fair one's heart into love. The sympathetic goddess betook herself at once to her bower in Cythera, and summoned her attendant Loves to put into tangible



FAN OF LOUIS XIII.

Collection of Mme. Achille Jubinal

shape a scheme which had long employed her mind, no less a task than the manufacture of a fan after the fashion of a peacock's tail. The obedient craftsmen at once comply with the royal command.

"The master Cupid traces out the lines,
And with judicious hands the draught designs.
The expecting Loves with joy the model view,
And the joint labour eagerly pursue.
Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,
And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart;
The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,
Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire;
Their arrow's point they soften in the flame,
And sounding hammers break its barbed frame:
Of this, the little pin they neatly mould,
From whence their arms the spreading sticks unfold;
In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
And at just distance the wide ribs extend.
Then on the frame they mount the limber screen,
And finish instantly the new machine."

Venus submits her invention to the assembled gods in Olympus, by whom it is approved, and the decree goes forth that as orators by their speech touched the heart,

"So shall each passion by the fan be seen,
From noisic anger to the sullen spleen."

Jenyns summons Æolus to the aid of the nymph of his song, Lady Fanny Fielding, one of the daughters of the Earl of Denbigh, and afterwards Countess of Winchelsea, who is supposed to have complained one sultry day that the god would not send one zephyr to her aid, notwithstanding the passion with which she had inspired him. So

"By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
Th' ingenious god contriv'd this pretty toy,
With gales incessant to relieve her flame;
And call'd it Fan, from lovely Fanny's name."

attitude is that of one who is listening for some far-off voice, and that it is intended for *Narcissus* listening for the voice of Echo. Other antiquaries are of opinion that this charming figure represents a young Satyr, or Dionysus himself, playing with a panther, but the animal has never been discovered. The head-dress, formed of a vine branch or ivy, is certainly an attribute of Dionysus, but whatever explanation may be assigned to the statuette, the purity of the lines, the elegance of the form, the simplicity of the attitude, and the earnest expression of the face, render it worthy of a place among the most perfect works of sculpture.

Another bronze statuette about the same size, also a masterpiece, but entirely opposed in character to the one already mentioned, is a *Silenus*, probably intended as a stand for a vase or a basket of fruit. The figure is bearing a sort of tray and seems to be staggering under the weight he has to carry. The



BRONZE FIGURE OF SILENUS
National Museum of Naples

left arm and shoulder are elevated to bear the tray, his head sinks upon his chest, and his right arm and right leg are extended to enable him to keep his balance. His bald head is crowned with a garland of leaves and berries, his loins are encircled with a cloth, and on his feet he wears sandals. A snake beginning to coil round his arm helps to support the tray. The contrast between this statuette and that commonly called *Narcissus* is startling, and furnishes ample evidence of the adaptability of Greek sculpture, as wonderful in its realism as in style.

Silenus is met with very frequently as a support for goblets, dishes, and baskets, and he also appears in the decoration of fountains. More frequently still, the fountains are ornamented with figures of children playing with the dolphins out of whose mouths the water flows. Subjects are also frequently taken from real life, as, for instance, in a charming statuette of a fisherman with a line placed at the edge of a basin. But ancient art had no need to go outside mythology even in search of familiar subjects,

and the majority of the statuettes found in such large numbers at Pompeii have a religious character. Thanks to the variety of its divine types, polytheism could mingle in all the aspects of life. Meals were sacrifices, and the god who personified libation found his natural place in connection with them. The statuettes of Hermes with a purse in his hand, equally numerous, are probably allusions to some successful commercial operation; those of *Æsculapius* are votive offerings for the restoration of some invalid to health; those of Apollo and Athene recall the recollection of a happy inspiration or a sage idea. All sorts of private devotion concurred in multiplying works of art, for art was the natural form of worship and the outward and visible expression of religious sentiment.

The excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum have brought to light another description of artistic production due to Pagan superstition, and so little in accord with our ideas and manners that the examples have been very properly placed in a room apart. There is no necessity for alluding to them, but as to the



BRONZE TRIPOD

National Museum of Naples

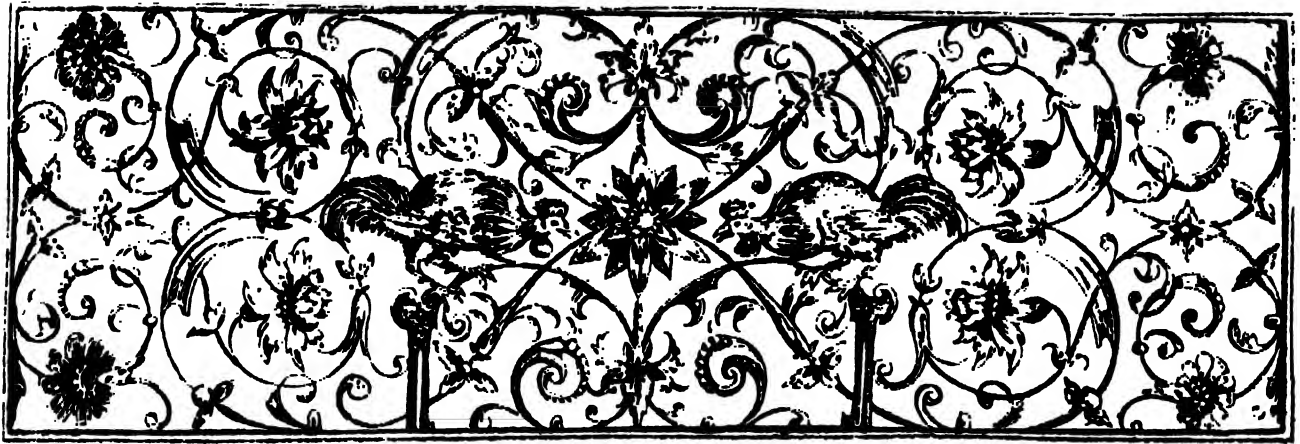
general charge of a want of chasteness which has been brought against the ancients, it is refuted, so far as the Museum of Naples is concerned, by the very slight importance which attaches to the secret cabinet, as it is called. It is absurd to suppose that a starving artist could always be proof against the temptation of executing the commission of a depraved patron, and when we reflect that an Act of Parliament was necessary to purge our own towns of indecent engravings and photographs, the less we say about the depravity of ancient taste the better both for our logic and our reputation. At all events, the insignificant number of such works discovered at Pompeii will not justify an indiscriminate charge of prurency against the taste of its inhabitants.

Pagan society had its errors, but we also have ours. Suppose by way of illustration, that one of our towns were to be engulfed by a sudden catastrophe, not a fourth-rate town like Pompeii or Herculaneum, but a large and wealthy place like Manchester or Birmingham, or even London itself, and that the ruins of it should be discovered 1,800 years hence. Would not the excavators be forced

to the conclusion that art and the love of the beautiful, which penetrated through every pore of ancient society, had but little place with us? Art among the ancients was everywhere, in private as well as public life; statues in marble and bronze decorated the temples, theatres and open spaces; inside private houses each room was ornamented with frescoes and paved with mosaic work, and each article of furniture was a work of art, for among the tables, tripods, and lamp-stands there are masterpieces of elegance and taste.

It may be argued that Pompeii and Herculaneum were places of luxury, carrying us back to an epoch when Italy was enriched by the spoils of the old world. But it is easy to reply that luxury does not always imply a sense of art, a fact of which our own day will furnish proof enough and to spare. Moreover, we can go as far back as we please in the life of antiquity; in every epoch of her history Greece possessed the religion of the beautiful. Art to the Greeks was something more than a mere amusement and a charm in life; it was an instrument of moral education. Under one form or another it penetrated all classes, it elevated the level of intelligence, and conducted it, by the sight of what is beautiful, to the knowledge of what is just. The works of art are all that remain of a defunct civilisation, and it is as well that it should be so, for when we consider the ruins of Pompeii and by means of them enter into the inner life of the ancients, we are tempted to ask how much of our civilisation will remain 2,000 years hence, we are forced to recognise that man is only of account through his works, and that much, very much remains to be done by us if we would avoid a too severe revision being made by the future of the favourable judgment we ourselves are apt to pass upon the days in which we live.





THE SCULPTURE OF MICHAEL ANGELO



STUDIES OF HANDS

Engraved by Thomas from a pen-and-ink drawing by Michael Angelo, Oxford University

IT was a favourite maxim with the late Alfred Stevens that art is one and indivisible, and that the true artist is he who brings to the practice of any single branch of the profession a knowledge and skill that are gained from the combined study of them all. He thought, and with justice, that architecture, sculpture, and painting can only attain to the highest point of development when they are exhibited in relation, and when the workman in each separate department welcomes the conditions and restraints which are imposed upon him by the association of his own art with that of his fellows. This principle, as we know, was widely accepted by the great artists of the Renaissance, with whom the association of several distinct branches of craftsmanship was by no means uncommon. From the time of Giotto to the period when the genius of Italian art sank finally into decay, it was thought nothing extraordinary to find in the same person the combined gifts of the painter, the sculptor, and the architect. It was common also to exhibit an equal proficiency in the lesser crafts of the engraver or the goldsmith. But although such versatility is characteristic of nearly all the greatest names in the great schools of Italy, it rarely happens but that some one achievement takes precedence of the rest, and gives to the artist his chief title to fame. Michael Angelo, it may be said, is the most notable exception

to this general rule. If we compare him with the two great men whose names are commonly bracketed with his, Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael, we recognise at once a distinction in the superior scope and variety of his powers. Leonardo da Vinci took as wide an outlook over the field of art, penetrating with inexhaustible science and curiosity, almost every branch of knowledge known to his generation. His drawings scattered in such profusion throughout the collections of Europe are the record of untiring research and of inexhaustible speculation; but when we come to the surviving monuments of his genius, there is no hesitation as to the category in which his name should be placed. And even if the fruit of the endless labour which he bestowed upon the equestrian statue of his patron Francesco Sforza had been preserved, it would scarcely have caused us to hesitate between his claims in painting and sculpture. Though his remaining works in colour are few, and the greatest of them, the *Last Supper*, at Milan is irreparably injured, Leonardo lives in the minds of men as a painter. With Raphael the question admits of even less debate. His reputation as a sculptor rests chiefly upon the lovely little wax head at Lille which criticism no longer admits to be an authentic work of his hand, and though it could be proved to be genuine, and were ten times more beautiful than it is, it would not disturb the more solid foundation upon which his matchless works in painting have established his fame.



BATTLE OF THE CENTAURS AND THE LAPITHÆ
Engraved by Metalle from the unfinished bas-relief by Michael Angelo, Casa Buonarroti

But with Michael Angelo the case is different. His achievements in painting and sculpture stand upon a level of equality. Opinions may differ as to the superiority of the one or the other, but as expressions of his genius they are both important and indispensable. The tombs of the Medici and the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel leap to the mind at once when we seek to recall the image of the man, and to measure his extraordinary powers. It would be impossible to leave out of count either the one or the other without feeling that our estimate had been dwarfed and deformed in the process. At Rome he is before all things a painter; at Florence we feel that if he had never touched a brush there would still be enough to warrant



THE LOST SOUL.

Engraved by L. Chapan from the drawing by Michael Angelo, in the Uffizi

the place of undisputed supremacy which his name holds in the esteem of men. And there is this further remarkable fact in connection with his divided devotion to the two great forms of artistic practice. Not only do his sculpture and his painting make an equal claim to our regard, but the work in either kind suggests the presence of the faculty that is momentarily held in reserve. As a sculptor Michael Angelo constantly reminds us that he is also a painter; as a painter he leaves us in no doubt as to his powers in sculpture. This may seem at first sight to be a fanciful description of his genius, but it can be shown nevertheless to characterize certain distinctively individual qualities of his work. Our present purpose is to treat merely of his art in marble and bronze, and to leave out of count the stupendous achievements

of his brush, but it will scarcely be possible to appreciate the peculiar merit of Michael Angelo's sculpture, or to make due allowance for its defects, unless we constantly keep in mind the fact that his invention was almost equally exercised in the freer realm of pictorial design.

The circumstances of Michael Angelo's early training may be said in a measure to explain the versatility of his powers. Like so many of the great artists of Italy the study of his profession began



BUST OF BRUTUS

Engraved by Dumont from the marble by Michael Angelo. In the National Museum, Florence

while he was still a boy. It was in the spring of the year 1488, when he was only thirteen years of age, that he was apprenticed by his father to Ghirlandajo, whose studio was at that time accounted the best school of art in Florence. This step was taken much against the inclination of the elder Buonarrotti, who did all in his power to divert the lad's thoughts from art. It is even alleged that resistance went to the point of blows, and that it was only after the display of an unusually prolonged and stolid

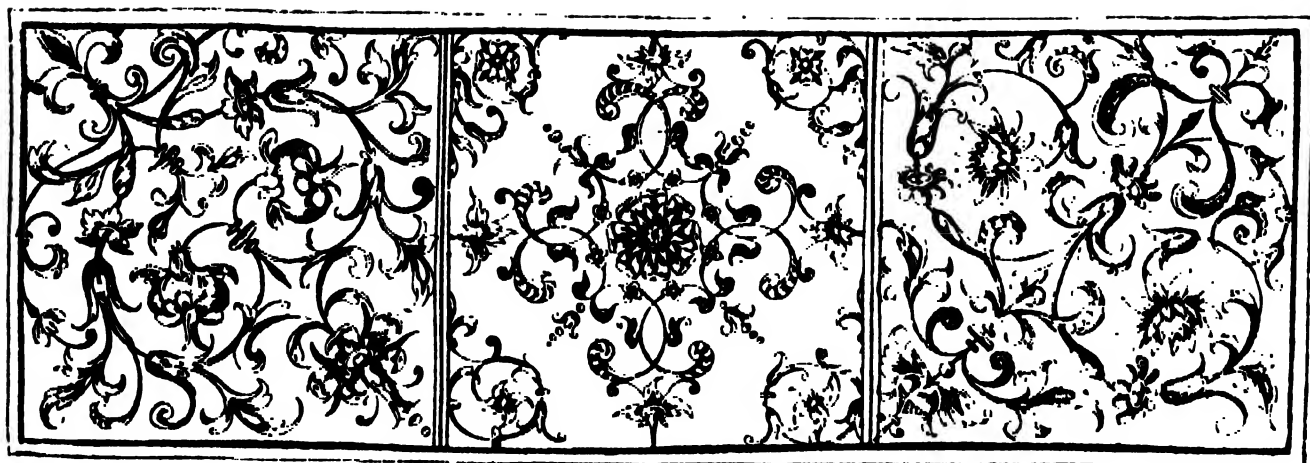
determination that the boy obtained permission to follow his inclinations. In proof of the extent of proficiency already obtained by Michael Angelo even at this early age, we may note that his father signed a contract by which he was to receive an annual payment of a sum equivalent to £11 10s. of present English money,—a remuneration which, though small to our notions, yet attested the fact that his services must have been of some value to his master. And, indeed, some existing examples of the efforts of his boyhood show his facility in his art. The whitewashed walls of his father's house were covered with his designs. At the top of a staircase in this villa the head and figure of a satyr drinking out of a cup is still shown as one of the great Master's boyish attempts. The figure must have been retouched when his powers were more matured, but it bears unmistakable evidence of the early manner of the Master. While Michael Angelo was studying in the workroom of Ghirlandajo, the frescoes of the choir of Santa Maria Novella were in progress, and it is not improbable that, in company with other students, he assisted his master in painting decorative portions of the work, although there is no



ADONIS WOUNDED AND DYING

Engraved by Leveillé from the statue by Michael Angelo. National Museum, Florence.

apparent foundation for the story of his correcting the outline of his master's cartoon which had been given to him for enlargement. At all events, whether he managed to incur the jealousy of his master or no, he learnt much that was of immense value to himself, for he here had the opportunity of noticing the various preparatory processes of fresco painting, and so carefully studied the uses and structure of scaffolding that we may even suppose this early training to have contributed to his subsequent skill in designing the scaffolding for the painting of the vault of the Sistine Chapel. But while discharging all the instructive duties of a pupil's life in a Master's studio, Michael Angelo still found time after working hours for experiments of his own, and we read that about this time he painted his first picture representing the temptation of St. Anthony. Besides this more important work the lad was constantly engaged in executing all manner of studies in pen, crayon, or silver point, by which means he laid the foundation of that extraordinary vigour and skill in workmanship which distinguish the smallest sketch from his hand.



THE FAN: ITS HISTORY AND ITS USE

III



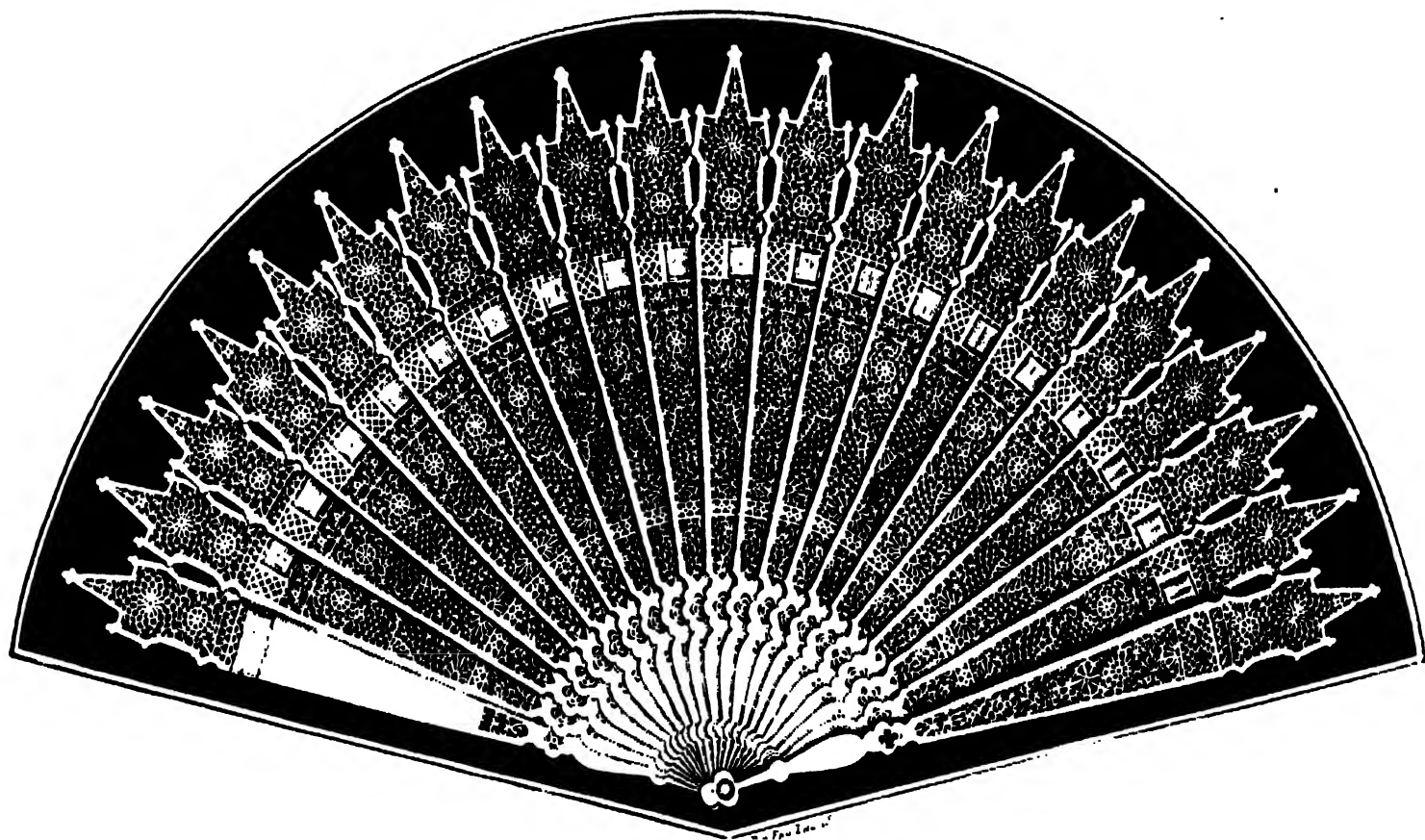
HE frequent allusions to the fan which occur in ancient Hindoo literature, the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana* for instance, render it absolutely certain that its use was familiar in India at a very remote period. That it has fallen into disuse is equally certain from the absence of any mention of its manufacture in Sir George Birdwood's exhaustive work on the industrial arts of India. In his *Handbook to the British Indian Section of the Paris Exhibition of 1878*, he incidentally alludes to it in a couple of lines under the head of feathers. At Poona, he says, peacocks' feathers and *cuscus* are made up with beetle wings and spangles into fans and mats; and he thus, apparently, exhausts the subject. Neither does the Indian portion of the South Kensington Museum add much additional information. There is a specimen of a carved ivory fan, with a handle of the same material, manufactured at Subsanghar, Assam; and there are two pairs of fans, similar to those mentioned by Sir George Birdwood as being of Poona manufacture. One pair is described as "Turned and painted sticks; the mounts in the shape of a battle-axe, embroidered with satin, velvet, and spangles, and edged with peacocks' feathers. From Sawunt Warri in the Bombay Presidency, Stick, 18", Mount, 16" x 13". The other pair is described as "Painted sticks, hatchet-shaped bodies of coloured silks embroidered with beetle shards, 20" x 10½". None of these present any features of special interest, but there is a fan in the Prince of Wales's Collection which, though commonplace in appearance, has the merit of decided antiquity. It is heart-shaped, made of yellowish plush, and was presented to His Royal Highness as a relic of the old Buddhist priesthood of Ceylon. It was found in a vault together with other sacred emblems or accessories, and was held in great veneration among the Hindoos. No date can be assigned to it, but it is doubtful if it can be older than the wooden fan, with the handle showing holes for feathers, which is still preserved in the Museum of Boulak, near Cairo. This unique specimen was taken from the tomb of Amen-hotep, of the eighteenth dynasty, or the seventeenth century B.C. M. Hugonnet, in a recent article on the Boulak Museum, also mentions a fly-flapper or *flabellum*, with a wooden handle covered with gold-leaf and mounted with ostrich feathers, but he gives no indication as to its origin, or information in regard to its date; he, however, speaks of the feathers as if they were still in existence. This fan is peculiarly interesting, as furnishing an additional proof of how fashion, like history, repeats itself. Steevens,—in his note on the passage in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, wherein Falstaff says to Pistol,

"And when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took it upon mine honour thou hadst it not,"

gives four illustrations of the fans in vogue in the time of Shakespeare, which very closely resemble the one in the Boulak Museum, except in regard to the handle. In the Egyptian fan the handle is of wood, and if Mistress Bridget's fan had been made of the same material, we may be sure that Pistol would not have taken the trouble to carry it off. The explanation of the theft is that in Shakespeare's day the handles were either of gold, silver, or carved ivory. Silver was the most usual, and fans were consequently confined to the rich, for, as Marston pertinently inquires in one of his *Satires* on the extravagant habits of some of the ladies of Queen Elizabeth's day,

"How can she keepe a lazie serving-man,
And buy a hooode and silver-handled fan
With fortie pound?"

Three of Steevens's illustrations, by the way, are taken from a work called *Habiti Antichi et Moderni de tutto il Mondo*, published at Venice in 1598 from the drawings of Titian and Cesaro



IVORY FAN

In the possession of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts

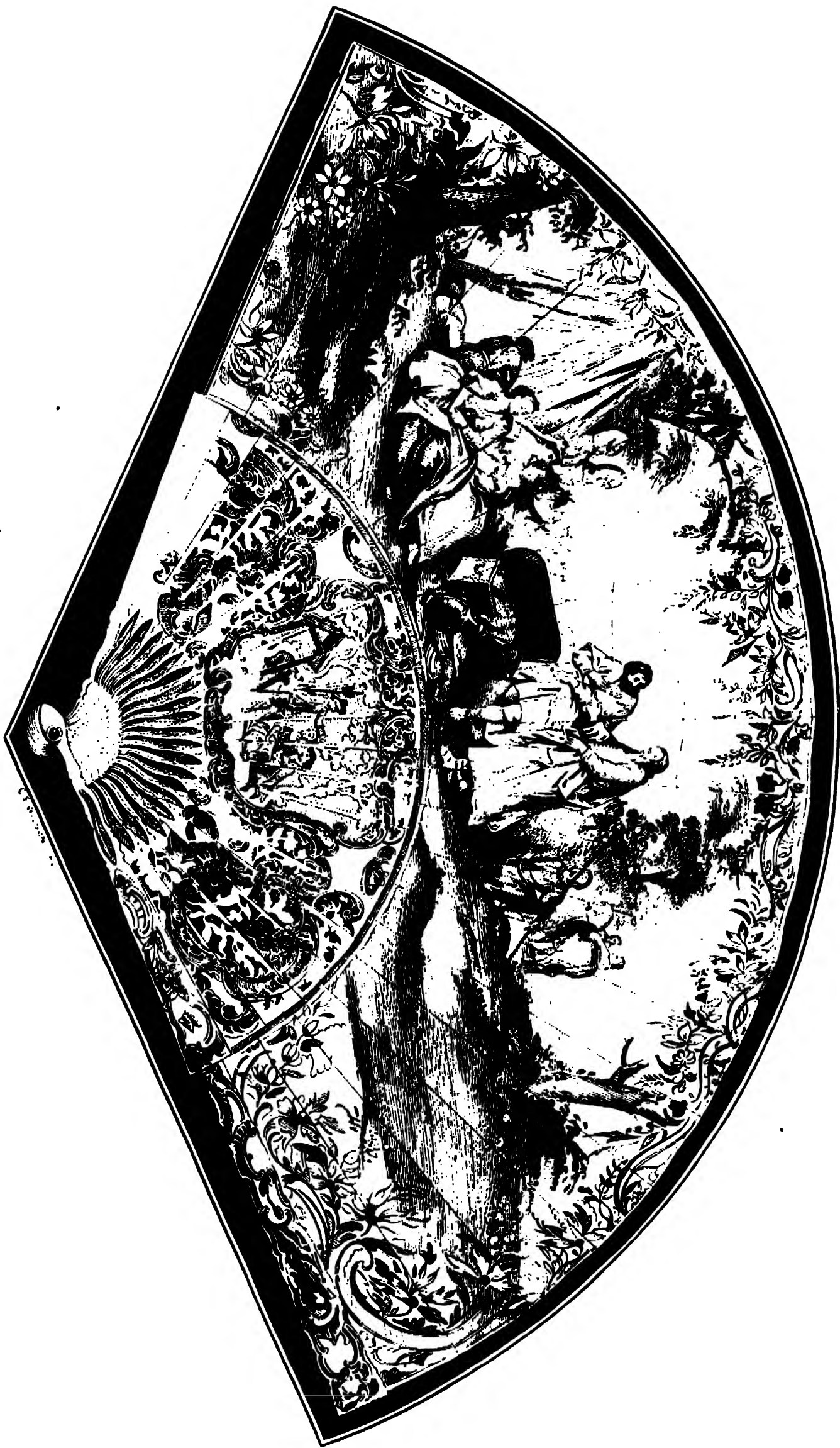
Vecelli, his brother. The commentator adds that the fashion of wearing fans was in all probability imported, together with many other customs, from Italy in the reign of Henry VIII., if not in that of Richard II.—a tolerably wide gap, it must be confessed, to be bridged over by a simple "if not."

The Greeks were certainly well acquainted with fans as articles of luxury. The Phrygian slave in the *Orestes* of Euripides, who narrates the death of Clytemnestra, was employed in fanning Helen when the matricides burst into the unfortunate queen's apartment. The slave describes his use of the fan as after a barbaric fashion, and the whole passage would seem to show that the Grecian fans were introduced from the East, and that they were circular in form and mounted with feathers, probably those of the peacock, as described by Propertius—

"*Paronis caudæ flabella superbi.*"

The Romans also called them *muscaria*, from their being used to drive away the flies from the dinner-table, and they are frequently alluded to by Martial and other authors under that name. Ovid uses the word *tabella*, as, for instance, in the *Ars Amatoria*, when he recommends fanning as a gallant accomplishment, and also acceptable to the fair sex,

"*Profuit et tenui ventum morisse tabellâ.*"



ITALIAN FAN

In the possession of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts

The word *tabella*, here used, has evidently the same meaning as *flabellum*, signifying a fan. In fact, the *flabellum* seems to have been a *tabella*, or thin board, edged with peacocks' or other feathers, and occasionally with variegated pieces of cloth. These were generally waved by the female slaves called *flabelliferæ*, whom Plautus mentions as forming part of a Roman lady's retinue, or else by eunuchs, or young boys. Sometimes, also, the fan was made of linen, extended upon a light frame, and sometimes of the two wings of a bird, joined back to back, and attached to a handle. But it is equally evident from an allusion in the *Eunuchus* of Terence that fans were made then, as now, of separate sticks, or Choræa could never, as he says he did, have peeped through them. If further proof be needed of the familiarity of the ancients with the use of the fan, Suetonius furnishes it when he describes Augustus as lying in summer with the doors of his bedchamber open, and frequently in a piazza with water flowing along the place, and a person standing by to fan him. Cleopatra, too, during her passage on the Cydnus was fanned by pages dressed as Cupids; and in very much earlier times than these, the minions of the tyrant Aristodemus at Cumæ are described by Dionysius Halicarnassus as followed, whenever they went to the gymnasium, by female attendants bearing fans.

Before quitting the subject of the fan as an adjunct to either dress or comfort, or both, in classical times, there is one other point which calls for remark. In ancient sculpture the figures are frequently to be seen with leaves in their hands, but it is noticeable that these leaves vary in form and appearance. Winckelmann, who must be accepted as a very reliable authority on such a point, gives it as his opinion, based upon careful observation, that these leaves do sometimes represent natural leaves; but whenever the leaf is triangular in form, with one side folded slightly inwards, it certainly is a fan.

In Turkey and Persia the fan is in daily use in the harem, but neither country can lay claim to any originality either in design or manufacture. So far as Persia is concerned, the chief honours of state appertain to the umbrella, and have so belonged for centuries, as may be seen by the sculptures of Persepolis, where the umbrella of state invariably marks the prince, or chief, in a group of figures. Sir John Malcolm says that the term *satrap* is, apparently, a corruption of *chatrapa*, or *Lord of the Umbrella of State*. At all events, this latter title distinguished one of the highest officers in the federal government of the Mahratta State, according to the same authority.

On the coasts of Africa the fan, though used, has no distinctive or special claim to notice, though an anecdote is told of a Bey of Algiers in which a fan plays an important, not to say historical, part. It is narrated that on the 30th of April, 1827, the Bey struck the French Consul, M. Deval, with a fan of peacocks' feathers which he had in his hand, and that he refused to apologise for the insult. The conquest of Algeria was the ultimate result of the blow!

As an ecclesiastical "utensil," to borrow the quaint phrase used by Bingham in his *Origines Ecclesiasticæ*, the *flabellum* was known to both the Greek and Roman Churches at a very early period of their history. It formed a portion of the insignia of a deacon, who alone could exercise its office. In the celebrated Abbey of St. Philibert de Tournus, there exists a splendid fan of this description; it is almost the same shape as that in common use now, but larger and with a very long handle. The monks of Syria, who were devoted to manual labour, employed themselves in the manufacture of these fans—an occupation which was not disdained even by such learned fathers as St. Jerome and St. Fulgencius, who are both credited with having produced specimens for the service of the Church.

The use of the *flabellum*, or *πίριδιον*, still exists in the Greek and Armenian Churches, but it disappeared from the Roman Church after the fourteenth century, at the time of the withholding of the cup from the laity. It is, however, still preserved in connection with the Sovereign Pontiff, before whom, on solemn occasions, two fans of peacocks' feathers are invariably borne.



LA FORTUNINA

BY MRS. COMYNS CARR, AUTHOR OF 'NORTH ITALIAN FOLK,' 'A STORY OF AUTUMN,' ETC., ETC

CHAPTER XXII.

PETRO stood mute before the woman whom he worshipped. Now that she would listen to him he seemed at first to find no words. The voices of the merry-makers, and the laughter, and the scraping of the fiddles mingled in his ears with the gurgling sound of the little rill below. They all seemed to be laughing at him.

When Pietro had first come to years of manhood his comrades had made fun of him, had said he was not as they were to whom love and wine and pretty faces were as much a necessity as the sun and the rain. Folk had all thought that he was a milksop, and even his old mother had told herself it was no sacrifice for Pietro to bide single for her sake, since women were nothing to him. Then la Fortunina had come, and folk had laughed again, and had said Pietro was no better than his neighbours. But Pietro *was* better than his neighbours, although he was not a milksop. It was not that he did not understand love,—it was that he had kept all his heart's blood, all his manhood, for one woman—and she beyond his reach.

But now, to-night, for the first time, a wild hope was in him that she might *not* be beyond his reach, and all the pent-up love and passion of his wasted youth surged and boiled up within him till it clouded his senses and stunned his very brain to silence. She turned her great black eyes upon him, and they seemed to eat up his soul. The fiery gleam passed into him and through him—as it had passed in that night six years ago. Only with a difference. Then it had been the arrogant look of a girl noting with triumph the acquisition of one more admirer: now it was the look of a woman scornful of mere admiration, but full of possible tenderness—sad, sorrowful, yet strong. What did it mean? It held Pietro at arm's length, and yet it led him on. For six years those eyes had shone like beacons before him. He had never hoped to reach them. He had thought they were lit for folk above him—ay, and had even burned themselves out for them—while he had stood below. But to-night there was a gleam in them—a gleam strangely contrasting with the gloom of the past weeks. It inflamed the man to madness, and yet it frightened him. What did it mean? Did Vittoria intend the light for a warning—or a promise? He feared to learn.

There was a silence.

Then, "Oh tell me, tell me quickly, what you have to say about the babe," pleaded the woman again.

It was she who was the petitioner now!

"Fortunina loves you," faltered Pietro. "No one but you can make her happy, and I ——" he stopped aghast! For at his first word Vittoria had snatched her hands wildly from the bosom whose fierce throbblings they had been vainly endeavouring

to repress, and waved them passionately in the air with a gesture of angry disappointment.

"Fortunina!" she repeated, with an accent of despair. "Always Fortunina!"

"Do you not love the little one?" asked the man, dumb-founded.

"Ay, ay, I love her! God knows I love her—though I do not know why, but that I saved her life! I love her, I love her, but it is not that, it is not that!" She covered her face with her hands as she spoke, and burst into sobs.

There was a pause. Pietro was astonished, distressed. But pity for her sorrow did not quench the flame of love in his breast. It only kept it in abeyance for a moment, while it added force to it meanwhile, heaping fuel on the fire.

"Do not cry, Vittoria," he said presently in low and tender tones.

Alas, the gentle sympathy seemed only to choke the spring of her grief with bitterness. Hastily and almost angrily drying her eyes with her apron, she turned coldly away, and only said with a little shrug of the shoulders:

"Ay, you are right! Why should I cry? It does no good. Only women and children cry; and, for certain, I am neither!" She laughed a very hard laugh and moved away rapidly, with her long strides, back again towards the throng of merry-makers.

But Pietro, wound up at last to the pitch of confession, with all the accumulated passion of six years tearing at his heart, was not to be thus easily rebuffed. The reign of timid discretion was past. He was prepared to risk anything now. Scorn, anger, derision—even public shame would be welcome, rather than that he should lose this chance. It should not be for want of an effort of his if he never secured that which he craved.

"Vittoria," said he, in a voice that was almost commanding; "stay! I have somewhat to say to you. You cannot go yet!"

Still she fled, under the thick chestnut boughs.

He made one stride up to her, and grasped her forcibly by the arm. She tried to extricate herself, but the grip was too close, and she stood still, but with averted face.

"I cannot let you go, Vittoria," panted he. "I have waited six years for this moment, and if I let it go you will never give me another. Do not be afraid. I am not going to hurt you!"

"I am not afraid," said she, with a strange, weird smile. "The wood is dark, and I dare say you might kill me if you liked! For certain those yonder are too intent on their own fun to think of us. But I am not afraid. I have learnt to be afraid of nothing—at last."

"Anyhow you need not be afraid of me," resumed the man, relaxing his hold of her arm and gradually letting his fingers slide down it till they held her hand with a tender grasp. "That is to

say, unless love makes you afraid—my own love makes *me* almost afraid, to night! Ay, you need not smile so, Vittoria. Love, I said. The old story that you have heard so often, is it not so? You are rightly named, there are few, methinks, over whom you cannot win the victory if you choose!"

The smile—had it been a smile of triumph indeed?—faded slowly from Vittoria's lips, and left her face wan and scared. She tried to withdraw her hand.

"But never mind," he went on, "I am not ashamed to be the last in your train of admirers. One so beautiful as you *must* be the goddess of all men, like the sun in heaven; and who am I, poor peasant man, that I should dare complain! All the same, I think, I was the first to love you, Vittoria—ay, and may be I have been the most constant, and the most fervent, and the tenderest of all, in spite of my being the last to declare myself. It is not always those who speak the soonest and ask the most who are the most faithful. Ah, well, I have my turn at last, and since you belong to no one yet, it is not too late for a chance!"

She groaned and turned her head away, further still from his scrutinising gaze.

"Why do you shrink from me, Vittoria? Why do you turn away? Am I so mean as that in your eyes—so repulsive that you cannot even listen to me? Ah, listen to me at least, have pity on me as much as that! After six years of waiting without hope, let me at all events try my chance of persuading you. Ay, six years ago, this very month, when you were dancing so wildly that your hair all fell down—beautiful black locks over your shoulders—and your eyes blazed, and your bosom rose and fell—that was when I first began to love you! God! how beautiful you were! You lit a fire in my breast that night, though you never spoke to me, never noticed me, scarcely looked at me, and did not care whether I went or came, or even asked who I was! That fire has been smouldering ever since, and to-day it has burst out into a flame. I cannot keep it down, Vittoria. If it offends you I am sorry, but you see, I cannot. Look how it makes me tremble—look, and have pity on me."

He knelt at her feet now, and possessed himself of her other hand too, and put them both in his own hard, brown ones, and kissed them passionately twenty times.

She was moved—he thought he could see it—for her bosom heaved a little. But it was only a sigh that escaped her lips. Yet she *was* moved. It was sweet to be loved like this now, when she was no longer sixteen. She was not yet so wan and changed, then, but that a man could still kneel to her.

"Vittoria," he began again, "is there no hope? I am not worthy of you, I know, but I have loved you faithfully. All this time I have loved you, and they—those grand gallants whom you were so proud of that evening—they have not thought of you again, it seems, for else why are you here as a farm servant?"

Her eyes flashed now, and she turned her head towards him, ever so little.

"Whether I could have had gallants or no if I had wished, that is no business of yours," she said, haughtily. "Meddle yourself with that alone which concerns you!"

"Ah, do not be so angry, so cold! What is it to me whether you had lovers or no, so that I might love you!"

"Who says I had lovers?" muttered Vittoria, still fiercely.

"No one dare say so while I am by," answered Pietro, with some pride. "I have told you, you mistrust me unjustly, for I would defend you against every calumny; I have always stood your friend. Ah, I think you reward me ill for some devotion which I have been able to show for you, poor peasant as I am. I do ill to pray to you—it is not the way to obtain a woman, I know. But I am not clever, I know no other way, I only know this way—of telling you that I love you. Vittoria, think of it; when I saw you first I was a lad, and now I am a grown man, and

all the time I have never thought of any other woman but you! Is that nothing to you?"

She freed herself from him now by a violent effort, and tossed the importunate hands far from her.

"You are right; you do not know the way to woo a woman," she said harshly. "You are a fool! How *dare* you come here swearing that you never loved another woman but me?"

She stamped her foot, and her eyes seemed to shoot fire.

"Ah me, Holy Virgin, teach me what to speak," cried poor Pietro, lifting his eyes to heaven. "I know what you would say, Vittoria, but upon the truth of all the angels, you imagine what is false. She to whom I ought to be bound is nothing to me. God forgive me, I never loved her with one throb of my heart!"

"I do not believe you," hissed the girl between her teeth. "Are your oaths, your sacred word to the priest, your formal betrothal all nothing? Never loved another woman, forsooth!"

"I could not help it. It was not I that did it, in truth. It was the Prevosto and Bianca del Prelo—that old busybody whom purgatory punish for her sins! They made me believe it was for the child's good, and I love the child. And then it was as good as done before I saw you again, Vittoria, and five years had passed and I thought you were dead. And when I *did* find you again you shunned me, or I should have broken with it even then. For, the Lord forgive me, I had you in my heart still, and should not have sold an empty thing to another! I was a good marriage for a poor girl like the della Fontana, and she is thrifty, she cares for a good marriage, perhaps even more than for an amorous husband. So I salved my conscience thus towards her. It was for la Fortunina's good! But now, God help me, la Fortunina does not like the wench. She loves you—she is right—so do I. And she will have only you for a stepmother; you heard her just now. Ah; for the good Madonna's pleasure, to help a little child who loves you and whom you love, if only for that, listen to me!"

"And la Teresina?" asked Vittoria, scornfully.

"La Teresina! I will buy her off. By paying money one can arrange these matters, I have heard say. Some one will tell me how to do it. The gold is not bought yet, and that is the last pledge, so it is the easier. The neighbours will despise me, and they will no longer say in the parish, 'Pietro Paggi is a man of honour,' but what do I care, so long as I have obtained you whom I love? What are the rest to me?"

"So you will buy off the della Fontana with money, and you swear you never gave aught to any other woman?" asked Vittoria again. But there was something in her voice which did not sound well for Pietro, though he, poor soul, did not hear it.

"Ay, upon my honour," he said earnestly; "the honour of an honest peasant!"

There was a silence, in which Pietro fancied that the beating of his heart sounded above the running of the rill and the rollicking of the neighbours on the green. Then Vittoria, looking him full in the face, said slowly, "I will think of it."

Did she really mean to think of it? Did the image of the little child whom she loved and had saved from death, the picture of a quiet fireside where she would have rest at last with a kind and loving face always waiting on her desires, rise up before her and tempt her again as it had tempted her before, when she had not known of the betrothal? Who can tell? Anyhow, Pietro feared that she spoke, as she had spoken so often, only in scorn. And when she passed before him slowly, as though the interview were at an end and she were going to leave him, his spirit rose up in rebellion. He planted himself in her path, and once more seized her, this time by both wrists.

"You shall not go," he said, "till you have sworn you mean true by me, till you have sworn you will not give me the slip again!"

He held her fast. They stood close upon the ridge of the little bank that sloped downwards to the stream. She struggled a little to free herself. Her face was brought close to his, and her quick breathing fanned his cheek. It fanned the flame at his heart also. Holding her hands down with a grip of iron, he bent forward and kissed her on the lips. He had dreamed of such a kiss for six years, surely he had been patient!

But Vittoria cared little for that. She made no excuse.

"Coward!" she cried, her lips trembling with rage. "Let me go!"

"Nay, I will not," muttered Pietro, intoxicated. "Is it not the first kiss I have ever snatched from a woman's lips, and shall it be the last?"

He tightened his hold until it was pain, but frenzy lent strength to the woman's sinews.

"Liar!" panted she, while she struggled with fresh energy. "You dare to tell me this is the first kiss you ever took from a woman! What of Fortunina's mother?"

A muttered imprecation was all the sound that passed Pietro's lips in reply. For in his astonishment he had slackened his hold, and Vittoria had released her hands. With one powerful blow she sent him reeling down the grassy bank into the streamlet below, and without stopping to look at what she had done, she fled through the trees back into the open meadows.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A WEEK had passed since the day of the San Giovanni. Folk had been back at their workaday ways these four or five days; all the brawls of the feast were settled and put aside, and even the wonder that had been excited by the fact that Vittoria Vite had suddenly left her place and disappeared was beginning to lose its savour. Yet at the time it had stirred comment enough. There were a hundred stories afloat as to the reasons of it. Some said that the stranger was a lady in disguise flying from the wrath of an outraged husband whom she had that evening discovered to be on her track. Some said that she was a mere common thief escaping from justice. Others had it that she was a girl of bad conduct, and finding San Bartolomeo too dull, that she had returned to her haunts in the town.

But most people thought and said they had always been sure that the creature was mad! And a few again were certain that a love affair was at the bottom of it, but did not know with whom. Several fellows had been known to admire the maid, and Pietro Paggi was not suspected more than one or two others, partly because he was a betrothed man, and partly because he was considered too tame a fellow to indulge in an affair of the passions. Besides, those who thought that Vittoria's flight was the result of a love affair, thought so because they swore they had seen the maid standing like a ghost behind one of the trees around the dancing-ground at a late hour of that evening, and they said that her eyes had been fixed, like the eyes of a tiger, upon a knot of men who were laughing with "the American" in a corner of the green, and that she looked as though she had seen one returned from the dead. To be sure, Bianca del Prelo was one of those who gave this version, and Bianca del Prelo was not always to be believed; still, when one swears one has seen a thing with one's eyes, it is a confessional sin if it be a lie after all.

It was a strange matter, but not stranger than some other things that had happened that evening. Truly it had been an eventful San Giovanni. For one thing,—suddenly, as he was talking with la Teresina, his partner, and, in fact, just after la Vittoria had been seen flitting past, with those live-coals of

eyes fastened on the festivities,—"the American" had quickly taken out his watch and had sworn that he had an appointment in town that very night and must hasten to catch the last train. And he had actually had his horse and cart out in a trice, and had driven like a madman down the dark road at that hour, and had never come back to live in his grand house since, but had only turned up at odd times and moments, one never knew when—coming and going as one who will not have it known where he is. It was very evident that there was some grave passion at work here, and probably no affair with any common girl, but an intrigue with some grand town lady.

And there was another thing that had happened, stranger than either of these, and that was, that Pietro Paggi had been drunk. Yes, it had never been known to occur before but this time it had occurred without a doubt. Pietro Paggi had been tipsy. Why, he had left Fortunina—that child whom he could never bear out of his sight—a good hour all alone on the green in the dark! Bianca del Prelo had found the poor innocent sitting there, eating her grief and resentment, and though she would not complain, like the proud little piece of goods that she was, it was easy to see that Pietro had been rough to her. And then

more conclusive proof still—when he had at last returned to her, those around had seen a great scar on his cheek, and when they asked him how he had come by it, he could not tell. Pray, what more could be wanted to prove that a man had taken too much? And he had been out of spirits and ashamed ever since, just as a man is ashamed who has not been used to tripping like that before. One of the neighbours, passing by his lands on the hill one day since, had seen Paggi sitting there beside his pickaxe, with his head sunk in his hands, and apparently no thought of work in his head—he who was always a very devil of energy! The neighbour had been quite frightened, and had wanted to fetch the doctor, and had asked him if he felt as his mother had done when she sat down to die. But Pietro would have no doctor, and had said that he was but troubled with thoughts for the future, which was to be comprehended when a man was marrying and had a child on his hands beforehand. So that the neighbour had been reassured with that, and, with the remembrance of Pietro's necessity for a little shame and remorse, had not given the matter further thought. Soon nobody gave the matter further thought, and yet—though Pietro little guessed what the neighbours had been saying of him, and would probably have cared as little even had he guessed—his spirits did not improve. He had been to market, treading down his thoughts with the tramp, tramp, of his weary limbs over the weary mountain way of which he knew every stone. He had tried to bury grisly memories in the earth as he turned it over with his great pickaxe to sow some fresh crop, or loosened it gently about the roots of some tender plant; he had worked double hours, he had tried every means in his power to stifle recollection, but it had all been of no use. When darkness drove him home of an evening, and he was forced to sit awhile with his hands before him, all the bad thoughts returned with tenfold strength and persistency. He could not even bear the sight of his little Fortunina. He would not take her up the hill with him, to watch him work and to pluck the wild cherries, as he always used to do; and even when he was in the fields close at home, he drove her away to her little companions. Nay, he did not even always come home to dinner now, and had gone so far as to ask the foster-mother to come and mind the cottage and the child, and cook the dinner, pleading a press of outdoor business as his excuse.

Fortunina's little heart bled sorely under this new régime, but, with her usual proud reserve, she scorned to give any outward sign of her grief, and even went about whistling more merrily than ever, as if nothing unusual were happening. The shocks to her sensitive little soul had been many and sharp

during these latter times, but they seemed to have hardened rather than to have softened it.

At all events she sat composedly enough on the great marriage chest in the kitchen this morning, watching the foster-mother as she swiftly ironed over one of Pietro's coarse linen shirts at the table. The church clock had but just struck seven, and the last drops of the night dew still glittered on grass and flowers, but the sunshine streamed brightly in at the little casement window, and made the deep oaken window-seat and the stone door-step both too hot already to sit comfortably on. This was the reason that Fortunina remained in the shade on the big chest.

"Ay, a man must be clean on such an occasion," announced the child, with the air of a matron of years' standing, as she watched the woman at work.

Bianca laughed. "Well, of course, men don't go to buy the wedding gold every day," she said. "Not but what I told Pietro long ago he ought to have been before—and I don't believe he'd ever have fixed to go to-day if it hadn't been for me! He's that lazy about affairs of the kind! But on the evening of the S. Giovanni I said to him, 'Pietro Paggi,' I said, 'if you don't fix the day this very minute to take that little della Fontana to buy her marriage gold, she'll be off the bargain, for the *Signor Americano* is teasing her dreadfully about your being so long over it! She is of half a mind to serve you out, and then it'll all be to do again.' Ay, that is what I said, and then I fixed this day for him, for I saw he had scarce his wits about him. That precious dad of yours was tipsy that night if ever a man was—in spite of his good character in the parish. Coming with that cock-and-bull story about having scratched his face in a fall!"

Bianca raised her voice as though she were speaking to some one without under the *pergola*. But she was not—it was only her usual way of talking, and she did not pause for any reply to her question, nor care to think whether or no the child understood her gossip. It was enough for her to hear the sound of her own voice. She clapped the cool iron down on the charcoal *scaldino* that stood in the hearth, gave the wood fire a stir together with her foot to get the loose ends of logs well under the black pot that hung a-boiling, snatched up another iron, held it to her cheek to test its heat, rubbed it up and down violently on a rag to clean it, and set to at the shirt again—all in scarce more than the space of a breathing time.

"Well, and sure thou art a lucky child," she went on glibly, "to get such a steady, thrifty, tidy body for a stepmother, and a good Catholic too—thou, that art nothing but a little nameless, motherless waif! And I advise thee to be better behaved to her than thou hast ever been to thy old foster-mother, little spoilt morsel that thou art! Thy good father has done all he could to ruin thee, that I've often told him! But what I say is, thou'lt have thy lesson to learn if la Teresina catches thee up to any of thy tricks, or if thou darest tell her again thou lovest that proud hussy of a Vittoria better than a well-to-do honest wench like herself! She's not one to let butter melt in her mouth, our Teresina, for all she's so trim and pretty spoken."

"I don't prefer la Vittoria to her now," said the child proudly. "I don't love la Vittoria any more. She has gone away, and left me, and never gave me the comfits she promised me. That is not the way one should do, and I think no more of her!"

She tossed her head, and slid down from her seat, and went and put herself outside on the little terrace with her elbows on the stone parapet. She was crying, and she did not choose that the foster-mother should see it.

"Thou dost well," said Bianca, slapping the shirt viciously with her hot iron, and turning down the points of the collar with a bang. "She was a bad girl—as haughty as any lady, though any one could guess she had reason to be ashamed of herself, and to hold her head low. I told old Tonietta so, when she was vexed that the wench went before her time. I said, 'You're well rid

of her!' Though, to be sure, she ought not to have gone without a word of notice as she did. But I suppose she had reasons of her own for needing to be out of sight and out of mind as fast as she could. She was a real bad one!"

Fortunina said nothing. She had nothing to say, for she understood nothing of it all. She only knew that Vittoria, who had always been good to her, and who, on that San Giovanni night had promised her comfits, and had spoilt her even more than usual—that Vittoria had deserted her, ay, and had caused her dad to desert her too! For had he not taken the way that Vittoria had taken when he had left her like that alone in the midst of the throng? She did not know why he should require to go after Vittoria, but he had done it, and he had slighted her that he might do it, and she could not forgive him! No—she could not forgive Vittoria either, for Vittoria had been false to her, had treated her like a baby in not telling her what she was going to do! She had come to bid her good-bye, it is true, but she had not told her the truth. After she had been sitting there, disconsolate and angry, upon the turf, watching the dancers for a good half hour, Vittoria had glided hastily up to her in the dark, and had stooped down to kiss her. And then, just as she had been going to say something, she had stopped short, and her face had grown more terrible than even upon that day when she had spoken under the *pergola* about children who have no mothers. Fortunina had been frightened, but presently—little exacting soul that she was—she had been angry. For suddenly—without a single word or look at her, with her eyes fixed upon some one in the crowd, and still that terrible look in her face—Vittoria had slipped away again, round among the trees, and right away, and that was the last she had ever seen of her! How could she love Vittoria after that? And all the more when, ever since he had last talked with Vittoria, her own dad had changed towards her, and had spoken crossly to her! Yes—when he had come back at last that evening he had scarcely said a word to her, but had only taken her sadly by the hand and had led her away, and he had been just as silent and sad and strange ever since. She was altogether a very miserable and unfortunate little girl! She pulled the blossoms of the gourds to pieces, and cracked the pods of the creeper on the *pergola* with a very disconsolate air.

Pietro came up the steps from the garden. He was in working clothes, and carried his spade and pickaxe over his shoulder. "Well, cherub," he said absently, as he passed in at the cottage door. "Do not stand in the sun. It is hot, and thou hast no kerchief."

But Fortunina did not move, for he had not kissed her, and so she would not do as she was bid.

He went into the shed and put his tools away.

"Come, you must hestir yourself," said the foster-mother busily. "Was it not eight o'clock you were to be with the wench, for the nine o'clock train?"

"Ay," said Pietro, wearily returning into the kitchen.

"I think you might have left work alone for this one day," continued Bianca, "but never mind, the more haste now, that's all. Here's a clean shirt for you, and a better ironed one you couldn't have had if you'd paid half a franc for doing it in Genoa!" She gave a friendly pat to the corners of the collar as she spoke, and folded the garment in the semblance of a lay figure with its arms decently crossed over the chest.

"Thank you," said Pietro, "give it me, I will go dress myself."

"Will you not eat a mouthful first?"

"No. I had a slice of cold polenta at dawn. I want no more!"

"The pot is on the fire!"

"I want no more I tell you!" He spoke crossly, which was not usual with him.

"The saints save us," cried Bianca, "here's a crosspatch to go

sweethearting with! I'm glad I'm not the Teresina! Well, well, so long as you've your purse in your pocket I dare say she won't care!"

"I dare say not," answered Pietro dryly, as he went up the ladder to the loft.

"The maid'll pay him out for it after she's wed to him if he serves her so—ay, and pay the child out too," muttered the woman to herself. "Silly fool, he has the other in his head! Well, well, let them all fight it out their own way, I don't care! I should just like to see Saint Peter with a good bullying wife to crack his soft head about a bit! He has lorded it long enough over of us all with his good luck in the land and his thrift and his pious ways! And none so holy after all, with a bastard child on his arm from one ill-conditioned wench, while he makes the amorous eye to another as bad, over the very head of the girl he would wed! But la Teresina will pay him out when the ring is well on her finger. She's more than his match, for all her genteel ways. The Virgin be praised for that!"

Bianca bustled about noisily as she hurled forth her anathemas, and made no pretence of disguising her thoughts or even of speaking beneath her breath. Pietro up stairs and Fortunina on the balcony were welcome to know all that was in her mind if they liked. But Pietro had thoughts of his own that were perplexity enough, and Fortunina scarcely understood all the viciousness of which her foster-mother was capable, although she gave her credit for a good share.

"Here, child," screamed the woman, ladling out a basin full of steaming soup from the great smoking cauldron, "have done thy noise, and come eat thy breakfast!" Fortunina stopped her whistling of Garibaldi's hymn for a moment. She was hungry, but the foster-mother was also ill-mannered.

So she chose to wait till her *minestra* was cold before she obeyed and then entered the kitchen whistling carelessly as before.

"Thou art an insolent brat," said Bianca cuffing her soundly. "Is it for this I put myself to inconvenience and leave my own children to starve that I may render thee and thy dad a service?" and she cuffed the child again. Fortunina uttered no cry. She only looked up at her persecutress with great black eyes where angry revenge glistened beneath the long lashes. Then she sat down on the doorstep outside with her meal.

"Upon my word, you and la Vittoria are a pair of you for ugly looks under the eyes, when you like," cried la Bianca. "One might almost fancy you'd caught the girl's ways from being with her so much!"

Pietro came down the ladder dressed in his best.

"She'll catch them no more, then," he said. "La Vittoria has left S. Bartolomeo."

"I know that as well as you, and a good riddance too," replied the housewife tartly.

Pietro said nothing. Perhaps it was because he knew how to be discreet on occasions, or perhaps it was because the thoughts in his heart were too sacred and too heavy for Bianca del Prelo's ears. He went out on to the terrace and stood a moment watching Fortunina as she ate her *minestra*.

"I am going to Genoa, Fortunina," said he.

"I know it," answered the child. "With la Teresina della Fontana, to buy her the gold."

"Ay, and when I have bought her the gold, Signor Prevosto will soon marry us together, and then la Teresina will be the new mother that thou didst ask me for!"

"I do not ask for one now any more," replied the little maid.

"*Pazienza*," murmured Pietro in a low voice. Then he added presently, and there were tears in his voice—"Little one, wilt pluck me a carnation from the window-pot for my cap?" Fortunina paused a moment with the wooden spoon in her hand. Then she answered with her eyes cast down: "No, I will not make thee fine to go to Genoa with la Teresina. The foster-

mother says she will lead us both a life when once she has got us, and I will not give thee a carnation to buy her with!"

"Hark at the child," cried Bianca angrily advancing once more to cuff her. "Who told thee to tell tales!" And she lifted her arm.

"Nay, nay, neighbour," said Pietro, quietly staying her hand. "Let the child be. I heed not her words! Though God knows whether they be not true ones!" he murmured to himself. He took his hat from a peg on the wall.

"Good-bye, Fortunina," said he. "Be a good child and obedient to the foster-mother, and maybe I will bring thee some comfits from town."

"I do not want any," said Fortunina, still as ungraciously as before.

"Well, well," said Pietro, sighing a little as he passed out, "then I need not bring thee any." He went down the steps without turning. Fortunina looked after him, wonderingly, expecting him to come back and make it up. But he did not come back. He was really gone! Yes, and had not taken a flower at all, because her baby hand had refused to give it to him! She sat a moment, motionless, and the tears rose to her eyes. She could not eat any more breakfast. She put the bowl down, and went out silently into the garden, and from the garden slipped quietly into the little chestnut copse beyond the meadow, and there cried her pretty eyes red with very salt and bitter tears.

Pietro—as he went along the road in his holiday suit—had no less sad thoughts than she to fight with, though he could not cry away their burthen like a little child. To-day the die would be cast—the betrothal completed—and never again would it be lawful for him to think of another woman than Teresina! Yet, God forgive him, his heart was full of another woman still, and how, in the space of one night, would he be able to pluck the memory of her from out his breast? Oh, if he could but for one moment have seen Vittoria only to have explained that horrible mistake which had arisen so inevitably in her mind! Even if it were to be of no use—if her heart were set against him for ever—it was none the less galling that she should be labouring under such a dreadful delusion! But she was gone—gone again, his hopeless heart told him—for ever! When, bruised and stunned as much by the mental as by the physical blow of his fall—he had picked himself up that night from the grass, Vittoria had vanished. And though he had sought her all along the lanes and roads, he could find no trace of her! She had left her temporary home without a word. When the stout old farmer-woman, in her fine clothes, had returned late from the merrymaking, she had found the house door open and Vittoria fled. Her small possessions had disappeared—she had left for good. Aye, she was out on the world again, and for his sake!

In his utter desolation, and disappointment, and perplexity, Pietro had at last betaken himself for advice to the priest, and in the sacred precincts of the confessional had told the whole secret of Fortunina's parentage. He had some moral scruples about continuing the alliance with la Teresina when his heart was all given to another. But the old Prevosto, though he considered himself a poet in his way—as befitted almost the only man who could read and write in the parish—had little sympathy with affairs of sentiment. The wrong which he would actually do the girl would anyhow be less than the wrong she supposed him to be doing her by the presence in her new home of her husband's bastard child. Even the priest did not advise truth on this matter, for fear Teresina might not consent to keep the brat at all. And as for Vittoria, when Pietro told him of the luckless misunderstanding which had so cruelly extinguished the last ray of hope in his breast, the old man had laughingly called him a fool, and had sworn that it was the best service his little foundling had ever rendered him!

"No, no, Pietro," he had said, "do not let this marriage slide either for scruples or for sentiment! La Teresina is a clean,

honest wench, and will bring up the little one properly. The other—God forgive her, she never came to confession here—has a pair of fine eyes, and, I doubt me, but little else good behind them! Heaven forbid I should judge the poor soul! She locked her secret in her own breast, and if it bring her to perdition unconfessed, 'twill be the worse for her! But, upon my soul, though charity would have kept me from hunting her out, I can but praise God she has left my parish! There, go to! As for scruples—why, I dare swear la Teresina takes thee for interest, and not for sentiment either! But she is wise, as it is fitting one should be in this world! So buy the gold, my son, and fix the wedding day."

And poor Pietro had neither courage nor heart to handle the matter boldly for himself! Since Vittoria was lost to him, what did it signify? He might as well stand well with the parish, at least! He tried to tell himself it was no worse than it was before—that he had always known Vittoria would never be his, and yet that he would have to wed for convenience! Even if he found her and could tell her the truth about Fortunina, she would be as likely as not to spurn him again as clay beneath her feet, just as he had always told himself she must do.

But he deceived himself. It *was* worse than before! For the memory of words spoken is stronger than that of sighs scarce breathed in the imagination, and the thought of a kiss on the lips more burning than any fancies nurtured secretly in the heart! Sometimes he tried to believe the insinuations of the Prevosto and others—tried to bury his star beneath the clouds of disgrace at which many would hint. But this, alas, if he had been able to succeed in it, would have been the worst course of all! To believe her whom he adored unclean and sullied by the vile world would have broken his heart indeed! No—she should still live in the heavens as a star in the night of his soul, and he would try and forget that he had ever dragged her down to earth for a moment to be defiled—he regretted it now!—by a kiss from his lips of clay. Still from on high she should illumine his darksome way while he sunk to the level of an everyday, prosaic life. After all it was but what every man had to fall to—a marriage of convenience after a youth of tender passages—and who was he, poor illiterate peasant, that he should demand more? He thought he would not have complained if he had had his love passage to the end like other men!

All these things he thought over again this morning for the

twentieth, nay, the fiftieth time, since the day of the S. Giovanni, a little week ago. And with the last thought and the last sigh he came to the path leading up to la Teresina's cottage.

The *Campanile* began to growl out its eight strokes above his head as he crossed the piazza of the church, and sounded the last as he set his foot on the wooden bridge that was flung carelessly across the little torrent. He climbed the steep clay path under the chestnut trees the faster, for Teresina did not love to be kept waiting.

The way wound up the side of the hill, above the stream that gurgled pleasantly in the gorge below. It skirted the confines of the sacerdotal garden, and the old priest shouted out his cheery good morrow as he inspected his crops on the hill. "Good luck, Pietro," said he, across the low stone wall, "keep a merry face and thou wilt be rewarded."

Pietro nodded and smiled a little, though it was small hope he had of being rewarded. Yet his betrothed was a comely lass, a very comely lass, as she stood this morning on the little terrace of a cottage not a hundred feet higher up. The cottage had a thatched roof like its neighbours, but the roof was whole, and some of the windows had rough panes of glass in them, and altogether the place betokened it the habitation of cleanly and thrifty folk. A large walnut tree overshadowed it, under whose caves rows of golden maize-cones hung to dry, while flat baskets, some full of the yellow grain, and some of red wild cherries, lay on the parapet of the terrace in the blazing sun. And all this order was Teresina's doing, for her mother was aged and more of a care than a help. The cow that lowed and the goat that bleated in the stable would never have been kept but for her economies. She would make a good wife. She must have been astir with the sun this morning, reflected Pietro, to get household work done, and herself so well accoutred in stuff dress and silk apron, and genteel jacket and snowy veil over all, spick and span and ready waiting by eight o'clock.

If he had known the truth, he might have said astir with the dawn, and not only with the sun. For, had he chanced to come by that way two hours earlier, he might have seen another figure beside the figure of his dainty bride, under the spreading walnut tree, and he might have heard some words which would perhaps have astonished him. But Pietro was not suspicious—perhaps he did not love well enough in this instance to be either suspicious or jealous—and Teresina managed her affairs well.

(To be continued.)





THE COSTUME SOCIETY¹

IN starting a publication society for the illustration of historic costume, we are met at the very gate of our field of operations, by the assertion that there is already an abundance of books on this subject. So great indeed is the number of works wherein costume is illustrated, that it would lengthen these notes unduly to enumerate them. The most elaborate and remarkable of this class of books owe their origin to foreign countries, and particularly to Germany. In England, we have but few special works on costume, and these are neither extensive in range nor invariably accurate in detail. Fairholt and Planché are, I believe, the only men who ever attempted to cover any considerable area; and the illustrations of these works are not always such as the artist and the antiquary require. Other books there are, far better as regards quality and truth of illustration; but these are limited in range and embrace only certain branches of the subject. For example, we have Meyrick and Hewitt for armour, Pugin and Marriott for ecclesiastical costume, Hope and Hamilton for classic work, and books limited to particular sources, such as Boutell's and Waller's brasses, Stothart's monumental effigies, Henry Shaw's dresses and decorations, Tarver and Lonsdale's mediæval costume including the five plates published by William Burges, the *fac-similes* of Queen Mary's psalter, the Cuthbert Roll, Caedmon's paraphrase, &c., not to mention the numerous illustrations that occur in the *Archeologia*, the published proceedings of Archaeological Societies, and various periodicals. It is in this incomplete and disjointed condition of things, and because of numerous omissions and errors that have crept into some of the most elaborate of these illustrations, where the work of the copyist or artist has not been properly supervised or verified, that we see occasion for the establishment of a society whose researches shall not be confined to any period, nor limited to any particular source. The evolution of costume in our own country will always necessarily be uppermost in our thoughts; but for no particular century or time shall we claim a special privilege. The sources to which we shall go for illustration will include everything belonging to the period illustrated that can be said to bear upon our work: sculpture and modelling of all kinds, engraving, painting, drawings, prints, embroideries—in a word, all the arts that exhibit costume will be laid under contribution; and, above all, the costume itself, wherever it can be found, and the many personal ornaments which enrich the museums of the world.

To accomplish this, cooperation outside as well as inside the society is necessary; but it should be clearly understood that the first condition to be complied with, before any drawing can be accepted for publication, is that such drawing shall be signed by some expert, or experts, certifying to its fidelity.

As to the drawings themselves, we should be careful to remember that we are a scientific society for the purpose of research and teaching, and not for the purpose of issuing pretty pictures. Our chief aim should be an accuracy that conveys itself. In copying paintings, or in drawing sculpture, involving costume, etched-in shadows and tones often conceal important facts. To enlarge the

minutely executed miniatures of the past, so as to show clearly all the details of the dress, and to do this in as simple a way as possible, seems to me more desirable than to elaborate effects, or labour to reproduce exactly the conventionalities of drawing or attitude; for, indeed, the exaggerations of early conventionalisms are often very misleading.

We propose to give drawings from original sources only. Copies of copies are so common, that I venture to add what may sound like a truism, that a picture of A.D. 1500, of a gentleman in the dress of 1500, is an original source; but an engraving of it in 1800 or even in 1600 is no authority in our sense—at least, not until some of us have compared the engraving with the picture and are prepared to certify its accuracy.



Specimen illustration reduced from the original

All this should be made manifest in our work; for apart from it we have no motive to exist, nor can we hope to be better than those who have already laboured in this field.

It is mainly then on these two features of certified accuracy and direct verification by reference to the originals our claims for public recognition depend; nevertheless, what is called "a free and artistic rendering" is only objectionable when it fails to render the facts—a result not entirely unknown in certain costly works on this, and, indeed, on other branches of art.

For example: In a MS. poem of the early part of the fifteenth century, now in the British Museum (Arundel, 38, fol. 37), there is a fine portrait of King Henry V. drawn in gold and colour, which has been engraved more than once, and nearly always with errors,

¹ Paper read by Mr. E. W. Godwin, F.S.A., at the Inaugural Meeting of the Costume Society.

chief of which is the omission, in the engraving, of the strip of ermine on the breast that serves as a trimming to conceal the line of fastenings. This error is the result of a curious mistake in the original, where we see that the old illuminator, after having drawn the outline of the ermine, has either forgotten to paint it, or the brush has slipped over it in painting the blue robe; for we can easily see the drawing of the fur beneath the blue.

Another author, in a more carefully prepared work, though avoiding in his illustration of the same subject the error just mentioned, shows four small figures, having a general appearance of *fac-simile* in colour, of an initial in a late thirteenth century MS. in the British

and even colour sometimes, though fortunately in rare instances, has been applied long after the date of the original drawing, and is consequently valueless as an authority.

Again, as a rule, costume should be drawn in its entirety. Fragments are bewildering, except when given in explanation of a full-length figure; one feature belongs to one kind of dress, another to another, and the custom of showing detached bits—a hat here, and a boot there—is not the best way to further a complete and scientific knowledge of historic costume. I think, too, it will be well to keep most of the figures on such a scale (say eight inches) as will enable us to see clearly the details. Where, however, the



Specimen illustration reduced from the original

Museum (Sloane, 2435, fol. 23). These four little figures exhibit the habits of the people in spring, summer, autumn, and winter; and we learn from the fastenings—clearly, almost coarsely, shown on two of them in the manuscript—how those spring and winter coats were put on. In the published copy these fastenings are entirely omitted.

Then, although it is to be hoped coloured plates may occasionally be given, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that as a rule sculpture is without colour, and that some of our most important MS. drawings, especially of early mediæval costume, are in outline only, as in Matthew Paris's *Lives of the two Offas*;

original is near this scale, and not too grotesque, nothing is gained by enlarging, and it will be better to give it in *fac-simile*. As part of our proposal, each illustration will be accompanied by a brief note or description of the source from which it is derived, and, where considered necessary, by certain explanatory remarks.

To avoid as much as possible chances of misrepresentation and misunderstanding that beset new ventures of this sort has been my object in putting down these few notes, and I trust that no opinion has been here expressed which is not shared by all competent artists and antiquaries who are students in this branch of historical illustration.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

THE *Florence* (Sampson Low & Co.) of M. Charles Yriarte forms a worthy and welcome companion to the elaborate work on Venice by the same author. Those who are familiar with the earlier publication will be prepared for the sumptuous splendour of the volume under review, for the richness and variety of its illustrations, and for the care and thought so lavishly bestowed upon the adornment of the printed text. Nor will they need to be assured of the solid excellence of M. Yriarte's literary labours. To treat such a subject with due regard to the claims of scholarship and the requirements of popular taste is not indeed an easy task. Florence, during the most interesting period of its history, was in truth the centre of civilisation. In the earlier movement of the Renaissance, its citizens held in trust the intellectual fortunes of the world. In art and literature alike, Florence gave a decisive character to European thought and imagination, and in the story of its growth, its magnificence, and its decline we have therefore a record of events that far transcends the interest of local history. But this very



Illustration from Yriarte's *Florence*

richness of material only increases the difficulties of the historian. It is impossible within reasonable limits to exhaust the interest of the varied aspects under which the subject presents itself for examination and study, and yet it would be hazardous in such a work as M. Yriarte has undertaken to leave any of them wholly unnoticed. These elements of embarrassment which are inherent in his theme may be said to afford the measure of the author's success. Armed with a wide knowledge of his subject, he has been able to select with confidence and right judgment the points that best deserve full and detailed consideration. His narrative is therefore comprehensive without being superficial. In obedience to the special purpose of the work, it deals more particularly with the artistic progress of the city; and here, at every turn, the descriptions in the text are appropriately supplemented by apt and admirable illustrations. Even in the earlier portions of the volume, which treat of the political and social life of Florence, the surviving monuments of art are found of constant service in giving point and interest to the story; and it is evident that no

labour has been spared in the effort to enliven the general record of historical events by reference to eminent individuals, whose portraits are preserved either on the medals of the period or in the works of celebrated painters and sculptors. The section devoted exclusively to the consideration of Florentine art commences with some account of the existing remains of Etruscan sculpture. But this is merely introductory, and, in treating of the subject in its more modern aspect, M. Yriarte distributes his material into three principal divisions. The "Monuments of the City" give occasion for the discussion of Florentine architecture, and for a description of the achievements of Arnolfo, Giotto, and Taddeo Gaddi. Next follows a more exhaustive and methodical account of the gradual development of Florentine sculpture, and this chapter, both in point of literary excellence and beauty of illustration, may be reckoned the most important in the volume. We may notice especially the plates after Ghiberti, Orcagna, Donatello, and Mino da Fiesole. A history of painting, beginning with artists of the twelfth century and closing with a notice of Carlo Dolce, appropriately concludes a volume that will surely take rank as one of the handsomest art books of the year.

It is not at all likely that any reader of Dr. Dresser's work on *Japan: its Architecture, Art, and Art Manufactures*, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co., will accept his view that an apology is needed for this addition to the number of books on Japan. Dr. Dresser is, according to his own account of himself, a specialist—an architect and ornamentist by profession, and, having a knowledge of many manufacturing processes, he went to Japan to observe what an ordinary visitor would naturally pass unnoticed. We may as well say at the outset that he succeeded in doing what he went to do, and though, so far as the people are concerned, he lays himself open to the charge of having put on rose-coloured spectacles, or whatever may be their Japanese equivalent, from the moment he caught sight of Fujiyama until it was finally lost to his view, with an occasional relapse to the naked eye when his thoughts turned homewards, he has nevertheless given an account of the special objects of his trip which bears on the face of it the impress of accuracy and reliability. It must not be supposed from this that Dr. Dresser has compiled a cut-and-dry record of the various industries of Japan, or that he has taken advantage of what would have been a legitimate opportunity for the display of his knowledge of technical detail; on the contrary, his work is eminently readable, and it is only after one has experienced the enjoyment of reading it that one awakes to the fact that instruction as well as amusement has resulted from its perusal. His opinion of the Japanese is a confirmation of the generally entertained notion that they are not an inventive race, notwithstanding their ingenuity, but that their quickness of perception and wonderful manual dexterity enable them to improve while they imitate. The use of the past tense would be more accurate perhaps, for all that is admirable in Japanese art is essentially old. "I have learnt," says Dr. Dresser, in describing a visit paid by him to Nara, the home of the Mikado's rare treasures dating from the eighth century, "that more than a thousand years since fabrics were made which so closely resemble the finest works of Arabia during the last two or three centuries that the one can scarcely be told from the other. I have found that Chinese embroidery was as perfect twelve hundred years since as it is now, and that the patterns on Indian fabrics were in style the same as those produced in the same country only fifty years since, but purer in form, better in design, and more beautiful in colour; and that the art of felting and giving pattern to felt was better understood at the time when the Saracens were

conquering Spain than it is at the present moment." Dr. Dresser's experience is the same in regard to the manufacture of metals, the forming of enamels, wood-carving, and sculpture, both in China and Japan; in short, it is conclusively proved by the Nara Collection that twelve hundred years have passed over the Eastern World without bringing about any great improvement in most of the manufactures; and that retrogression, rather than advancement, is apparent in very many of them. We would gladly dwell at greater length on this most valuable, most instructive, and most interesting book, but want of space precludes a longer notice. That it will be an authority on the subjects of which it treats is almost certain; that it will well repay perusal is positively so.

BESIDES a couple of volumes of *Fairy Tales* by Hans Christian Andersen, illustrated by the facile pencil of the lady who is

The figure subjects and the tasteful initials in this really exquisite volume, by Mr. W. Small and Mr. W. H. T. Boot, are worthy companions of Mr. Armstrong's drawings. The one we reproduce represents the key-note of the story, the first meeting of John Ridd and Lorna Doone, the earliest dawn of that strong and enduring love which runs through the romance with ever increasing tenderness and charm. It is difficult to single out any particular example of Mr. Armstrong's skill, so universal is their excellence, but "Oare Valley," "Dunster Castle," and "Porloch Bay," will yield to none in their picturesque attraction.

English Rustic Pictures, by Frederick Walker and G. J. Pinwell (Routledge and Sons), is a reissue, in a luxurious form, of chosen engravings from the designs of two gifted artists whose influence still survives in our school. Walker's originality is nowhere more decisively expressed than in the exquisite work which he executed



Illustration from *Lorna Doone*

pleased to conceal her identity under the initials E. V. B., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. have issued a new edition of Mr. R. D. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*, which thoroughly deserves the title *de luxe* which is attached to it. If it be true, as was said to the author, that "*Lorna Doone* to a Devonshire man is as good as Devonshire cream, almost," he may rest assured that it is equally as palatable to multitudes who have no connection whatever with the "west cuntry." To those, and there can be but few, who do not know Mr. Blackmore's best work--no slight praise considering what good work he has done--it will come in its new guise under most favourable auspices. The many who do know it will have a rare treat in recognising how true to nature, as represented in the beautiful sketches by Mr. F. Armstrong, are the author's vivid descriptions of the lovely scenes in which his romance is laid, and in lingering afresh over their bright beauty.

for wood engraving, and it is a remarkable phenomenon that, although he was preceded and surrounded in this branch of art practise by the most eminent painters of our time, it is still to his example that younger men most willingly turn for inspiration, and this not merely in regard to qualities of sentiment and style, but as a model of technical craftsmanship. Walker understood as though by instinct the resources and limitations of the wood block, and he was enabled therefore to fit his design to the requirements of the material with singular felicity and success. Many of the plates which adorn the volume under notice originally appeared in the pages of *Once a Week*, and amongst them may be found a drawing which doubtless served as the first suggestion to the artist of his well-known picture of "The Bathers." The blocks now receive the due honours of careful printing and sumptuous paper.

The Cartoons of Raphael (Charles Griffin & Co.) form a handsome volume, adorned with steel engravings by Greuthach. The original designs, now preserved in the South Kensington Museum, have already been made widely known through the medium of photography, which possesses certain obvious advantages over other and more elaborate modes of reproduction. As compared, for example, with these carefully executed plates, the photograph undoubtedly gives a stronger impression of force and character in the individual heads. The cartoons, while they rank among the greatest of Raphael's creations, are no less noticeable for the masculine simplicity of style in which they are conceived, and in this respect the engraver does not always do absolute justice to the original. On the other hand, his work certainly presents, in a manner not possible to any merely mechanical process, the general balance of light and shade, and emphasises with due effect the grace and symmetry of the composition. The plates are accompanied by descriptive letterpress, and are preceded by a short biography of the painter.

Belt and Spur (Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday) is the appropriate title given to a collection of heroic stories drawn from old English chronicles. It has been the aim of the editor, who modestly hides himself behind initials, to provide some more attractive introduction to the study of history than is supplied by the ordinary text-books for the young. The idea is excellent in itself, and is very admirably carried out. The narratives of the old chroniclers present a charm and *naïveté* of style which no studied simplicity of a later time can hope to rival. They were written when the world was still young, and they possess a certain magic that will always be found attractive to youth. In the present version the original authors have of necessity been subjected to revision and condensation, but the antique character and spirit of their work has been very successfully preserved. The text is fittingly adorned with coloured illustrations from illuminated manuscripts, and these also have been, in some cases, adapted so as to serve their present purpose. Among Christmas books this is certainly one of the most enduringly attractive and interesting.



Illustration from *Hey Diddle Diddle*

THE absence of novelty which characterises the illustrated books for children this year cannot be altogether regarded as a drawback. If there is not much to distinguish them from their immediate predecessors, there is happily no sign of any reviving similitude to the glaring specimens of illustration which not so very many years ago were wont to be received with such paeans of appreciative praise. Fortunately we have changed all that, and the books which are now published for the benefit of the juvenile mind are embellished with designs artistic enough to be worthy the attention of children of a larger growth. There is one tendency, however, which needs to be carefully watched, and as carefully guarded against. The neutral tints which are so far in advance of the vivid colouring once in vogue appear to be somewhat apt to lead to a flabby style of writing, and a want of that vigour and manly tone which we trust will always be the normal attribute of the average English boy. Mr. Caldecott is never likely to associate himself with work of this invertebrate description; at present indeed he displays a decided disinclination to emerge from the nursery and the rhymes which are traditionally connected with it. *Hey Diddle Diddle* and *Baby Bunting*, and *The Milkmaid* (George Routledge & Sons), are his latest contributions, and as each of these not particularly diffuse legends is illustrated with six page pictures in colours, and seventeen uncoloured illustrations, all redolent of Mr. Caldecott's familiar humour, it is patent that even

those who cannot read will be at no loss to realise the course of the story. Messrs. Routledge are also responsible for the production of an *Almanack for 1883*, illustrated with thirty-seven original designs by Kate Greenaway, which would serve as a very useful and pretty Christmas card; *Every Boy's Pocket Book for 1883*, compiled and arranged by Henry Frith, and containing much valuable information about cricket and football, as well as an elaborate form of cash account, not likely to be quite so much in request; *Our Soldiers and Sailors in Egypt*, by Richard Simpkin, wherein the uniforms of the various branches of the two services are given with scrupulous accuracy; *Little Wide Awake for 1883*, the yearly volume of that popular periodical; and a new volume of Lord Brabourne's fairy tales, called *Ferdinand's Adventure, and Other Stories*, which is calculated to be quite as widely read as its predecessors. The most prominent work published by Messrs. Routledge this season is, however, undoubtedly *Pan Pipes*, a collection of old English songs newly arranged, and with accompaniments by Theo. Marzials, and set to pictures by Mr. Walter Crane. We only regret that the fact of all the illustrations being in colours precludes any of them being reproduced here, and so renders it impossible for us to give even an idea of their grace and charm. It is difficult to conceive more attractive settings than those which are given in this gem of illustration to the quaint old English melodies whose popularity seems, and deserves to be, perennial.

MESSRS. DE LA RUE & CO. have issued two very taking volumes for the very young in *The Maypole*, illustrated by Messrs.



Illustration from *The Maypole*

G. A. Konstans, E. Casella, and N. Casella; and *Rumpelstiltskin*, by G. R. Halkett. The illustration which we reproduce is from the first-named book.

Stories from Livy (Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday) appeals to a more serious taste. The translation is executed by Professor Church, whose stories from the Greek poets and historians are already well known and widely esteemed. The writer remarks, and with justice, upon the difficulty of rendering the Roman author into simple English, and the skill with which he has acquitted himself of the task is therefore the more deserving of recognition. The illustrations in this case are from designs by Pinelli, and the manner in which they are conceived has at least the merit of accustoming the eye to the appreciation of the forms of ancient art.

THE success which has carried *Among the Goblins* into a second edition has encouraged Mr. Sydney Hodges to write, and Messrs. Remington & Co. to publish, a sequel to that diverting tale under the kindred title, *Among the Wobblins*. It would not be fair to give even a hint of all the marvellous incidents which fall out before Chuffy and Tumpy come together again. Indeed, we are



Illustration from *The Wobblins*

not quite sure that we are justified in unfolding the secret of what a Woblin really is. The responsibility rests upon Mr. Horace Petherick, because if his drawings were not so good we should never have thought of reproducing one of them. As for the tale, its merits are fully equal to those of *Among the Goblins*, which undoubtedly was one of the best children's books published last year.

Monthly Maxims (De La Rue & Co.), by Robert Dudley, is a model of tasteful binding and luxurious typography. Considering

the lavish and sumptuous get-up of this attractive volume, it implies no very harsh criticism upon Mr. Dudley's coloured pictures to say that they are not always worthy of their setting. The artist is seen at his best in the slighter designs which are fitted into the text, and in the ornamental borders that serve as a frame to the printed page. The more elaborate compositions have not quite the humour of Mr. Caldecott or the grace of Mr. Walter Crane.

Modern Landscape (Remington & Co). The body of this work is familiar to the readers of *Art and Letters*, but the papers of which it is composed are enriched by a number of etchings after Corot, Constable, Old Crome, Daubigny, Rousseau, Dupré, and Cecil Lawson, in addition to the numerous woodcuts which illustrated them in the original form. This is decidedly one of the handsomest gift-books of the season, and a fitting companion to "Living Painters," issued by the same firm last year.

The Epic of Kings (J. F. Unwin). This sumptuous volume, which is enriched by two etchings by Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., and prefaced by a poem from the pen of Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, represents a very successful attempt on the part of Miss Helen Zimmern to render into appropriate English the tales told by the Persian poet Firdusi in his *Shah Nameh*. In using the term appropriate in connection with this translation, we adopt Miss Zimmern's view that the biblical style which she has chosen is more in accordance with the archaic character of the original than more modern English would be. In regard to the subject matter of this epic, which is to Persia what the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are to Greece, it may be briefly described as embodying the early history of the Persian Empire. Except to scholars, the *Shah Nameh* is a sealed book, and Miss Zimmern is therefore entitled to a meed of gratitude for having done her share in popularising a great work, and adding to our store of Persian literature. The mode in which this book has been produced is altogether worthy of the subject, and there is no necessity to add that the value of the whole work is considerably enhanced by the presence of the etchings of Mr. Alma Tadema, who appears to have taken much interest in the work, and to have materially assisted the planning of it.

Life and Works of Jacob Thompson (London: Virtue & Co.). Mr. Lewellyn Jewett has in this handsome volume raised a worthy monument to the memory of his friend, and has at the same time introduced to the public an artist whose works are by no means familiar to the present generation. Jacob Thompson, the Quaker painter of Cumberland, enjoyed during his life-time the friendship and esteem of many distinguished artists, who delighted in the quiet hospitality which he so simply offered to his guests at "The Hermitage." There is a certain old-fashioned air about this painter's invention and mode of design that seems to fit naturally with the subjects of his art, for though during a part of his career he occupied himself almost exclusively in portraiture, the natural bent of his genius is seen to greater advantage in the rustic themes and in the romantic landscape of the English and Scotch Highlands. In presenting this handsome volume to the world, Mr. Jewett speaks with too much modesty of the share he has had in its preparation. Apart from the merits of the narrative, which is full of quiet and homely interest, it is to his generous care for his friend's reputation that we owe the excellence of the illustrations and the luxurious form in which they are set forth. The printing of the numerous woodcuts, with which the book is lavishly adorned, is all that could be desired, and the full-page steel plates are also to be accounted very satisfactory specimens in that style of art.

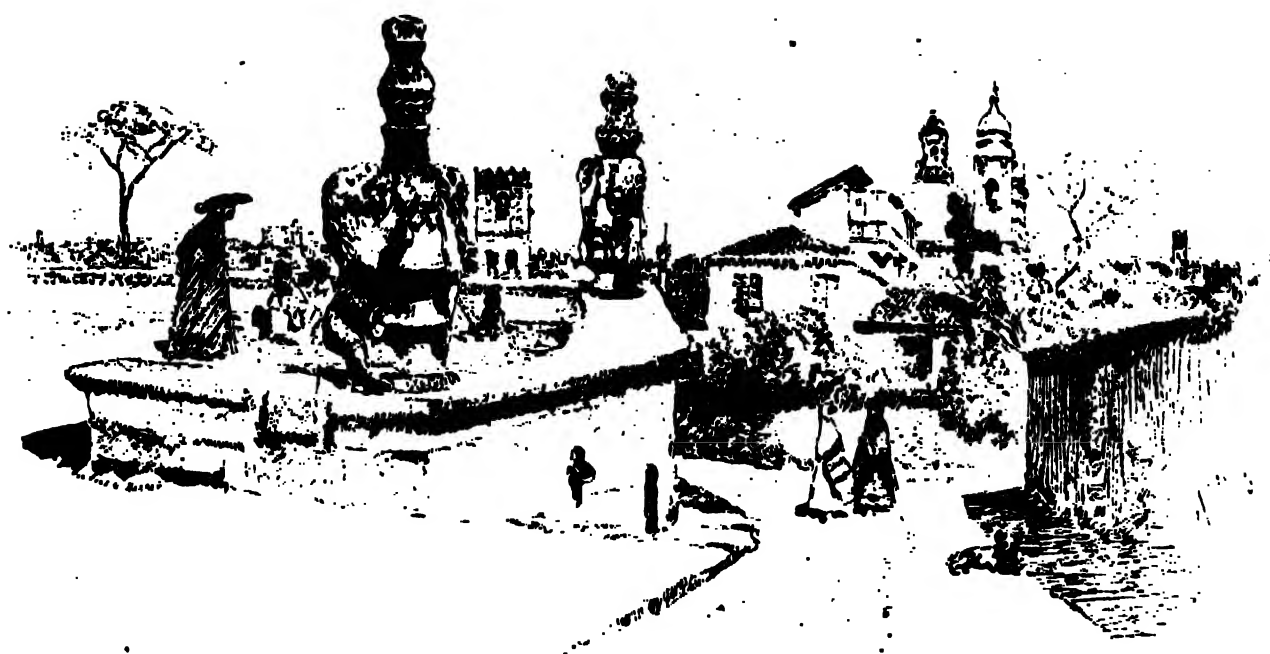


HEAD OF A SATYR

ENGRAVED BY PROEMT AFTER A DRAWING BY

MICHAEL ANGELO

(THE LOUVRE)



UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY M. RICO

SOME MODERN ITALIAN AND SPANISH PAINTERS

III



SPAIN possesses an Academy in Rome, a rival of the Villa Medici, and from within its walls are issued the strongest protests against the dominant influence of Fortuñy. The endeavours of those who control its *curriculum* are evidently directed towards the preservation of the glorious traditions of Spanish painting, and though their pupils pay more attention to Paul Delaroche and Couture than they do to Velasquez, Murillo, Zurbaran, and Ribeira, none the less do they form a school devoted to serious work. The task of the director and his associates was originally no easy one; the marvellous facility possessed by Fortuñy, and the brilliancy of the results achieved by him, threw a glamour over his style, and caused his essentially superficial method to be overlooked.

The work of disillusionising his admirers, and enabling them to appreciate the real genius of their idol and to discover wherein lay his merits and where his faults, was full of difficulty, but Señor Casado, knowing that his countrymen are colourists by instinct as well as by tradition, rightly thought that their natural gifts could be developed without recourse to any complicated mass of glittering hues in costume, flowers and foliage, brought out into still more startling contrast by light which was very frequently, and of necessity artificial. Under the skilful hand of Fortuñy the results might be, as they often were, superb, but even that Homer of painting nodded sometimes; in the case of his followers nodding might very probably have been the rule. The outcome of this protest was visible in the Paris Exhibition of 1878 in the shape of a very notable picture by Señor F. Pradilla, called *Jeanne la Folle*. The one disadvantage of the work was the comparative ignorance of most people in regard to the incident which it represented. The history of Jeanne la Folle, so far as concerns her passion for that most fickle of husbands, Philippe le Beau, her jealousy, her despair, and her subsequent madness, are tolerably familiar, but the episode in her life selected by Señor Pradilla is not so well known. After the death of Philippe, Jeanne, surrounded by a large *cortège*, accompanied his corpse from the Basque Provinces to Granada, a long and toilsome journey interrupted by stoppages at the various convents on the route. On arriving by night at the door of one of these religious houses the unhappy Queen of Castille found that it was a nunnery. The idea of allowing the body of her fickle husband to rest in the midst of a congregation of women was insupportable, and her posthumous jealousy led her to insist upon the bier being deposited at the foot of a hill, where she compelled her escort to pass the night

with her in the open air. As Señor Pradilla represents the scene, day is just breaking, and there is a silvery light in the sky. The crowd of courtiers and maids of honour, perished with cold and almost overcome by sleep, are grouped round the coffin, which is covered with a pall of black velvet embroidered with the arms of Castille and Aragon, and rests on a bier over which the yellow candles, placed at each of its four corners, throw gleams of light rendered sickly by the glimmering dawn. In the centre of the picture stands the Queen, upright and motionless as a statue, and holding with one hand the funeral pall. Her fixed and haggard gaze seems to pierce through the coffin and its



THE VIA FLAMINIA, ROME

Facsimile of a pen-and-ink study by P. Joris, for his picture

gorgeous covering. Dressed in black velvet from head to foot, she is insensible to all around her; and her intensity is in startling contrast with the air of indifference which characterises her attendants. In the background, on the left, a long *cortège* is seen wending its way to rejoin the principal group, and on the right, on the summit of a small wooded hill, stands the convent.

The critics found fault with some of the figures, which they considered to be wanting in character, and too academic in pose, but there was absolute unanimity in the favourable verdict passed upon the picture as a whole, and we have given prominence to it in this notice, as affording an accurate



AN IDYL

Engraved by Leveillé from the water-colour drawing by Enrique Serra

idea of the success which has attended the efforts of the Academy of Spain in Rome to struggle against the tendency on the part of the Spanish artists to confine themselves to the futile attempt to emulate the one man of our own time whom their country most justly delights to honour.



THE INHERITANCE
Engraved by Smeeton and Tilly from the picture by E. Pagliano

In Spain, as in Italy, the artists of the Fortuñy school are divided into two groups, those who are merely servile imitators of their gifted fellow-countryman, who lack the talent to do aught but copy his faults and exaggerate his mistakes, and who carry their fanatical adoration of light and colour, to

an extreme which is ridiculous; and those who, though unswerving in their admiration for their model, have nevertheless sufficient independence of thought and manner to enable them to endow their works with their own individuality, and to paint pictures which are something more than kaleidoscopes. At the head of these worthy representatives of modern Spanish art stand Señores Gonzales and Casanova.

One of the best examples of Señor Gonzales, who is a pupil of Pils and Señor Rodriguez, is the *Return from a Baptism in Spain*. The scene is a bedroom, with a sumptuous bed in the Louis XVI. style, where the young mother is receiving the congratulations of her family and friends on the advent of "baby," who is held in the nurse's arms. In the background, through the open folding-door, are seen the servants in full livery attending to the preparations for a repast. The silk dresses of the ladies, the flowered carpet, the tapestry hangings, and the furniture of the room, are rendered with precision and an assured touch, whilst the varied expressions and intellectual countenances of the assembled company evidence ingenuity in conception as well as consummate skill in execution.

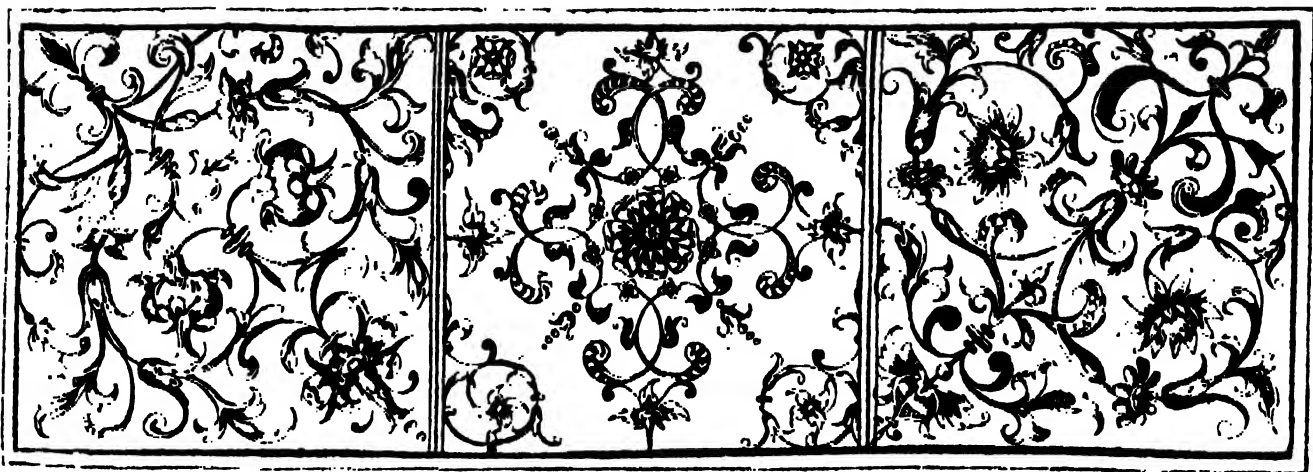


THE VIA FLAMINIA, ROME

Facsimile of a pen-and-ink study by P. Joris, for his picture

Señor Martin Rico is the most able exponent of what may be called the ultra-Fortuñy school. He has all their passion for light and is a true worshipper of the sun. The luminary is his god, whom he seeks everywhere, at Granada, at Toledo, at Rome, and even in Paris, for although he first saw the light on the banks of the Manzanares, he has not disdained to paint *The Banks of the Seine*, and to glorify them with a flood of sunlight to which they are certainly not accustomed. The unpublished sketch by this artist, of which we give an illustration, has all this quality of light, but a more remarkable example of his work is a sea piece, *Near Fontarabia*, a marvel of minute painting. The boats and their sailors stand out in bold relief from the sea and sky, and the crowd of people on the shore, though well nigh imperceptible, are instinct with movement. Fortuñy himself never painted a more microscopic picture, nor infused more life into his miniature figures of men and women.

Señor Antonio Gisbert aspires, apparently, to be the historical painter of Spain, and he certainly bestows an immense amount of conscientious labour upon his works. In fact, the study devoted to them is too visible, and they consequently are somewhat lacking in originality. This may be accounted for by the fact that Señor Gisbert was a pupil of the School of Fine Arts in Madrid, and has been unable to shake himself free from the trammels of his official education.



THE SCULPTURE OF MICHAEL ANGELO

II



THE VIRGIN, THE INFANT JESUS, AND ST. JOHN BAPTIST

Engraved by Lemazurier from an unfinished bas-relief by Michael Angelo.
National Museum, Florence

MICHAEL ANGELO did not finish his apprenticeship with Ghirlandajo. The contract had been made by his father for three years, but at the end of the first year, whether through the jealousy of his master, as seems probable from a letter to the elder Buonarroti, in which the lad is described as a refractory pupil, or whether from a generous wish on Ghirlandajo's part to help forward the lad's career, Michael Angelo was admitted, on his master's recommendation, to the new Academy of Sculpture, opened by Lorenzo de' Medici in the garden of his villa near St. Mark's. Thus suddenly transplanted from the study of painting to that of sculpture, Michael Angelo turned so instinctively to this new branch of art that he might indeed have been supposed—as he said himself at a later period of his life—to “have imbibed this disposition with his nurse's milk,” meaning thereby that his childhood had been passed in the midst of stone-carvers, of one of whom his nurse was the wife. After some practice in modelling under the instructions of

his master, Bertoldo, an able pupil of Donatello's, Michael Angelo tried his hand upon marble in a copy of a mask of a faun of late Roman art. It may be said that it was while he was engaged upon this piece of work, that Michael Angelo formed that friendship with his gifted patron, Lorenzo de' Medici, which lasted during the the whole of the latter's lifetime. Chancing upon the young student while at work, Lorenzo suggested to him to make the mask toothless in accordance with the wrinkled features, a piece of advice which Michael Angelo seems to have followed, thereby so commending himself to the notice of the patron that, struck with the youth's great promise, he determined not to lose sight of him. He accordingly sent for the elder Buonarroti, and proposed to him to receive his son into the palace and make of him a man of culture. The old man at first demurred. He did not like the lad to become what he considered a common stone-carver, but influenced at last by promises of his own as well as his son's advancement, he consented to leave him under the protection of the Medici. From this time Michael Angelo not only was in a position to follow his art in the most favourable circumstances, but was, moreover, placed in association with all the greatest men of the day. He was treated in the palace as a son of the house and was specially noticed by Agnolo Poliziano, who was at that time tutor to Lorenzo's sons, as well as by Pico della Mirandola, Marsilio Ficino, the Platonist,

and many other men of letters. It was in these three years of comparative leisure, following his admission to the Medici's circle, that the character of Michael Angelo was best formed and strengthened and his mind cultivated, not only on the special side of his own profession, but in every branch of refinement and learning.



BUST OF A WOMAN

Facsimile of a drawing by Michael Angelo. Galerie des Offices, Florence

It was partly at the suggestion of Poliziano that he now chiselled his bas-relief, *The Battle of Hercules with Centaurs*, a composition which, in spite of some youthful faults of inexperience, betokened the dawn of a new era in art. The same may be said of another bas-relief of *A Madonna and Child*, which Vasari alleges was intended as an imitation of Donatello's manner. And whilst eagerly striving in

endeavours after original work, Michael Angelo did not neglect the study of the great masters of bygone times. He spent several months in copying the frescoes of Masaccio in the Church of the Carmine, and at the same time continued his studies of the antique in those gardens of St. Mark's belonging to Lorenzo de' Medici. He was also busy learning anatomy in the hospital of Santo-Spirito, and as a mark of gratitude to the sacristan who had obtained him entrance there, he carved a little crucifix in wood which he presented to him. About this time a strange incident occurred which testifies to that hastiness of temper and use of unmeasured language that made Michael Angelo so many enemies in after life. Among the students in the gardens of the Medici was one, Pietro Torregiani, a youth of merit but of a jealous and passionate temper. Secretly irritated no doubt by his companion's swifter advancement, but openly only confessing to annoyance at caustic remarks passed by Michael Angelo upon his and other comrades' work, Torregiani sought a blow with him and dealt him such a blow on his nose as disfigured him for life, and gave him ever afterwards the uncouth and almost savage expression of ruggedness by which he is known.

NIGHT

Facsimile of a drawing by Niccolò Sansi, from the statue by Michael Angelo. Tomb of the Medici in the San Lorenzo Chapel

The 8th of April, 1492, saw the close of the first portion of Michael Angelo's career, for on that day, heralded, as the superstitious had it, by the fall of a thunderbolt on the Medici palace from the Cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore—on that sad day for all friends of the Magnificent, Lorenzo de' Medici died at his villa of Careggi, having only just reached his forty-fourth year. All those who had been attached to the great man were plunged into consternation by this premature event. Many who had submitted to him fled or disappeared; the disaster seemed as though it had blighted the lives of man whom the Magnificent had supported, for not two years afterwards his three closest followers, Mirandola, Poliziano, and Ficino, were all dead, though the two former were both the juniors of their patron.

Of the work executed by Michael Angelo in the years immediately following the death of Lorenzo de' Medici but little remains to us. It is possible that at first he may have reverted to the study of painting, although we know that in 1494 he was at Bologna, where he carved the little kneeling angel for the altar of St. Dominic. In the following year he was again in Florence, and the legend of the Sleeping

Cupid affords sufficient indication of the probable direction of his studies. When the statuette was finished, it revealed so much of classic character and style that Michael Angelo was induced to discolour the marble so as to give it the appearance of a genuine antique. The young artist was only half in earnest in what he did, but the dealer to whom the work was sold saw his way to turn the jest to a serious purpose, and, by suppressing the author's name, succeeded in passing it off upon Cardinal San Giorgio as a precious example of Greek art. If the judgment of the Cardinal may be taken as a fair measure of the merit of the artist's work, the story proves at least that Michael Angelo was still in a purely imitative stage of development. His own individuality had not yet been decisively asserted, for it is obvious, from the evidence of other experiments of the same period, that he was not wholly devoted to antique models. The little angel at Bologna is only indirectly suggestive of ancient art. It belongs, in essential matters of style, rather to the School of Donatello, and it still preserves something of Gothic spirit and tradition. But these sudden contrasts of aim and method are natural enough in a student keenly attracted by each new product of art with which he comes in contact. Imitation is the most constant note of true genius in



DAY

Facsimile of a drawing by Niccola Sanesi, from the statue by Michael Angelo. Tomb of the Medici in the San Lorenzo Chapel

every kind of imaginative work, and it may almost be laid down as a certain rule in such matters that the greatest and most original minds are those which show the least haste in breaking with example and tradition. For some little time to come we shall find Michael Angelo deeply influenced by the spirit of the antique, and the impulse in this direction which he had already received from his studies in Florence was no doubt still further strengthened by his visit to Rome. It was in July of the year 1496 that the young artist arrived in the Holy City, and he has himself recorded the first impression of his visit: "This is to inform you," he writes in a letter to Lorenzo, "that on Saturday last we arrived safely, and without loss of time proceeded to visit the Cardinal of San Giorgio to whom I presented your letter. He appeared glad to see me, and immediately expressed a wish that I should go to see certain statues which occupied me all that day, so that on that day I delivered no other of your letters. Afterwards, on Sunday, the Cardinal came to the new house and inquired for me. I went to him, and he asked me what I thought of the works which I had seen. Regarding these

I said what I felt, and certainly I think there are many beautiful things. The Cardinal next asked me if I was disposed to make something beautiful. I answered that I could not do such fine things, but that he should see what I could do. We have purchased a piece of marble large enough to make a life-size figure; and Monday I shall begin to work."



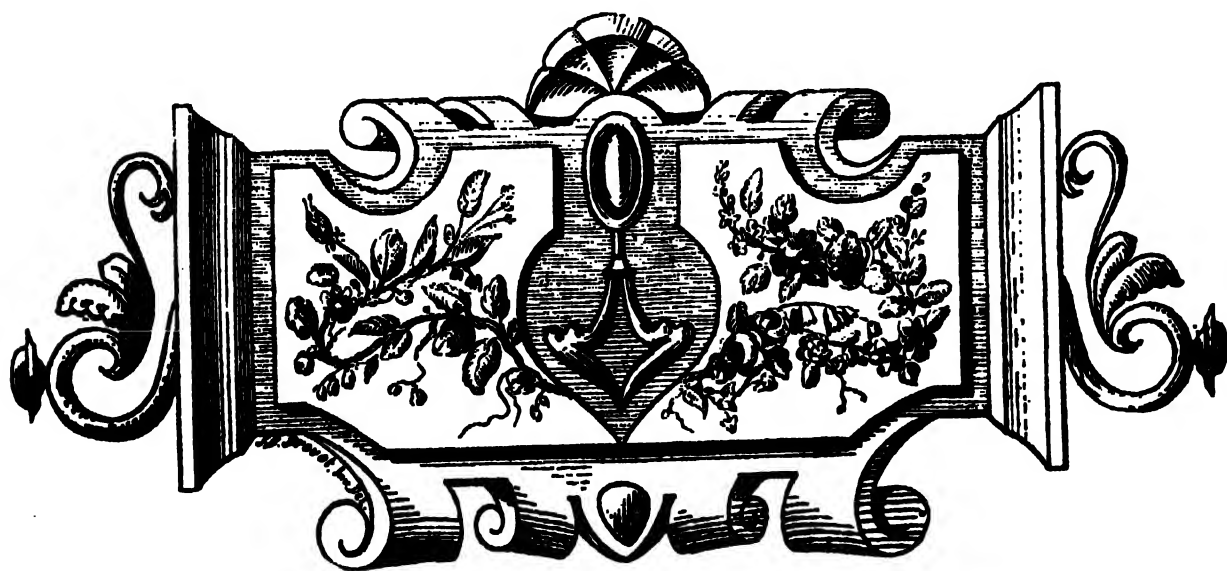
VICTORY

Unfinished statue by Michael Angelo. National Museum, Florence

What was the subject for which Michael Angelo employed this block of marble? The question has a peculiar interest for us in England, for the reason that we possess in the South Kensington Museum a statue undoubtedly belonging to this period of the artist's career. The *Kneeling Cupid* ranks with the *Bacchus* and the *Dying Adonis*, among the illustrations of Pagan mythology which Michael Angelo

executed about this time, but with regard to the *Bacchus* we know positively that it was not begun till the following year, and we are therefore left to decide from the inherent qualities of the works themselves whether the *Adonis* or the *Cupid* was the earlier performance. Of the two figures, the latter undoubtedly offers the strongest evidence of the influence of the antique, while in the former we may as clearly distinguish the presence of Michael Angelo's peculiar individuality. On this ground, then, it would seem more than probable that the *Cupid* of the South Kensington Museum is to be accepted as the fruit of the artist's earliest labours in Rome. Nothing is more likely than that his first ambition should have been directly to emulate the style of the antique. He was filled with the beauty of the things he had seen in the collection of the Cardinal, and it may be also that he desired to wipe out all recollection of the disagreeable incident connected with the *Sleeping Cupid*, which had been falsely palmed off as an antique, by executing a work in the same style that would deserve recognition for its own sake. Certain it is that the statue at South Kensington is studiously restrained in spirit, and that its assumption of the qualities of ancient art is more striking than in either the *Bacchus* or the *Adonis*. Nothing has been more exaggerated than Michael Angelo's display of muscular action, and nothing, one may say, is more surprising to the visitor who arrives at Florence, prepossessed with the notion that his works are disfigured by this tendency, than the extraordinary delicacy and refinement of modelling which characterises all his greatest achievements. But it is nevertheless true that Michael Angelo's method in sculpture, when his individuality is allowed free exercise, is clearly distinguishable from the method of the antique. The intellectual motive of his art, and the desire to express in marble the passion as well as the beauty of human life, led to a choice of form and a system of gesture altogether original, and it is because these distinctive qualities of style are so studiously held in check in the statue of Cupid, that we have the right to ascribe it to a time when the force of authority and the spirit of imitation still deeply coloured the creations of his genius.

The history of this beautiful work is sufficiently strange. Executed for Signor Galli, it was afterwards transported to Florence, and, like so many other of Michael Angelo's statues, was given up for lost. The credit of its discovery belongs to our own time, and the accident by which it was brought to light is briefly recorded in Mr. Heath Wilson's biography: "Some years ago," he writes, "the Professor Miliarini, and the eminent sculptor, the Cavaliere Santarelli, visited the gardens of the Oricellari to look at some works of art, and to give an opinion of them to Signor Giglio, who purchased on account of the Marchese Campani. They were invited by the man in charge to see some figures in a cellar, where they found three by Andrea Pisano. The attention of Santarelli was attracted by another in a dark corner, and, after peering at it in an uncertain light, he called to Miliarini and said, 'Look at that.' After an earnest and startled look, he said, 'It is his,' and the sculptor replied, 'Certainly it is his.' This is the statue which is now the chief ornament of the South Kensington Museum."





JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT



A STUDY
Painted by Corot in 1869

EVEN at this distance of time, and despite the inevitable absence of personal interest in regard to artists who did not live among us and were familiar to us through their works alone, it is not difficult to enter, in some degree, into the feeling of almost irreparable loss which pervaded France in the opening months of 1875. The end of January had brought with it the sad intelligence that Millet, the simple peasant-painter, had passed away amid his own people and the scenes he loved so well; and barely had one short month elapsed when it was known that Corot, as sincere, as original, and as deeply imbued with the ardent worship of nature, had also ceased to be. And this second grief was even more poignant than the first, for Millet had spent his life apart from Paris and its social intercourse, but Corot lived and moved in the very heart of the artistic world of the French capital. He was the father, the *doyen*, of a group of artist friends, among whom, as they themselves have borne record, none was more loyal, more faithful, or more true than he. His talent must have secured for

him their respect; his frank, genial nature, and the healthy influence which radiated from the excellence of his disposition, won their affection as well. Like Millet, he had to struggle long against the prejudice of his countrymen; while one was being contemptuously described as "always painting naked women," the other was said to be "always making the same nymphs dance in the same landscapes"; and both alike had quitted the scene of their labours before their genius received full recognition.

The prominent position tardily accorded to Corot in modern art is due equally to his talent and to the influence he exercised over the school of landscape painting, and the fact that his influence over others is, in a great measure, traceable to that of Constable over him is no mean tribute to the genius of his English prototype. He merits a place, too, in the general history of painting by reason of the impress of individuality which is on all his works, and the circumstance that, while he never forsook the classic traditions of his early teaching, he rebelled against all undue subservience to them, and so avoided the cold conventionality and absence of reality which had become their most prominent characteristic. The goal he set before him was the alliance of a correct style with a faithful interpretation of all the beauty and poetry of nature. More ideal, but none the less truthful, than Millet, he loved to take nature, as it were, by surprise, and to transfer to his canvas the fleeting impressions incident to the movement which goes on unceasingly around us. He has, on this account,

been accused of a want of decision and a general vagueness, but a closer examination of his works will reveal his absolute fidelity to what is permanent in the aspect of nature, though he strove at the same time to convey his realisation of her more transient features.

Corot is described as having been robust-looking, built in a sturdy mould, blessed with a healthy constitution, ruddy-complexioned, and savouring somewhat in appearance of a Burgundy vine-grower. His father's family came originally from that province, and his grandfather was the son of an agriculturist of Mussy-la-Fosse, a village not far from Semur, in the Côte d'Or. In 1860 he discovered



PORTRAIT OF COROT

Engraved by Perrichon from a drawing by A. Gilbert

the existence of his country relations, and paid them a visit. After staying with them he wrote to one of his friends, "The district was full of honest sons of toil who bear the same name as my own. They used to call out to each other in the fields, *Hé! Corot!*—one never heard anything else. I was always fancying that they were calling me, and it seemed to me that I was, as it were, at home among them." He was born in Paris on the 26th of July, 1796. His father kept a haberdasher's shop at one end of the Rue du Bac, at the corner of the quay, and, to quote his own words, "sold frivolities and gewgaws which gave us not only a comfortable income but a small fortune." The family consisted of himself and two sisters, one of whom, Madame Froment, died young. For the other and elder, Madame Sennegon,

he had ever a strong affection : as he never married, they lived together during the latter years of her life, and he did not long survive her.

Corot received his early, and in fact his entire education at the Lycée at Rouen, where he remained for seven years, living in the house of one of his father's friends, a man of gloomy disposition and of



PASTORAL.

Drawn by A. Robaut from the picture by Corot
Exhibited in 1873

solitary habits, who led his young lodger out in the dusk of the evening to the outskirts of the town, along unfrequented roads, beneath the trees in the open country, or on the banks of the river. The scenes amid which he thus spent his early youth made a deep and lasting impression upon him, and were never thoroughly effaced from his mind. On his return to Paris he spent his summers at Ville-d'Avray in a

house which his father had bought, and with which he and his sister never parted. There was then a pool close by—it no longer exists—and at night, when the rest of the household was wrapped in slumber, he used to spend hour after hour at the open window of his room, absorbed in solitary contemplation of the heavens, the water, and the trees. To the fanciful imaginings of his mind in these early days, and to the recollections of the still earlier ones at Rouen, he was wont to attribute the origin of his leaning towards the poetic side of nature, his subsequent method of regarding her beauties, and his adoption of the career of an artist. Later on, these scenes came back to him with redoubled force, to reappear in his mature works when experience had lent his hand the skill to reproduce them.

But many long and laborious days had to run their course before these budding fancies could reach their period of fruition. The stern realities of life obtruded themselves, and in most prosaic fashion; taking the form of the shop of a cloth merchant, M. Delalain, in the Quartier Saint-Honoré, where his father first apprenticed him. Later on, his services were transferred to a similar establishment in the Rue de



VIEW OF ROME

Drawn by E. Yon from the picture by Corot

Richelieu, and here his natural bent displayed itself in drawings made by stealth under the counter at every leisure moment. Notwithstanding that his employer appreciated the impossibility of ever converting the boy into a man of business, and told his father so, he remained behind the counter for eight years, until 1820. In the meantime he had made the acquaintance of Michallon, the first winner of the grand prize of Rome for landscape painting. This success achieved by his newly-found friend emboldened him to ask his father to give him permission to devote himself to art, and he was fortunate enough not only to be allowed to have his way, but also to be put in possession of a modest income which sufficed him for nearly thirty years, and which he never exceeded during the whole of that period of probation until success and fame came as a recompense for his courage and his toil.

As soon as he was free to follow the bent of his inclination, and had provided himself with the necessary weapons for his new campaign, he set to work on his first attempt. He took his stand on the embankment of the Seine, not far from the Pont Royal, and, looking towards Paris, began to paint.

He preserved this sketch, as he did nearly all his early studies, and on the occasion of a visit paid him in 1858 by MM. Dumesnil, Troyon, and others, he showed it to them with the comment, "Whilst I was painting that, thirty-five years ago, the young girls who worked in my mother's establishment were curious to see M. Camille in his new occupation, and escaped from the shop to look at him. One of them, whom we will call Mdlle. Rose, used to come more frequently than her companions. She is still living, is still unmarried, and pays me a visit every now and then. In fact, she was here only last week. Oh, my friends, what a change is there in her, and to what reflections does it not give rise! My painting has not moved, it is always young, it carries on the face of it the day and the hour when I painted it—but Mdlle. Rose and I, what are we?"

Corot owed much to the early lessons and good advice given him by his friend Michallon who, unfortunately for art, died young. Bereft of his assistance, Corot entered the studio of Victor Bertin, an artist of the rigidly classical school. Between such a master and such a pupil, if we may judge from the works of the latter, there would seem to have been but little in common, but, nevertheless, the lessons instilled by Bertin in regard to precision of drawing and composition were of the greatest value to Corot,



THE SCENE AT CHATON

Drawn by E. Von from the picture by Corot

and he never forgot them. They were impressed still more forcibly upon his mind in the course of his studies at Rome, whither he betook himself in 1825. The French Academy there was at that time under the direction of M. Pierre Guérin; among his fellow students were Léopold Robert, Schnetz, Édouard Bertin, Bodinier, and others, and with them he speedily became a great favourite, not by reason of any talent for which they were disposed to give him credit, but simply because he was so genial a companion and could sing a good song. The discovery that he possessed artistic gifts of no mean order was not made until some time after his arrival in Rome, and even then it came about almost by accident. He was one day engaged on a study of the Colosseum, when Aligny, who directed the landscape section of the Academy, happened to pass by, and was at once struck with the correctness, skill, and appreciation of the subject displayed in the sketch. Aligny made no secret of his opinion about the young artist's work, and from that moment Corot emerged from obscurity, and was looked upon as a painter who had a great future before him. The study which played so important a part in its author's career was bequeathed by him to the Louvre, where it now is. Corot never forgot the debt of gratitude he owed to Aligny, and when the body of the latter was removed from Lyons, where he died in 1871, to the

• Mont Parnasse Cemetery in Paris, he attended the funeral ceremonies, though it was a bitterly cold day in the depth of the winter of 1874, nearly half a century after Aligny made his memorable discovery, and only a few months before Corot in his turn found his last resting-place in Paris. His gratitude to Édouard Bertin, who was at one time editor of the *Journal des Débats* as well as an artist, was equally deep and lasting.

Corot returned to France in 1827; he made his first appearance in the Salon of that year, and from that date down to 1875 he was a regular exhibitor, his contributions reaching the considerable total of 119. Constable and Bonnington were both represented in the Salon of 1827; there were other giants, too, and the *View taken at Narni* and the *Campagna of Rome*, the pictures contributed by Corot, passed unnoticed. Subsequently to 1827 there was no Salon until 1831, when Corot found himself side by side with Dupré, Marilhat, and Rousseau. Two years later, Cabat and Troyon entered the lists, to be followed by Diaz, Millet, Daubigny, and Français, so that it could not be said of Corot in his partial success that "among the blind the one-eyed man is king."



IN PICARDY

Drawn by E. Von from the picture by Corot

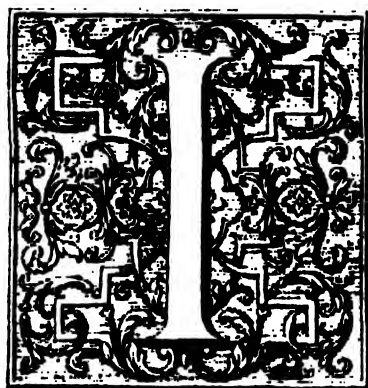
About this time Corot paid a second visit to Italy, but he did not get as far as Rome owing to the anxiety which his absence caused his parents. They were both very old, and he conceived it to be his duty to return to them, which he did in 1835. He brought back with him several studies of scenes in the Italian Tyrol, and possibly the picture, another *Campagna of Rome*, exhibited by him in the Salon of 1836. On this occasion he gained the honour of a word of commendation from the pen of Alfred de Musset in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the only review of a Salon, by the way, which the poet ever contributed to that periodical. In return Corot painted the picture, *L'Étoile du Soir*, one of his most graceful compositions, and pronounced by the critics of the day to be his best work of that period. The compliment to Alfred de Musset lay in the attempt to represent on canvas the stanza—

"Pâle étoile du soir, messagère lointaine
Dont le front sort brillant des voiles du couchant,
De ton palais d'azur, au sein du firmament,
Que regardes-tu dans la plaine?"



THE FAN: ITS HISTORY AND ITS USE

IV

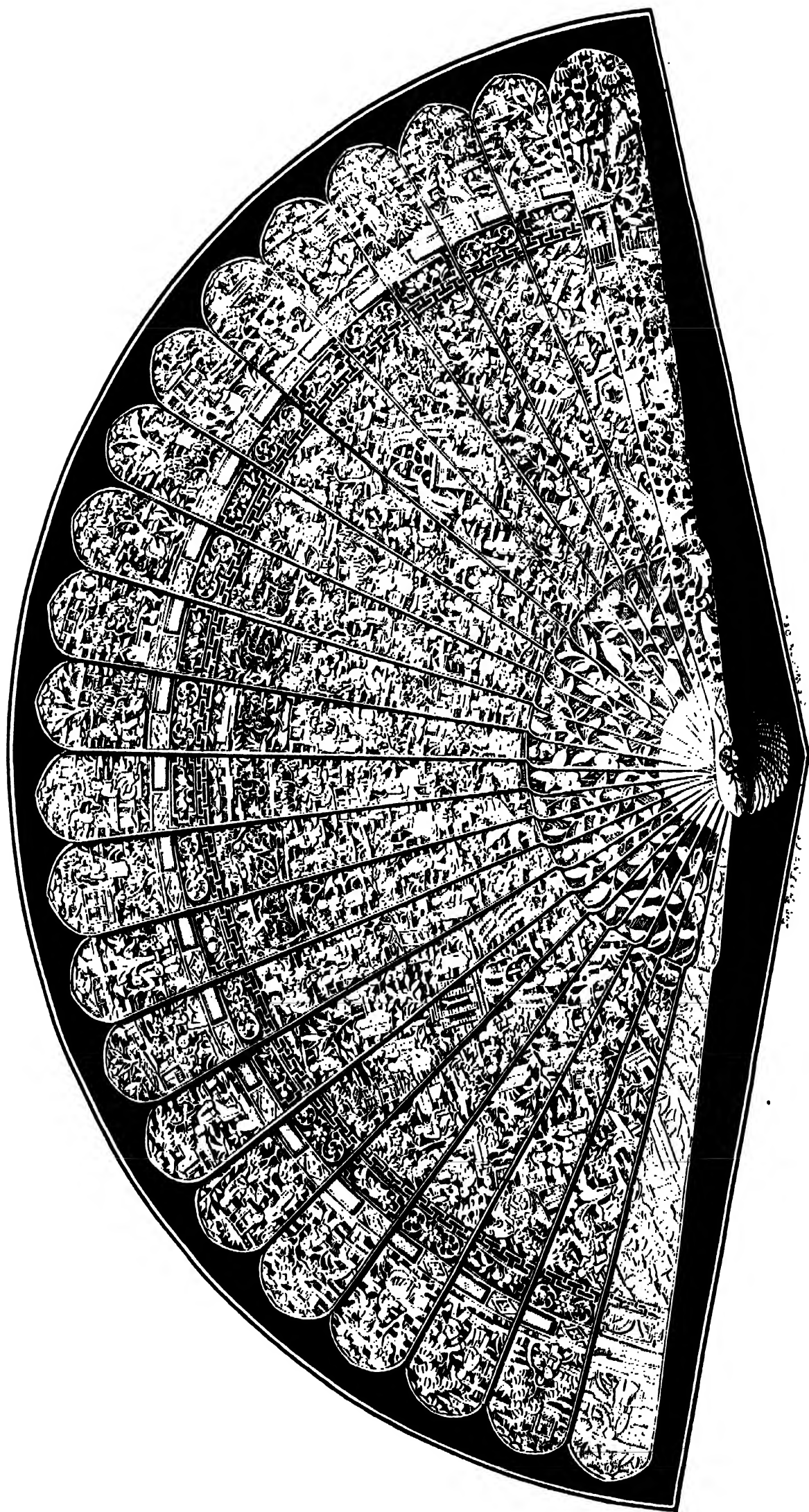


Our sketch of the history of the fan we have, up to this point, directed attention almost entirely to its primitive, or palm-leaf form, to the variety of it properly called the fly-flapper, and also to the flag-shaped description which is now coming once more into vogue as a hand-screen for the fire-side. It may have been noticed that all these varieties were originally used by attendants for the comfort of their masters or mistresses, or as insignia of rank and wealth, but very rarely as articles of personal adornment. It may also be said with truth that, although the fan of the present day undoubtedly owes its origin to them, we must look elsewhere than to India, Rome, or Greece for its early employment in the form it now bears. Two countries, China and Japan, lay claim to the invention; an

ancient Chinese philosopher says that the idea was suggested to one of his race by the spectacle of a black bull chasing away with his white tail the flies which tormented its flanks. The Japanese, on the other hand, assert that a contemplative denizen of the Land of the Morning Sun borrowed the notion from a bat's wing. The truth, as so very often is the case, would seem to be midway between the two. The Japanese, although a highly ingenious race, are not inventive, but they invariably improve on the inventions of others, and the balance of testimony and inference is in favour of the conclusion that the flat fan travelled from China to Japan, and was there transformed into the more convenient folding form. It undoubtedly, in one shape or the other, enters into the daily life of the inhabitants of both countries to a degree unknown to western civilisation.

In China, where the sumptuary laws are very strict, and the insignia of the numerous and various officials are most clearly prescribed, the fan holds a conspicuous place as a ceremonial adjunct. For instance, in the procession accompanying an officer of the first rank at Peking, the insignia consist of one large red umbrella, two large fans,—in the centre of which are recorded in letters of gold the name and titles of the officer, and on each of which are painted four representations of the sun,—four banners, four spears, and two yellow rods of office. An officer of the second rank has only three representations of the sun on each of his fans, and two spears are carried in lieu of four. An officer of the third rank has two representations of suns painted on his fans; in the fourth rank the fans are simply bespangled with gold; and in all other ranks one fan only is allowed to each officer. A Governor-General of a province has, among the other insignia of his office, two banners with representations of winged tigers, for which fans are substituted in the case of a Provincial Governor, who is an official of lower rank. On the monuments of ancient Egypt, as has already been remarked in the course of this series of articles, there are representations of somewhat similar fans carried on the tops of long poles before the rulers of the land, exactly as is the case now in China, and there is consequently incontestable evidence of the fact that the practice of carrying them in official processions as insignia of honour and power is one of great antiquity.

A similar custom is noticeable in the marriage ceremonies of the Celestials. When the bride is taken to the house of the bridegroom's father, fan-bearers join with umbrella-bearers and bannermen, in number proportionate to the bridegroom's rank, to swell the bridal following. On the arrival of the procession, the bridegroom approaches the bride's chair and knocks at the door with his fan, which is the signal for the bridesmaids to open it and allow the bride to alight. A life of celibacy, except in



CHINESE IVORY FAN
Carved expressly for Mr. Edward Majribanks, and presented by him to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts

the case of priests and certain orders of nuns is looked upon as almost a disgrace in China, and this feeling has given rise to a very curious ceremony, the marriage of departed spirits, who are represented by paper figures. The spirits of all males who die in infancy are in due course of time married to the spirits of females who have succumbed to a similarly premature fate. At the close of the marriage service, if such a phrase be permissible, the effigies of the wedded pair are burnt, together with a quantity of paper clothes, paper servants, fans, tobacco-pipes, and even paper sedan chairs. In death, as in life, the fan occupies a prominent position; for very rarely, indeed, is it absent from the collection of sumptuous accessories which are devoted to the adornment of the corpse of a well-born Chinese. In the Buddhist religion, in the form of a horse-tail switch, it is one of the insignia handed over to an abbot on being appointed to preside over a monastery, a post which he holds for three years. The Lamas, or priests of Lamaism, of which the Grand Lama of Thibet is the head, wear a fan-case attached to the girdle confining their long, yellow robes round their waists.

Socially, the fan is an integral part of the national costume of China, and be the weather hot or cold, in rain and snow alike, every orthodox celestial pays his visits of ceremony fan in hand. Their passion for autographic composition is proverbial, the fan being one of the principle means for its display, and it is a source of immense satisfaction to a Chinaman if, during a conversation, he can display before his companions, with an assumption of indifference *bien entendu*, a few lines which have been traced on his fan expressly for him by some illustrious personage of the empire, some famous poet, or a celebrity of any kind. At a reception of visitors, a very ceremonious business, tea is invariably brought in at once, and after the guests have partaken of it, the host takes up his fan, and holding it in both hands, bows to the company and says, *Thsing chen*—I invite you to make use of your fans. Each visitor then takes up his fan and proceeds to make use of it with all the gravity befitting so serious an occupation. For any afternoon caller to appear without a fan would be a terrible breach of decorum, and in very hot weather the shortcoming would be productive of considerable discomfort, because, however many visitors there might be, none of those who had fans would dream of cooling themselves so long as one single member of the party was destitute of the means of doing so.

Allusion has been made to the predilection displayed by the Chinese for autographic composition, an amusement which is of immense service to the native novelist, as supplying him with an apparently inexhaustible stock of what we should call "padding." So long as he can get three or four of his characters in a room together he is happy; the incidents of his plot may wait, and have to wait, until the inevitable couplets are reeled off by the page at a time. In the romance, Ping-Chan-Ling-Yen, a eunuch attached to the Emperor's household, Lieou by name, begs Chên-tai, the noble daughter of Chên-hiën-jin, to honour him by writing on a fan with her own fair hand. "My sole desire," he says, "is to possess a fan ornamented with your verses." He naïvely goes on to remark that owing to the incomplete character of the education bestowed upon him he will not be able to decipher a single word that may be written, or consequently to distinguish whether the verses are original or not, but with true celestial suspicion he makes a point of the fan being ornamented in his presence. It is satisfactory to know that he succeeds in getting his wish, and takes his departure in a state of inexpressible rapture and delight. As for the heroine, Miss Chên-tai, she is represented as possessing the talent of writing incomparable poetry on the slightest pretext; and the romance, which is a highly diverting work in its peculiar way, is full of her effusions, whether on fans, silk, or paper. In the case of the sterner sex in China, verse-making has an indissoluble affinity to wine, and one of their favourite amusements is to give a theme whereon all present have to write a couplet, or perhaps a quatrain, the penalty for non-performance being the compulsory imbibing of a certain number of "cups." Luckily for their heads these cups are not beakers, and several of them would be required to fill an ordinary claret-glass. Nevertheless, if their own novelists are to be believed, one invariable result of these literary *conversaciones* is to render some of the party incapable of reading what the rest have written, at all events until the next day.

It is only natural, under these circumstances, that the fan should enter largely into the symbolism which is so characteristic, not only of the literature of the Chinese, but also in a still more marked degree of their ordinary conversation. One instance, and a singularly beautiful one, of this must suffice. The poem in which it occurs is ascribed to Pan Chieh-yii, a favourite of the Emperor Chang Ti, of the Han dynasty and was written when her influence with the Son of Heaven began to wane. She takes the fan as an emblem of the neglect which was so evidently destined to be her lot.

"O fair white silk, fresh from the weaver's loom,
 Clear as the frost, bright as the winter's snow!
 See, friendship fashions out of thee a fan,
 Round as the round moon shines in heaven above.
 At home, abroad, a close companion thou,
 Stirring at every move the grateful gale:
 And yet I fear, ah me! that autumn chills
 Will see thee laid neglected on the shelf,
 All thought of by-gone days, like them, by-gone."

Of the manufacture of fans in China there is nothing very special to be said. The commoner sorts are made in large numbers by the prisoners in the native gaols, and they are allowed to sell them. The more expensive descriptions owe their value chiefly to the elaborate carving of the sticks, especially in ivory, and it would be difficult to find a more beautiful specimen than the one in the possession of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, of which we give an illustration. It was carved expressly for presentation to her ladyship, and not the least ingenious portion of the very delicate workmanship displayed on it is the manner in which the Christian name of the Baroness, "Angela," is made to harmonise with the minute details of the ornamentation.

In Japan, the variety of the fans in daily use is almost infinite; no collection of specimens has been made which even approaches to completeness, but as no less an authority than M. Philippe Burty¹ has a book on the subject in the press, we may shortly expect an exhaustive addition to our somewhat scanty stock of information. Dr. Dresser, in his recent work on *Japan*, says that fans are made in many parts of the Mikado's empire, the cheaper kinds being produced in the district of Kioto, while the more costly productions come chiefly from Tokio. But Nagoza is also celebrated for the quality and quantity of its manufactures, and Fukui has also a few establishments where *ogi*, or folding fans, and *uchiwa*, or flat fans, are made. As already mentioned, the Japanese claim the folding fan as a native invention, and assert that it was first made in the latter half of the seventh century from the model of a bat's wing. They also assert, according to Dr. Dresser, that it was originally formed of twenty fine flat boards united by strings, and that it was introduced into China in this shape from Japan, in which they are, in all probability, correct. It is noticeable that the use of the folding fan in Japan is almost exclusively confined to the male sex. At all times, except in winter, a gentleman carries the *ogi* in his girdle or in his bosom, and it is a breach of etiquette for him to appear in the street with a flat fan, which is looked upon as essentially a detail of feminine attire. The ladies, indeed, express the language of love by means of these fans and their long sleeves, and the use of them is all the more necessary seeing that the kiss, the pressure of the hand, *et hoc genus omne* of the marks of affection so common in other lands, are unknown to them. The fan is by far the more serious of the two, the sleeve being mainly used in mere flirtation.

The various kinds of fans used in Japan may be summed up in the following list, but as there are endless varieties of each description, the summary can only give a very faint idea of the extensive nature of the manufacture.

The fan made of water-proof paper, for dipping in water; used for cooling the face by evaporation.

Of stout paper, for winnowing grain, fanning the charcoal fire, or for dust-pans. The first-named approaches more nearly to the *rannus*, mentioned in Scripture in Isaiah, Jeremiah, and notably in the passage in St. Luke's Gospel—"Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather the wheat into his garner."

Double-winged fans, used by the judges at wrestling matches, somewhat in the shape of a Roman paddle.

Coloured and gilt fans for the dancing girls, who make it a part of themselves, and use it in a manner which is indispensable as an adjunct to their peculiar mode of dancing. These fans are also used by the jugglers, especially in the fascinating butterfly trick. The butterflies are made in the most simple manner of paper, and the conjurer by the exercise of his fan contrives to make them flutter in the air as if chasing each other, and light occasionally on flowers, or on the top of his sword, or even on the point of the fan itself.

Perfumed fans, with scented materials inclosed between the two thicknesses of paper.

A form of folding fan, peculiar to the town of Nara, in which the folds are much broader than the side pieces.

Flat fans, or hand screens, also peculiar to Nara, and not found in any other part of the Empire.

¹ The work is announced to be published shortly as one of the series of the *Bibliothèque Internationale de l'Art*.

These are made sometimes of paper, and sometimes of silk, but they are invariably perforated like our stencil plates, the perforations being remarkably fine. The pattern may be geometrical in design, or may consist of representations of flowers, animals, or birds, but in every case it is produced by perforation. These fans are made by hand. If made of paper, six thicknesses are cut through at the same time, and the accuracy with which this is done is nothing short of marvellous. If silk is the material employed, a smaller number of thicknesses is necessary. When these fans are made into screens, one piece is pasted on the front, and another on the back, but the perforations of the one are so arranged as to fit exactly on the perforations of the other.

The war-fan, certainly the most singular arm employed by the Japanese warriors. This is a paper fan of a larger size than usual, with sheaths made of iron, so that if a combatant, fatigued by a more than ordinarily obstinate personal encounter and wishing to sit down for a moment and rest and cool himself, finds himself unexpectedly attacked, he immediately hits his enemy over the head with his fan. These implements of warfare, which are ornamented with the national emblem, a red sun on a black ground, are only made to order,—a very natural reservation, seeing that, unless under very exceptional circumstances, the process of fanning one's self with an iron fan is not calculated to recommend itself as a cooling recreation.

In short, the fan is an inseparable part of Japanese attire in all ranks and under all conditions of life. To the Japanese gentleman it is a shelter from the sun, his notebook, his plaything if the weather does not happen to be too hot,—and without it he is as much at a loss to know what to do with his hands as any average Englishman is at a reception without his hat, or any of our golden youth would be in the front row at the "Gaiety" without his crutch. He cannot even measure distances without calling in the aid of a fan or a mat, these being the units of Japanese measurement. The fan is a little more than an English foot; but as there are two kinds of mats, one for the temples and one for the laity, the result is occasionally confusing.

In regard to the painted fans, the crenated surface does not appear to offer any difficulty to the Japanese artist, and Dr. Dresser, in his work already alluded to, gives an interesting account of the wonderful facility displayed by them. "After two or three other drawings are made," he says, in an account of a *séance* held in his honour, "the middle-aged man, who painted the domestic fowls, kneels again in front of the baize, and begins what we all take to be a sea-piece, which he is drawing simply in Indian ink. After what we take to be waves are finished, and when we expect the artist to place fish in the water, or junks upon it, he simply adds a few dots and dark touches, and signs his name. It is now held up to view, when, to our astonishment, the sketch is that of a train of rats, with one or two members of the party straying from the others. What we took to be waves proves only to be the background, against which the rounded backs of white rats appear—the uncoloured paper being the animals." The Japanese frequently ask great artists to make sketches on their fans, great writers to inscribe a couplet or an aphorism, or celebrated men to write their autographs, and these fans they preserve as we do photographs of our friends.

Japanese artists, in their pictures illustrative of history or legendary lore, and especially when these pictures are painted on fans, are very careful to lay great stress on the diversity of types in the physiognomies of their countrymen, invariably emphasising the high and low class characteristics. For instance, the hero is depicted with oblique eyes, high eyebrows, rounded nose, oval face, and pure skin; the boor, on the other hand, has a round, flat face, upturned and depressed nose, gaping nostrils, horizontal eyes, and low eyebrows. The more these features, salient or otherwise, are accentuated, the more highly is the picture esteemed, and this explains what we are apt to look upon as the natural exaggeration of Japanese art. In regard to the arabesque lines of decoration so commonly seen on fans, a recent writer asserts them to be purely of Corean origin. Fruits, flowers, and especially the peony, are tastefully wrought into so-called arabesque forms, the Corean term for which is *chiu-piong*, and are seen in their richest luxuriance upon fans and curtains, and as embroidery upon garments.

One word, before quitting Japan, upon the antiquity of the fan in that empire. Among the old treasures of the Mikado, which were, until very recently, hidden in the imperial repository at Nara, are a number of fans. These treasures have been the private property of the reigning Mikado from very remote ages, and, considering that the last monarch of the dynasty to whom their collection is due died in the year 782, their antiquity must be considered to be established beyond question. They were deposited in their present home in the year 794, and were not exposed to the public gaze until 1875. Unfortunately, no complete description of them has yet been published, at all events in England.

LA FORTUNINA

BY MRS. COMYNS CARR, AUTHOR OF 'NORTH ITALIAN FOLK,' 'A STORY OF AUTUMN,' ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE weather was of the finest.

The sky was of the pale blue of a hot Italian day,—clear and perfectly cloudless. Softly undulating or delicately jagged hill tops lay as though melting into its warmth, with luxuriant sides, cultivated in terraces of the richest vegetation, and golden with the ripening corn, green with the twining vine palisades, the waving meadows, or the spreading chestnut-trees, blue with the broad bean-fields. The sun lay with a white heat upon all this beauty, and upon the dusty road too, and the grey shingle, where, some hundred feet below the hayfields, the river wandered idly on its way.

Teresina chattered good-humouredly of village news and village gossip. Pietro, excepting for a polite rejoinder here and there, was silent. They walked fast, for it took a good hour to go from S. Bartolomeo Church to Busalla Station, and time and tide wait for no man. The great triple-arched bridge of *Ponte* was soon in sight. Hard by stood the little chapel of the patron saint, solitary above the water on the opposite bank, nestling amid its cluster of oak-trees that in autumn shed their acorns upon the greensward and into the trout-pool below. The chapel belonged to Savignone parish, whose tall *campanile* stood up under the crest of a rocky hill, a mile or so up the offspring valley. The old feudal castle toned its grey ruins upon the sandstone of the mountains.

Scattering greetings to friends in the village as they passed, the betrothed pair left jokes and rallyings behind and pressed forward on the left bank of the stream. Soon the mill of the silk factory came in sight, and they walked through plantations of mulberry-trees, set in uniform rows for the silkworms' food. The clock of Busalla church in the distance struck a quarter to nine.

"We are late," said Pietro. Had he a vague hope they would miss the train? Nay, but what good would it have done him?

Teresina laughed.

"It was your fault," she said. But she did not say it crossly.

They quickened their pace almost into a run, Teresina still laughing with a pretty flush in her face. There was another brook to be crossed. Pietro helped his betrothed over the stepping-stones, and then they hurried down the dirty, dusty street of the little town, barbers in little shops and slatternly women at the doors of tall lodging-houses, all speeding them, on their way with many a joke and jest. They were in time—they even had ten minutes to spare in the little dingy waiting-room before the official opened the doors and let them out on to the platform with the rest of the little crowd of country folk.

Then came the journey to town in a third class carriage, with two or three soldiers, a market-woman carrying butter and eggs to S. Domenico market, and several snuffy old farmers. Teresina enjoyed herself rarely. She did not often go to town, and it was a treat. But she was too well-conditioned to show that in her manner. She conducted herself in the most demure fashion, and scarcely ventured on the usual repartee when one of the soldiers rallied her on the holiday trip with a gallant. Pietro was pleased to see her so quiet. It showed he had at least got what he had bargained for, and that his bride would allow him to settle down into the prosaic market gardener that he wished to be in future.

They came out from beneath the long tunnel of the Giove above which Pietro was wont to make his lonely tramp on market days—and shot forth into the rich and smiling gardens and into the sunny vineyards of Rivarolo and Pontececimo. Then, slowly, stopping at many stations along the way, they came into the region of marble-loggiaed country houses with stiff pleasure-grounds, and smelt the sea hard by. Orange groves, luscious fruit orchards, and trim flower-gardens looked down at them over the

high walls of the city of palaces as they rolled into the station, and, above the mignonette-boxes of squalid, high storied dwellings, rags of linen were hung out to dry in the sunshine.

Teresina looked delightedly out of the window and pointed at a hundred objects of interest without. And when they reached the capital and walked beneath the arch of the new station and out into the bright square beyond, the enthusiasm even of so precise a maiden knew no bounds. The fountain in the middle, with its marble figures, the benches round, with the garden flowers in beds behind—dusty with the turmoil of much traffic—the cabs and cab-drivers, the tall, white houses and the busy streets, all astonished and charmed the country damsel. In the pardonable pride of showing to another what he knew so well, Pietro almost forgot his sorrow. They walked along the Via Balbi between the grand old palaces and new, narrow houses, and looked in at the shops and commented on the dress and the ways and the numbers of the people. Presently they came to the Piazza dell' Annunziata, which was Pietro's market, and he showed her where he took his stand of a morning, and which were the dwellings of housewives who dealt at his store. Why as he stood there and explained—did the memory of that day, five years ago, when he had pushed his way late into market with the little grey bundle in his arms, recur so vividly to his memory? And why, if he did remember it, must he needs remember it so sadly and pitifully? It seemed cruel that on a holiday he must be beset by such gloomy thoughts! And to make matters worse, an untoward whim struck the fancy of Teresina, and she insisted on climbing that steep road that springs up the hill behind the church and on being taken to visit the Foundling Hospital. So there he had to stand listening to her idle chatter, where he had stood tearfully on that bright March morning with little Fortunina in his arms.

Teresina little guessed at the heavy thoughts that were pursuing one another through his mind as he leant against the brick parapet and looked out over all the roofs and steeples of the great town and listened to the clanging of the bells again as he had listened to them that day when they had seemed to bid him take the little forsaken infant to his heart. No: she knew nothing of his sorrows and his perplexities, and did not guess what was passing in his life any more than he guessed what was passing in hers. She neither knew nor cared whether Fortunina was pleased at the prospect of having her as a stepmother or no. It never entered into her head that Pietro could be unhappy because the child was *not* pleased, because her little soul was in a turmoil against him, and because she had refused him a flower for his hat that morning as he had come away. If she *had* known it she would only have said, "What childishness!" And yet the tears swelled to Pietro's eyes as he remembered it, and thought that after five years of devotion the only heart that was left him to love had become estranged from him, and loved him no better now that it *could* love than it had done that spring morning when it had been a mere morsel of senseless humanity! Poor Pietro, if he had but known that he was mistaken! But he did not understand the strange little child aright, and so he did not know, and he was sad.

Alas, he was to be made sadder still; there was a fatality on him to-day. As they came down the hill, the sumptuous church caught the eye of the country maid, eager for city sights. She must go in and see the edifice of which she had heard so much. In vain Pietro strove to convince her of the very patent fact that the church was only a church after all, and built for just the same God as their little white-washed sanctuary at home. Though Teresina did not appear to doubt that it was so, she wished to see the sumptuous altars and the tall pillars and the golden roof for herself. Nor would she go in alone, as her gallant next proposed to her. No: it was her right to be accompanied, and

accompanied she would be. Pietro knew that it was her due and, sighing, he had to follow. What could he answer her when she rallied him on his sudden objection to perform one only of the little pious duties which he was well known never to neglect? Could he tell her to whom he was betrothed that his heart was erring after another woman? When they entered the great, dark, solemn place, there was only one little mass going on at one end of it; all the rest was severe and silent and deserted, and the great, black, marble columns stood along the aisles like gloomy sentinels, just as they had seemed to him to stand on the day when he had seen Vittoria like a ghost beside them. Could he tell his future bride that to him those empty aisles were all peopled, that a tall maiden was for ever flitting across them and down them before his eyes, gliding away from out of his longing sight with swift and stately step? Could he tell her, as they knelt together for the prescribed moment before the high altar, that another figure and not hers at all knelt in spirit beside him: that same graceful figure that towered a head above her little slender person, and looked taller than ever draped around, as it was in his imagination, with folds upon folds of richly-coloured Indian scarfing? Could he confess that he shivered again as those two great, burning eyes were turned upon him as of yore, inflaming all his soul? No: he must keep all his thoughts and memories, and wonderings and perplexities to himself, and he must behave as a man should do to the girl whom he is going to wed.

But the great business of the day was yet to be done. Teresina's prayers and marvellings were soon over and she hurried her lover out of the incense-scented gloom into the burning summer sunshine. Though she was fond enough of sights she had never been known to neglect duty for pleasure. And was not the buying of one's wedding gold the most sacred and important of all duties?

"Come, let us hasten," said she, as soon as they stood without in the Piazza. "The day is no longer young, and we should have finished our purchasing before it be the hour for dinner. Afterwards it will be well enough to see sights and to waste one's time."

Pietro did not say that the loitering had scarce been his doing, nor hint that the sights he had seen in her company had been small treat to him. That would have been rude, and Pietro was never rude. But he smiled a little to himself as he good-humouredly vowed himself ready for any plan that his companion chose to propose, and no one would have guessed that these two were anything but what they appeared to be a radiant pair of lovers, forgetful of aught but their own bliss, even among the maze of foot-passengers who jostled one another along the narrow pavements and under the eaves of the great, dark palaces. And indeed Teresina, though scarcely enamoured of her quiet swain, was in good spirits enough; she was enjoying herself. The sights and sounds of life were sweet to her. It was only Pietro who was a little dull. But for him the day had not yet begun.

CHAPTER XXV.

AFTERNOON shadows began to lengthen, and folk along the streets no longer needed to walk, creeping along by the walls of the palaces, lest they should be blistered to death beyond the shelter of the kindly eaves. The town, that for the past two hours had seemed nearly deserted, began to live again with movement, and ever here and there, a white-veiled and sun-shaded dame would venture to cross one of the open squares.

Pietro and Teresina stood beneath the shadow of a venerable old palace, within the portico of which a comely little flower maiden sat, enthroned among sweet blossoms, against a background of mellow marbles. The lovers had worked very hard that morning. They had spent a good hour bargaining over the weight and workmanship of gold filigree, and Pietro, with a practical view to the

sound market-value of the articles, had bestowed so many and handsome trinkets on his bride as to make her greatly alter her opinion of his worth. They had been well-nigh worn out, with the heat of the weather and of the bargaining combined, ere they reached the little tavern where they were to dine, but *tagliarini* and sour Monferrato had refreshed them, and now they were ready for any amount of fatigue again, and were cheerfully purposing to make a long round of visits to friends in the town.

The little square in which they stood was flanked on one side by the grey *façade* of an ancient church, and while towering and narrow houses of comparatively modern growth—whose basements afforded shelter to various little shops of modest pretensions—formed two corners, the third side was entirely devoted to a grim and splendid palace, of which the noble doorway was richly carved in a delicate design of flowers that not even the dirt and neglect of years could rob of its beauty. The palace had been the home of many generations of *Marchesi*, and from the richly-mullioned windows of the first floor, courtly ladies had looked in their day, while stately dames and gallants had trod the Venetian pavements of those lofty rooms and the yellow steps of the noble old marble staircase. But that was all over now; the pomp and glory were extinct, and the descendants of the *Marchesi* had let their grand first floor to a manufactory of artificial flowers, where poor little over-worked damsels pored over their delicate fabrications behind the latticed panes.

Neither Pietro nor Teresina knew anything about the dead pomp which would have added lustre to these time-stained halls if they had only guessed at it. They looked at the home of the *Marchesi* without any feelings of pathos at the decay of their grandeur; but Pietro at least was not without capacity of pathos, all the same, and his feelings were moved now, though in a more homely cause. The top floor of the old palace had been the home of Carlo Strappa's rich uncle once, and, in the old days when he and the "American" had been friends and had shared each other's youthful pranks and confidences, he had often come to fetch his comrade at the little door with the white cotton bell pull on the top story, and they had knocked about the town together, and had seen the sights, and the fun. Pietro had always been a quiet fellow, but he had enjoyed a bit of fun in those days, and had cared for sights—more than he did to-day when he had to show them to his betrothed. It was not by pure chance that he had happened to fix upon that particular tavern opposite to dine at. He knew of other and more conveniently-situated taverns in the town, but somehow he had had a fancy to eat of those special *tagliarini* that had tasted so well to him and his friend when they had been lads together. And as he had drained his glass of wine, he had looked up over the little muslin curtains of the Trattoria to the windows of that high-pitched roof opposite, beyond which the black and white towers of the cathedral shot their clear proportions into the warm air; and as he had looked, he had thought sadly of that broken friendship, and had half meditated putting his peasant's pride of poverty in his pocket and trying to make it up with the rich man. But there was the rub! He was rich—rich and insolent—And Pietro could beg for no man's favour!

Nevertheless, under pretext of buying a posy of rosebuds for Teresina's bosom, he had stepped across to the palace when the meal was over, to have a look at the place, for old association's sake. The uncle was dead, and a cousin of Carlo's lived on the top floor now—a cousin who had inherited the greater portion of the old man's wealth, much, as Pietro knew, to his friend's disgust at the time. No doubt Carlo no longer visited the top story, as he used to in the days when there was money to look for. He had had his share of all there was to have out of the top story, and had been to America and made his fortune there with it, and now he no longer needed to visit there any more. But to Pietro it was as if he lived there still. Even the winsome little flower

maiden, sitting between the white columns of the entrance hall, with the light behind her, and the green background of a bright little plot of garden beyond, where trees blossomed and water trickled—even she seemed an old friend. She was not the same little flower-girl who had sold him Parma violets for his button-hole six years ago, but he smiled a smile of recognition all the same, as he asked for the handful of rosebuds and dived into his wide trouser-pocket for coppers.

Teresina was pleased that Pietro should give her a posy. She was altogether satisfied with her gallant to-day. He had been generous in the matter of the gold; it had been bought at the best shop, and it was of good weight and good manufacture, and he was going to take her to show it off upon his friends—the fruiterer of the Santa Caterina and others. And she was glad to have a posy too, so that folk should see he made much of her, now that she had condescended to take him.

She bent down her head and plunged her face into the fragrant mass. In this attitude, she did not notice a look that passed over the face of her gallant, as his eye wandered from the figure of the comely little flower-maiden into the distance of the court behind her. Had she seen it, and had her eyes followed his to the object that had attracted his attention, she might not have been so well pleased with him as she was. At the foot of the yellow marble staircase stood the tall figure of a woman. She had her back turned to those in the street, while her hand rested on the time-stained old balustrade. Her head was muffled in a dark kerchief, and though it was summer she was wrapped around with a large shawl. Pietro made an involuntary movement that brought him away from the flower-booth into the middle of the hall, and his companion lifted her face from the flowers.

But the dark figure had turned for a moment, and, allowing her eyes to rest just long enough on the group in the porch for the purposes of recognition, had fled lightly up the staircase and had disappeared from sight.

Teresina had seen nothing. A door slammed somewhere above, and resounded through the vaulted roof of the old palace. But she paid no heed to the noise—it was a very ordinary noise. Only the shock seemed involuntarily to rouse her from her reverie among the flowers, and she remarked, with a little languid sigh, that the weather was very hot. So it was, and perhaps that was why Pietro's lips looked so dreadfully white, but he made no answer to his companion's remark, and only asked the little flower-girl, presently, who lived in this old palace of which she was the portress.

"Oh, plenty of people live here," laughed the girl, twining up her stiff blossoms with wire as she spoke. "There are six stories! The old Marchese lives on the ground floor, but he is poor, and makes a miserable life of it, and all the rest of the palace is let. The *pian nobile* is occupied by the premises of Scacchi, the great florist. I, with real flowers down here make little of it, but they with the false ones up stairs they grow rich!" She showed all her white teeth in a smile.

Pietro laughed too—immoderately, as though he could not help laughing—and Teresina smelt her moss-rosebuds. She did not look at his face. It was fortunate, for his face might have perplexed her, and if she had divined what was in it, it might not have pleased her. It was radiant—radiant with a strange and exultant brightness, which even she must have guessed was not meant for her. For in his heart Pietro was saying joyfully to himself that he had found Vittoria—that now he could explain everything to her! And that was why his face grew radiant, and that was why he forgot all about la Teresina, forgot all about his sentimental reminiscences, and the reason why he had come here to-day.

"Do the florists pay those well whom they employ?" he asked again of the little maiden.

He would be glad to think that Vittoria earned enough, and

was no longer destitute. For he had taken it for granted that she worked for the florist on the second floor.

"Not so well as they make folk pay them, I don't doubt," replied the girl. "Still, it is a good business, I daresay. But I preferred the flowers that smell sweet—you understand!"

"I understand," said Pietro. He looked anxiously at the staircase, thinking how he could make an excuse to go up.

"It must be fine to live in that palace," said Teresina, stepping back into the street and glancing up along the tall windows, six stories high, and then bringing her eyes down again to the black portico and the green courtyard beyond, with the hot sun basking on the oleanders in tubs and playing on the dainty little Cupid of the stone fountain.

"For those who have money, yes," said the flower-girl. "For those who work it is all one where they live—so I think! A nephew of old de' Maroni, that old miser who died five years ago of having too much leisure, he lives on the top floor," she went on explaining. "He is a rich one, I can tell you! He inherited all the old fellow's money. All but some that went to a sister's son—a young scapegrace that had to be packed off to America. Though I've heard that even that one made his fortune. Every one makes a fortune in America. It seems he was in a fury, though, when it was known it was not he who had got the uncle's money! But now I believe they have made it up, he and his cousin. He still comes here, sometimes. I have seen him—a tall big man, with a loud voice."

"Yes," answered Pietro, absently, still thinking of the vision that he had seen. "I know him, he lives in our village. We used to be friends once, but since he has grown rich he takes no account of a poor fellow like me. It is natural; I do not want to be patronised by any one, but all the same we used to be friends once, and I often came to see him in this palace when he lived with his uncle, de' Maroni. He has built a fine house in our village since he came home. His name is Carlo Strappa."

Pietro said all this quietly, telling his story; he did not happen to look at his bride's face as he was speaking. Had he happened to look, and to note the shade that passed swiftly across it, he might have been almost as surprised as he would have been had he happened to be standing outside the balcony of Teresina's home that morning, at daybreak, in la Vallecaldà. But Pietro was not suspicious, and even if he had happened to look, he might not have understood what the shade meant; it flitted by so fast, and the usual gentle serenity was so quickly re-established.

"Yes; the Signor Carlo Strappa lifts his head very high since he came back from the New World," said Teresina, with a soft smile. "At least, so I've heard say," added she, laughing, "because, as for me, I remember him no different. I was a child when he crossed the seas." Teresina was ten years younger than her betrothed, and Carlo Strappa was Pietro's contemporary. "In our village folk call him the *Signor Americano*, to give him more honour," continued she. "So this is where he stays when he comes to town." And she looked up with new interest through the dark staircase.

The little flower-maiden was listening with open mouth. "Why, it is all a romance!" said she. "Yes, yes, he comes here when he visits the town. He has not arrived to-day, but perhaps he might come, any minute!"

An almost imperceptible smile crept up into Teresina's eyes, as though she knew whether the "Americano" was likely to arrive or no. But of course she *could* not have known that, and she banished the smile before it had reached any discernible dimensions.

"Come," said she, plucking at Pietro's sleeve, and causing the poor fellow to start as though he had awakened from a happy dream to a miserable reality. "Come, we must be hastening. You know we have visits to make. We must go to the top of the town to see your friend the fruiterer, and I will wager it is high upon three o'clock."

The Cathedral clock gave it out in three deep, booming strokes above their heads as she spoke, and Pietro pulled himself together. It was of no use loitering here in the hopes of seeing Vittoria. He would not dare to speak to her with Teresina by, and the best thing he could do was to invent some excuse for depositing his bride somewhere for the time, and hasten back to the palace before Vittoria should have left it. If she was at work above, she was not likely to leave before dark, but he would hasten for the better chance.

"Yes, you are right," assented he; "time flies, and we have much to do. Come, we will go." And with a smile of regretful farewell to the little flower maiden, he led the way quickly down a dark alley to the right.

Teresina followed, but not quite so fast. For, as she was about to turn down the street after Pietro, a tall and showily-dressed man's figure appeared at the mouth of another alley and crossed the square from the opposite direction. A quick look of astonished and inquiring recognition passed, like a flash of lightning, between him and Pietro's betrothed. The man stood a moment in the centre of the square, as though he were undecided. But any one looking closely at the country maiden might have seen her warily lift a warning finger to her lip as she glanced down the street after the figure of the peasant. And then the city man laughed, and carelessly whistling a tune, entered the palace, nodded a friendly greeting to the maiden in the porch, and lightly leapt up the steps. The little flower-girl stood up in her place after he had passed and looked after him, and then stepped out into the street and waved her hand, as though to stop the couple in their departure. But Pietro and Teresina were already out of sight, and she returned to her post, laughing.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PIETRO stood on the second floor of the old palace in the little square. God forgive him, he had found a device whereby to get rid, for a time, of his bride! As they two had hastened along that dark and dirty little alley, which was so narrow that the houses nearly met overhead, and the strip of blue sky above was scarcely more than a riband beyond them, Pietro had sworn an oath to himself that come what might he must get speech of Vittoria somehow. She had misjudged him; she had thought he was toying with her. It was natural, because of the presence of that poor little idolised child who yet had worked him so much woe. But she must be undeceived; at any cost she must not be allowed to think he had ever loved any other woman but her! And then—when she was undeceived, when she believed in his truth to her—well, then it would be time enough to think what further was to be done.

And so he had sped along the alley as though he had wings to his feet and had refused to remember the girl whose dainty little steps were following quickly after his; the girl who carried his golden wedding gifts in her pocket, and whom he was going to introduce to his friends as his bride. She had expostulated with him for his speed, and there had even been the suspicion of a sour frown on her gentle little face—though he, good soul, had not noticed it—as she told him he hastened like one evading the police instead of like a gallant out for a holiday. But he had not cared, he had only cared to get rid of the girl somehow so that he could return alone to the old palace before Vittoria could have left it. And the great want in his heart had made his brain fertile. He had found a way. As they had been hurrying along he had suddenly stopped and had pretended, God forgive him, that he had dropped his purse when he had been paying for those rosebuds in the porch of the palace. And he had acted his part so well that Teresina had been even more grieved than he at the loss of the return tickets and the savings of a whole month, and had herself suggested (God bless her!) that she

should await him in a druggist's shop hard by, that he might hurry back the faster on his search. Certainly it was lucky that she was such an economical wench, for had it not been for her sorrow at so untoward a loss she would surely never have consented to sit alone in a druggist's shop that he might run the faster to pick up a missing purse. For of course there could be no other reason why she should not wish to return to the palace.

Anyhow, the wicked device had prospered which he had dared to practice on so innocent a soul, and he stood alone outside the door of the floral establishment. He stood there as in a dream. It seemed impossible that he should be there to seek Vittoria, when he had only meant, at first, to come for the sake of a look at the old haunts of his youth. The staircase was dark, so dark, even on this brilliant summer's day, that you could scarcely have discerned the lovely carving of the marble balustrade, nor the delicate low-relief work that adorned the doorways of the several stories. But Pietro was used to the dimness of this staircase. He had often climbed it of old, in days before the second floor was let out for a trade.

The light sufficed well enough to show him the dingy brass plate on which it was written, that here dwelt la Signora Scacchi, manufacturer of false flowers, wholesale and retail. He pulled the slender bell rope and asked to see the mistress of the establishment. After a little whispering among the assistants, a fashionably-dressed woman stepped forward with hair elaborately arranged over cushions.

"What do you want?" asked she, speaking roughly when she saw what a simple peasant was before her. "Is it an order, or something to be fetched home?"

"It is neither," said the unfortunate Pietro, confused in this august presence. "It is for an affair of my own I come, if you will excuse me. One—a cousin of mine—works here—a young woman—Vittoria Vite. I have a message for her if I might see her. Her mother is sick to death." He positively wondered at himself as the words came to him.

The lady with the pomatumed hair looked round on her assistants. "We have no one of that name here, have we?" she said.

"No; no one," they answered.

"But I saw her on the staircase," moaned Pietro, committing himself. "A tall, dark woman, with a pale face and eyes—oh, eyes—" muttered he, looking round on the faces about, and finding no word to go on.

"Eyes like a woman, eh?" laughed the lady. And then they all laughed, and she said, turning her back on Pietro, "No, no, my good fellow, your fair one has deceived you. You are on a wild-goose chase. I am sorry for you. But you see your cousin is not here. So good afternoon."

"But I saw her on the staircase," muttered Pietro again.

"Well, well, the staircase is public; six families live in the house. Look for her elsewhere; she is not here, I tell you," repeated the mistress sharply, and she opened the street door.

"I saw such a woman as you describe crouching on the stairs up by the Signor de' Maroni's door on the top story," said one of the young girls, with something of a sneer. "If she is your cousin, I am sorry for you, but I have seen her there these several days."

"Come, out with you, friend! that will do," urged the lady of the establishment, giving him a little push. And before he realised it, he found himself once more on the dark staircase, and as far as ever from Vittoria.

For he had no hope that what the girl had said was true. How could it be Vittoria whom she had seen? Vittoria had nothing to do with the de' Maroni. He knew that household well, and he said to himself that Vittoria did not even know of the existence of the de' Maroni. He could think of nothing that could have taken her to their door, and certainly a proud and dignified girl like Vittoria could never have been crouching on a public staircase.

He stood on the landing lost in thought. Of course, she

might have taken a situation at the de' Maroni's as servant. Yes, there was just a chance of that, and on that chance he would go and inquire. There was no harm in inquiring, and he would like to look round the old room where he and Carlo had often shared their bottle of red wine together. Though to be sure, since he had seen Vittoria, he had scant thought left to remember anything else with. More than ever, since she had crossed his sight only to disappear again as before, he must needs think of her. It was a fatality—a cruel fatality—indeed! Could it be that it was not her whom he had caught that glimpse of after all? Was her image so firmly imprinted on his mind that he fancied her presence without any foundation? No, he would swear anywhere she had stood in the flesh on those stairs half an hour since, with her hand resting on the marble balustrade! What could she have come for, and where had she gone? He looked up and down the dark staircase, in the faint hope that she might still be lurking somewhere, but even the darkest corners were empty, and with a hopeless heart he turned to climb the remaining three stories of the palace and try his last chance.

How well he knew every turn, from the broad flights of the first floors to the narrow and steep steps that led up the last portion to the smaller rooms under the skylight? He paused a moment before the door, and his heart beat and his hand shook as he took the little white cotton bell-pull in his hand. The bell tinkled cheerily within, in answer to his hand, and presently an old woman opened the door to him. She was an ugly and forbidding old woman, and looked suspiciously at him, almost as though she were in the habit of looking suspiciously at every one who came. Pietro had never seen her before; she had come to the situation since the time when he was a visitor there.

"Is there a servant here of the name of Vittoria Vite?" he faltered, his heart thumping at his side for very fear of the disappointment which might be awaiting him in the answer. Of course, there was really no reason why Vittoria might not have heard of this place as soon as any other, since she would probably have needed to seek domestic service at once. "The girl is my cousin," Pietro added, "and I have been sent to find her."

The old woman looked at him, still suspiciously. "No, there is no one here of that name," answered she, curtly.

Pietro's heart sank as low as though he had actually been *sure* of finding Vittoria in this house, and yet he thought he had not allowed himself to hope at all!

"Thank you," he said sadly. He would have liked to drop a tear or two if it had not been a stupid and unmanly thing to do. He turned away; but before his foot was on the first step he heard a voice call from within.

"Who is that?" it said; "who is it that is wanted?"

"It is a countryman, master," replied the old woman, calling back into the darkness behind her. "He asks for a servant girl of the name of Vittoria Vite, but I tell him it is not here."

There was a pause, during which Pietro returned to the door. He heard men's voices whispering within. One of them seemed familiar to him, but he could not recollect where he had heard it last. Presently a young man advanced into the dimly-lit little vestibule with a newspaper crushed under his arm. He was a good looking fellow, after a somewhat effete type. He had curly black and pomatumed hair, and a curly black moustache, and dazzling white teeth, and he smelt of musk and bad cigars. He looked about thirty years old. There was something about his shallow black eyes that recalled Carlo Strappa's bold, brazen ones, but this man was, taken altogether, not a patch upon the other for strong, showy manliness. As he looked, Pietro remembered to have seen him once before. He must be that cousin of the "Americano," who had inherited the rich uncle's money, to the disgust of the former. He must be the younger de' Maroni.

He looked at the peasant with something of a sneer upon his face, and then he said in a loud voice: "You are asking for that

girl, Vittoria Vite, are you? Well, you may go back and tell whoever sent you that she is come to no good. I know nothing of her now. She used to come here sometimes, six years ago, to see a friend of hers. But I have never seen her since then, and from what I imagine she has come to an evil end."

Something seemed suddenly to start up with a rush and a noise in Pietro's head. He could not understand what the man had said. He looked down on the ground to collect his wits. Then, in a husky tone, he said slowly: "What do you know against the maid?" He dared not lift his eyes to the other's face. He felt that there was an expression upon it which he would have been obliged to resent for Vittoria's sake, and he did not want to hit the fellow yet; something dreadful within him seemed to keep impelling him to hear all that he had to say. He did not look at him, but somehow he saw all the same that he threw the fingers of his left hand into the air with a scoffing gesture, while he uttered a little guttural sound which caused Pietro to hold himself together that he might not spring like a vulture upon his prey. He did not spring, but in a hoarser voice than ever he muttered low, "Take care what you say! The girl is esteemed honest in her own country, and those to whom I repeat your words will not be content to have her insulted!"

"Insulted!" cried the young silk-mercator with a loud laugh. "Come, that's a joke! It would be difficult to insult such as she. Nay, nay, friend, if you have any interest in the wench, you had best ask no more. It will be no *good* that you will hear. Though, if you care for it, I can present you to the lover of Vittoria Vite—the one that I know, that is to say—and he will tell you more than I can."

As the young *signore* said these words, Pietro fancied that he heard a muttered oath come from that parlour behind, where he had thought before that the master of the house had been in conversation with some one. He made a sudden movement forwards, and the young man retreated a step or two, and held out a defensive arm, for this countryman looked as though he might annihilate him when the first stupor produced by the maddening words should have thawed.

"Anyhow, neither I nor he who knows more than I have heard anything of the girl these six years," added the young man, waving his white right hand, as who should intimate that the subject was exhausted: "so I can be of no use to you, and you had better go your way."

Pietro raised his hand, as though about to speak. He wanted to say that he had seen Vittoria since six years, that he had seen her to-day, and that he suspected she was here, and that he wanted to see her. But his tongue was paralysed, and his head was in a whirl, and he did not know whether he wanted to see her now or not. So when he made that step towards him, with his face all distort and his eyes aglow, and could not get out a word, the young silk-mercator thought that he was going to make a scene, and gliding round to the door on his thin-soled, patent leather boots, he opened it with his white hand, and signed to the old dame, who had stood moodily listening, to push Pietro out. The woman was a stalwart creature, and Pietro was powerless with rage, and awe, and consternation, and before he knew what was happening he found himself on the staircase again, with a stout panelled door between himself and his revenge.

For he wanted his revenge. Yes—though he did not know it he ever wanted to find Vittoria again—he knew that he wanted revenge. It had been difficult for him to take it all in at first, but he thought he guessed the truth now, and he wanted revenge. Revenge, not for a false accusation—somehow it was borne in upon him that it was no false accusation—but revenge for a wicked wrong. For quite five minutes he stood there, his hands in his pockets, his mouth open, his eyes staring and fixed upon that dark door as though he saw behind it some terrible vision which sent the blood flying from his heart. Once he made

a movement as though to ring the bell again, but he withdrew his hand, and only muttered an imprecation beneath his breath. And this time it was an imprecation upon Vittoria. To think that after all she should be what the parish said she was, what he had always so boldly contended she could not be! To think that she should have deceived him into loving her, into declaring his passion for her, and then have pretended to scorn him for another woman's gallant, when *she*, forsooth, had a lover of her own! And such a lover! Heavens, such a lover! A puny-limbed, pale-faced, perfumed gentleman, with cruel, false eyes, and white, useless hands, and a lying tongue. Yes, a lying tongue! For had he not pretended that it was not for himself that Vittoria had come to the palace? And had he not lied again in swearing he had not seen her for six years, when she had been with him that very day, deceiving and scorning a poor peasant for his vile sake?

Impotently he shook his fist at the closed door, impotently ground his teeth in helpless rage at the man who had ruined his life, and whom yet he could never punish. For since Vittoria sought him still, since she loved this villain—whom Heaven blast with every curse that sinners deserve!—since the glamour had not been only the madness of a summer's night but the constant fever of five years, she was lost indeed, and he would be wasting his time in revenging her. He wanted his revenge, but he would be a fool to seek it! What thanks should he get, or what advantage, if he *did* waylay the serpent, as he burned to do, at some dark street corner? Out upon it! *Her* avenger! No—now that he knew her for what she was, he did not place himself so low!

He turned away down the stairs. His eyes were blind with tears now; unmanly or no, he was forced to let them come scalding tears of rage and mortification. Vittoria, Vittoria, how he had loved her! She might have done anything, anything but deceive him, and he would have forgiven her. It was meet that beauty like hers should have loved and have been loved, and she would have been none the less in his eyes for any youthful frenzy in the past. But that she should have played him false when he thought her singlehearted, that she should have pretended to be free and to be virtuous—*that* galled him, though he could claim none of the rights of a betrothed to her confidence—*that*, he swore to himself, would chase the last memory of her in scorn from his heart.

A wise man is he who cares for no woman in this world. He was well punished for the little account in which he had held Teresina—a well-conducted girl, at least. He had treated her shamefully, he had always known it; but when there had been ever such a little chance of winning Vittoria, it had seemed worth while to play fast and loose with the girl whom he was only taking for Fortunina's sake. But now, please God, now he would be very different.

He ran furiously down the dim staircase and out into the afternoon sunshine. He took no notice now of the pretty flower girl in the porch, though the scent of her carnations and Parma violets was wafted to him as he passed by. She looked at him curiously and smiled, but he only ran on—through the square, and down the dirty alley, and up the bright street of the goldsmiths, and past the shop with the bas-relief above its doorway, where Teresina had bought her marriage gold in the morning. Holy Virgin! that he should have been letting his thoughts run, as they had been doing, on another woman, when he had that very day formally confirmed his betrothal with the girl whom the parish had chosen for him! Truly, he was a sinner indeed, and deserved to be duped and fooled as he had been! But now it should all be very different. He would make amends. When they had sat in the tavern, he had been annoyed because Teresina had wanted to be taken to visit the old fruiteress of the Santa Caterina. But now he would make much of her; she should have whatever she wished, and they would go at once to see la Marrina.

He hastened forwards. The streets were full of life by this time, for the worst heat of the day was abating, but he looked at nobody; he tore along through the crowd till he reached the little apothecary's shop where Teresina sat patiently awaiting his return. He caught sight of her through the open door before he entered. She was talking and laughing with the chemist's assistant, a bright young man with rosy cheeks, who looked as though he had been hired as an advertisement to the trade. She seemed to be amusing herself, but how suitably she did it, how neat and proper and demure she looked, and what a lucky man he was to get her for a wife! Yes, yes, *that* should be his consolation—that he was a lucky man to get her for a wife.

He entered the shop, and Teresina started up eagerly.

"Have you found it?" asked she.

"Found it?" repeated Pietro, bewildered. "No, I have not found her. I do not want ever to find her again."

Teresina looked at him sharply. Was he tipsy again, as the neighbours swore he had been on that night of the S. Giovanni? Or had he met some one who had annoyed him, with whom he had had words? Strange to say, her own cheek paled as she thought of this possibility.

"You do not *want* to find your purse again?" asked she severely. "Pietro Paggi, what is the matter with you? Did you fall in with that friend of yours who holds his head so high? and have you had a difference with him as to which of you is the better man of the two?" Though her cheek was white, the girl spoke up bravely and scornfully.

Pietro clapped his hand to his head. The saints preserve him, he had forgotten all about his device for getting rid of his bride!

"Forgive me!" cried he; "I had misunderstood you. Yes, yes, I have found the purse, and I have not seen Carlo nor any one. I was so anxious to return to you, that I had forgotten for what I had left you."

The excuse was a lame one, but it served. Teresina was not critical, and she thought her lover too great a fool to be suspicious concerning him.

"You did find it?" she repeated.

"Yes, yes." Down on the floor at the feet of that little maiden. She had not even perceived it."

"Then I hope you gave her no reward for honesty," said Teresina, with her usual eye to economy.

"No," answered Pietro, "I gave her nothing."

"That is well," said the girl. "So we have the more to amuse ourselves with. Let us be going, for the day grows old and I want to see many things."

Pietro was nothing loth. He craved the excitement for himself now, which Teresina only had desired an hour since. Yes, they would spend all the money since he had found it again; he would not go home with a single brass farthing in his pocket! They would go and fetch la Marrina, and they would see all the sights in the town, and not go home till the last train.

He was so excited, that Teresina began to be sadly afraid that what the neighbours at home had hinted was true, and that Pietro did sometimes take his drop! But it was in vain that she strove to calm him; with a loud laugh and a broad jest to the apothecary's young man, he bade good bye to the druggist's shop, and dragged his bride out once more into the goldsmiths' street. She hung on her gallant's arm, but so wildly did he hurry her along that she was fain at last to come, panting, to a standstill, and call for mercy.

"In truth one would think we were flying from some evil," she cried, laughing, "instead of merely being bent on a pleasure trip."

And Pietro craved pardon and slackened his steps. But he sighed, for he said to himself that she spoke truth, and that they were indeed flying from an evil, and a far worse one than she, light-hearted pleasure-seeker, would have dreamed of.

(To be continued.)



ART EXHIBITIONS

IT is not possible within the limits of a short note to do justice to such an exhibition as that which has lately been opened at the Grosvenor Gallery. Following the example established last year by the collected display of the work of Mr. G. F. Watts, the directors have this year brought together the paintings and drawings of Mr. Alma Tadema, and the landscapes of the late Cecil Lawson. To the circumstances of Mr. Lawson's brief but brilliant career we have lately referred in our articles on Modern Landscape. In the case of so young an artist the work he accomplished can do no more than suggest the greater triumphs that were in store for him had he lived to give complete expression to his ideas. But enough at least remains to prove that the estimate formed of Lawson's powers was by no means exaggerated. The public will gladly welcome the promised biography of the artist which Mr. F. W. Gosse has in preparation; and to the adornment of which Mr. Herkomer and Mr. Whistler have lent their services.

Mr. Tadema's exhibition carries us over a period of more than twenty years, and is rich in the record of unceasing labour and of ever-increasing power and resource. There are few living painters who could so safely endure such a severe ordeal, for it is certainly true of many artists that the earlier and fresher essays of their genius offer an unfavourable commentary upon the efforts of later years. With Mr. Tadema, however, the order of things is completely reversed. Though he has been constant to the inspiration of his youth, it is only in the achievement of his maturity that we can rightly measure the worth of the ideal he has steadily kept in view. The purely intellectual element in his work is so closely united with the technical means employed for its expression, that the steady development of his powers as a painter implies a corresponding elevation of aim and an enlarged conception of beauty. During the progress of his career all the faculties that go to the making of an artist have been gradually ripening; and we take leave of the Mr. Tadema of to-day with the full conviction that we do not yet know the surprises he may have in store for us to-morrow. This is not the place to attempt a detailed examination of the numerous and varied examples of his skill now collected in the Grosvenor Gallery. To dwell upon particular works to the neglect of others equally deserving of consideration would be to miss the true significance of the exhibition as a whole. All that can be done within the limits at our command is to indicate the essential qualities in art which from the first he has sought to render in completeness and perfection. At the outset of Mr. Tadema's career we may recognise the promise of a new and original treatment of the problems of light and colour, and as the labour of successive years is passed under review we see how, at each step, he has approached nearer to the reality of nature, while he has been able at the same time to grant to the result the added refinement of art. No one has ever shown quite the same delight in contrasting and combining the full force of the open sunshine, with the subdued and diffused lighting of cool interiors. The accurate science of his architectural design is quickened into

life by the aid of a delicate sense of the subtlest truths of tone, which give to the details of a building the charm that belongs to a finely painted landscape. And to this extraordinary power over the realities of light and air must be ascribed the fact that even in his most minute painting of detail the result is never laboured or dull. He is an acknowledged master in the representation of surface or texture; he can paint marble or metal as it never was painted before, because he never paints these things merely, but always adds to a masterly rendering of the chosen material a subtle suggestion of the particular effect of light under which it is presented. In all his pictures he objects of still life are made to live in the atmosphere that surrounds them. And this constant attention to the qualities of light, which give to the things of inanimate nature their poetry and beauty, serves to explain another marked characteristic of Mr. Tadema's painting its absolute freedom from the obtrusive display of mere manual dexterity. He never exerts his skill for the sake of exhibiting his undeniable powers of imitation; there is no show of audacity even in the rendering of details over which his mastery is complete; each separate incident in the composition is carefully subordinated to the single impression of the whole, and thus his pictures always appeal to us by their beauty before they astonish us by the sustained power of manipulative art.

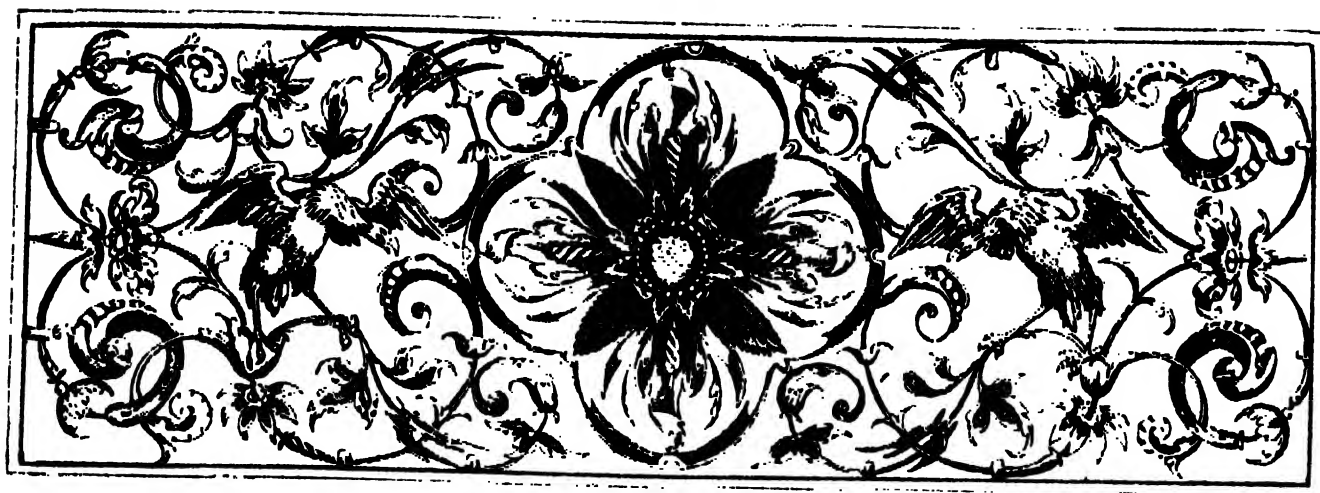
We have spoken of the technical qualities of Mr. Tadema's painting, because the steady development of his art in this respect may be followed in every picture he has produced, no matter what may be the subject chosen for treatment. It would be easy, however, to note the constant purpose and growing power with which he has applied himself to the intellectual problems of design, to show how early in his career he was possessed by the ambition to revive the life and colour of the ancient civilisations of the world, and to mark the several occasions when he has passed from the treatment of domestic scenes to the presentation of significant incidents of public history. Despite the learning and research that Mr. Tadema brings to his task, no one has ever shown a more absolute independence of pedantry and convention. He has found the courage to give to the characters of the classic age the common attributes of humanity, striving less to rival the achievements of ancient art than to realise in its more familiar aspects the daily life of the citizens of Greece and Rome. And here again his position is strikingly original. A classic subject has hitherto been held to demand from the artist the higher qualities of style in the treatment of the human form. Events of history, in themselves devoid of poetical suggestion, have been handled with the reverence due to ideal themes, and though now and then the power of the individual artist has availed to secure a design of exceptional beauty, the result as a rule has only the dull virtue of an academic study. Mr. Tadema has frankly broken with this tradition. He does not affect to grant to the forms with which he peoples the scenes of history the abstract character and ideal beauty that belong to the creations of ancient art. He selects his various types with the instinct of a dramatist who seeks to illustrate an epoch and not to ennoble it. It may be

that the mode of treatment which he is content to adopt points to an inherent limitation of power, and it is possible that the highest perfection of abstract beauty, either in face or form, does not lie within the scope of Mr. Tadema's art. But whatever the reason of his preference, it is amply justified by the result. An artist is to be judged by what he achieves, not by what he leaves unattempted, and certainly Mr. Tadema succeeds in a remarkable degree in re-fashioning, almost to the point of illusion, the life and history of the past. By an effort of genius he brings the old world and the new into closer communion. The dull records of archaeological science are refreshed and enlivened by a thousand little touches of nature that take from the strangeness of ancient custom and costume, until at last, in a manner not possible to an artist of less originality or less learning, we are made to feel that the distinctions that divide the ancient and the modern world are of less moment than the enduring attributes of character and the unchanging occupations of daily life by which they are united.

THE exhibition of a loan collection of engravings and etchings by Francesco Bartolozzi and other engravers of his school, at the Windsor Gallery in Savile Row, comes as a natural and welcome supplement to Mr. Andrew Tuer's exhaustive volumes, *Bartolozzi and his Works*, published some time back. It also emphasises the reviving taste for the coloured stippled prints which, during the engraver's lifetime, were so eagerly sought after and so highly prized. The rage for these and his etchings and engravings were a distinct disadvantage to the artist, because the demand exceeded his power of supply, and led in many instances to his name being attached to plates which were the work of his pupils. The exhibition contains both good, bad, and indifferent examples, and is therefore thoroughly representative, but it is also somewhat monotonous. This fault, of course, cannot justly be laid at the door of Mr. Barrington Nash, to whose exertions the exhibition is due; the artist himself is responsible for the devotion, worthy of a better cause, with which he applied himself to perpetuating the effeminate and mawkish productions of Cipriani, Angelica Kauffmann, and others of their school. Nevertheless, the *Clytie* and the exquisite tickets of admission to concerts are sufficient of themselves to make the success of the collection. Mr. Tuer, in his preface to the Catalogue, recounts an anecdote which shows that these tickets were responsible for the *Clytie*, which is, perhaps, Bartolozzi's finest work. Sir Robert Strange, the line engraver, sarcastically observed that Bartolozzi was capable of producing nothing but these benefit tickets, which stung the Florentine so severely that he produced the *Clytie* to show that he was made of sterner stuff. "Let Strange beat that if he can," was the remark with which he issued it to the world. There is also in the exhibition an interesting instance of the frauds which are palmed off upon inexperienced amateurs. In the engraving of *A Nest of Cupids*, (1320) the name of L. Schiavonetti, who really engraved it, has been erased and that of Bartolozzi substituted. In brown ink is the inscription, "Very fine proof, 1817," and the price, £2 10s., is added in the same ink. Unfortunately for the perpetrator of the fraud, the water-mark in the paper is that of a modern Dutch manufacturer of only a few years' standing, and the spurious authorship of the engraving is therefore self-evident. Side by side with this is a proof of the same work signed by Schiavonetti (132). The late Prince Consort made a very fine collection of Bartolozzi's prints, and the Queen has contributed three to the present

exhibition, *The Coronation Plate*, printed in colours; *The Princess Charlotte Augusta*, daughter of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, born January 7, 1796; and a duplicate of the same, printed in colours. The vagaries of fashion are curiously evidenced in the present popularity of the stippled prints, which half a century ago realised absurdly small prices at the public sales, while the line engravings, now almost neglected, were as eagerly sought after as they had been in the palmiest days of Bartolozzi.

It is unfortunate, to use a mild phrase, that the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours should, so soon after receiving the honour of a diploma, make so poor a display of its powers. The Winter Exhibition is decidedly tame, wanting in strength, and giving no evidence even of misdirected energy. There is a certain amount of pleasing work, but it does not rise above the level of commonplace, and it is by no means a satisfactory symptom that, in regard to some of the artists who exhibit, their sketches are infinitely superior to their finished works. The President, Sir John Gilbert, R.A., sends, in addition to some sketches, a scene from *Roderick Random*,—*Miss Jenny snaps her fingers at Captain Weasel*, in which both the drawing and the colouring are all that could be desired; but somehow or other there is a lack of humour in the work, and the conception just misses realisation. Mr. Du Maurier sends *A Study of a Head* which is, as need scarcely be said, both finished and delicate. Miss Clara Montalba has two Venetian scenes—*A Sirocco Day* and *Fishing Boats*—both admirable examples of her manner. When, however, we turn to her *Dutch Galley off Greenwich*, we are tempted to come to the conclusion that her reminiscences of Italian atmosphere are too all-pervading, and that the Greenwich of her drawing, except in regard to the actual locality, exists in her imagination alone. Mr. Thorne Waite is the most prolific exhibitor, though he can scarcely be said to add much to his reputation by any of his works. Mr. Birket Foster's *Lancaster* is a pleasing exception to the general mediocrity; and Mr. Carl Haag must also be credited with a distinct success, all the more noticeable because of the vigour conspicuous in his contributions. They are three in number, *Nasir Mansoor, a Bedouin Sheikh from Mount Sinai, on Camel's Back*; a study of the head of the same subject; and a chalk drawing. The colouring of the two drawings of *Nasir Mansoor* is rich and thoroughly Oriental, and the figure is forcible and full of character. A manly figure, too, is the boatman *Canoeing on the Cascapédie River, Canada*, the work of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, but the landscape is not as vigorous as the chief actor in the scene. One of the most pleasing examples in the exhibition is Mr. W. Matthew Hale's *Timber Ship, Bristol*, an exquisite rendering of a very picturesque subject, in strong contrast to Mr. Danby's sombre *Llanberis Lake*, which hangs close by. Mr. Parker is another contributor on a large scale; in his *Idle Chatter* he has deliberately sacrificed truth to effect, for it is impossible that his daintily-attired housemaid should be "founded on fact." Far more in accordance with reality is the graceful but radiant figure of the girl in Mr. A. Hopkins's *In the Apple Loft*. Of the remaining works, Mr. Brewtnall's *Driving Home the Flock* merits more than a mere passing mention; it is a good and well-balanced conception, thoroughly worked out, and full of harmony. But more of this stamp of work will have to be produced by the Society, if it wishes to avoid the stigma of a want of progression.



JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

II



SOUVENIR OF ITALY

An etching by Corot, exhibited in 1865

NOT until 1840, fifteen years after his first appearance in public, did Corot obtain ungrudging praise at the hands of the critics. M. Gustav Planché, writing in that year of the *Setting Sun*, said that it was *d'un aspect délicieux*, and caused the same pleasure as the perusal of some charming old idyl. But even he found fault with the execution, which in fact was the point of attack selected by the critics generally. The criticism was not altogether just; later judgment has recognised that the lack of execution complained of is neither more nor less than the artist's habitual manner, and that he very frequently preferred to suggest an idea rather than to present a complete realisation of it. To object to the manner is perfectly legitimate, but it is scarcely just to accuse a painter of want of execution because his manner does not fulfil the strictest requirements of hard and fast rules. The truth is that Corot was not understood even at this time, but later on the critic already quoted struck a truer note, and betrayed a more complete appreciation of his subject, when he said that "M. Corot possesses assuredly one of the most poetic imaginations of the present day,

and each one of his works bears the imprint of his imagination."

This, however, did not come until 1847. Meanwhile, in 1843, Corot had made a third trip, of but short duration, to Italy, and to the period following his return to Paris is due a most important work, which shows him to have been capable of a grander style of composition than is usually associated with his name. The picture in question is *The Baptism of Our Saviour*, a somewhat unfamiliar painting which adorns a chapel in the church of Saint Nicholas de Chardonnet. The scene is a landscape, well wooded with trees of feathery foliage, a river, and, in the background on the left, the buildings of some large city. All this is more or less in accordance with the habitual manner of Corot, but the novel feature in the composition is the introduction of a number of life-size figures, whose grouping and attitudes are in every way admirable. It was at first thought that these figures must have been the work of some other hand, although the picture is signed by Corot; but the studies for them were found in Corot's studio after his death, so that there can be no doubt as to their authorship. It is true that he had previously, on more than one occasion, made choice of religious

subjects, such as *Hagar in the Wilderness*, *The Flight into Egypt*, and others, but they were mere preludes, as it were, to the grand composition referred to. Subsequently, also, he painted *Jesus in the Garden of Olives*, and *The Burning of Sodom*, the latter exhibited in 1857 concurrently with his *Nymphs Playing with Cupid*.

Corot was very nearly sixty years of age before public opinion declared itself emphatically in his favour. Up to that time his brother artists had been his principal patrons, and he was wont to dwell with particular pleasure on an anecdote in connection with one of his pictures which was eventually purchased by Diaz, himself a shining light among the artistic luminaries of that day. The idea of this picture occurred to him on an occasion when he was returning at nightfall on foot from Versailles to Ville-d'Avray. It was painted for a private collector, who, on its completion, came in due course to look at it. After a lengthy inspection and an equally long silence, the anticipated purchaser said, "It is not a very cheerful picture. I will talk it over with my wife, who does not care particularly about melancholy subjects. I will let you know what she thinks about it, and will reserve my own opinion until then." A few days afterwards he wrote to decline the picture. "My wife is decidedly of opinion that it is too sad, *from what I told her*." Notwithstanding this rebuff, Corot was satisfied with his work. "I know it must be good," he said; "pictures of this kind are not painted every day. Somebody else will take it;" and Diaz proved to be the somebody else. It was one of the peculiarities of Corot that every incident connected with his pictures remained impressed upon his memory, and one of his greatest enjoyments was the recounting of these incidents to his friends on their frequent visits to his studio.

The Salon of 1869 showed the artist at the zenith of his power, in regard both to execution and breadth of conception. No longer content with rendering the tender and poetic aspect of nature, but still not abandoning it, he launched out into the broad field of epic and dramatic composition, borrowing his themes from Dante and Shakespeare, but at the same time he lingered in the more delicate realms of fanciful imagery. An *Idyl* and a charming *Landscape with Figures*, the latter one of the most refined and remarkable of his works, were the examples of his romantic manner; as a *Souvenir of Limousin*, the *Italian Tyrol*, and a *Souvenir of Ville-d'Avray*, served to mark his continued mastery over pure landscape. But his illustrative scenes from the *Divina Commedia* and *Macbeth* attracted even more attention. The incident which he selected from Shakespeare's tragedy was the apparition of the three witches to Macbeth and Banquo on the "blasted heath," where the latter says,

"What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question?"

The treatment of the sky in this picture, with its blaze of lurid light bordered by banks of heavy clouds, black as night, from which the lightning is ready to escape, is powerful in the extreme. Equally remarkable is the scene representing Dante and Virgil entering the infernal regions. The two figures are in advance of a sombre mass of trees and rocks on the right; near them are the lion and the panther, and towards the left, whence the light comes, stands the wolf which so appalled Dante,

"With the terror that her aspect wore."

The attitude of the poet is thoroughly expressive of his state of mind, and is in strong contrast with the calm demeanour of Virgil, who, by a simple gesture, points to the road they are to follow.

"Therefore I think and counsel for thy weal,
That thou shouldst follow me, I'll guide thee hence."

Corot was especially desirous of exercising his skill upon decorative painting on a large scale, after the manner of the masters of the Renaissance, but the opportunity rarely occurred to him unless by way of obliging his friends. The Government took but little notice of him, and his most noteworthy commission in this branch of his art came to him from Prince Demidoff, for whom he painted *Night* and *Dawn* to decorate the mansion built by the Prince in the Quartier François I. For the studio of his friend Decamps, at Fontainebleau, he executed four large decorative paintings, finishing them in a week. On

another occasion, when staying with Léon Fleury at a small country house at Magny-les-Hameaux, between Versailles and Chevreuse, his host, himself, and A. Viollet-le-Duc, who was also a guest, were compelled to remain indoors weather-bound, and were hard pressed to know what to do with themselves. Corot suggested that they should paint, because, as he remarked, they could choose their own weather on the walls if they could not get what they wanted outside them. The dining-room was selected as the scene of operations, and Corot undertook to fill two of the compartments marked out for decoration, one above the chimney-piece, and the other on the left-hand side of the opposite wall; Viollet-le-Duc undertook the right-hand compartment, and Léon Fleury the centre. The paintings were executed on the wall, which had been painted pale green, and served as a ground. The house was subsequently sold by Fleury, but the new proprietor was apprised of the value of the decorations of his dining-room, and accordingly took, if he does not still continue to take, every care of them.



SOUVENIR OF COUBRON

Drawn by E. Von from the picture by Corot

For such work as this Corot would only accept a nominal remuneration. He could not afford to work absolutely for nothing, but he accepted as little as he possibly could. Neither was he in any way exacting in his dealings with the outside public. So modest, indeed, was he in his estimate of the pecuniary value of his works, that his friends at last remonstrated with him, and insisted upon his raising his prices. His reply, when he at length succumbed to their importunities, was characteristic of the man. "Very well," he said; "go and mark the prices on them yourselves." And so they did. Only once was he known to have asked a large sum for his work. It was in 1856, and on the day of the opening of the Salon, he received a telegram from a stranger to him, asking whether a certain one of his pictures was unsold, and if so what was the price. "I do not know," he said in recounting the anecdote,

"what idea possessed me in regard to this sudden offer at the very opening of the Salon, but the manner in which it was made induced me to believe that a success was in store for me, and emboldened me to a pitch of audacity. I replied, also by telegram, 'Picture unsold; price, 10,000 francs.' I never did such a thing before. In an hour's time came another telegram, saying that the terms were accepted with pleasure, and the bargain was struck. I thought at first that I must have left out a nought in my message, but it was all right." Although he allowed his friends to have their own way about fixing the prices of his pictures, he reserved to himself the right of giving them away whenever it seemed good to him to do so. In this way the town of Semur possesses his *Orchard*; the church of Ville-d'Avray has a *St. Jerome*; and Lille a *Fête*.

That Corot could sing a good song has already been noted in connection with his youthful days at Rome. Later on in life he became almost an accomplished singer, and his fondness for music made



SOUVENIR OF VILLE-D'AVRAY

Drawn by E. Yon from the picture by Corot

him a regular attendant at the Conservatoire. It did more than this; it inspired him with the idea of his picture *Orpheus*, in whose features may readily be traced those of Madame Pauline Viardot, who was then playing the rôle with marked success. His natural gaiety of disposition remained with him throughout his life, and as an instance that he neither belonged to any faction nor made any enemies, his intimacy with Ingres and Eugène Delacroix, who were at daggers drawn, may be adduced. The want of appreciation with which he had to contend came chiefly from official sources; it resulted in the grudgingly awarded admission of his works into the London Exhibition of 1862, by the Committee appointed in Paris to make a selection of representative examples of French artists, and deprived him of the chief medal of honour in the Universal Exhibition of 1867, under the pretext that foreigners would not understand his pictures. By way of compensation, however, he received the Cross of Officer of the Legion of Honour, but not until he had been a Chevalier of the order for one-and-twenty years.

Fortunately for his peace of mind, he was utterly regardless of these rebuffs; he continued to paint with untiring perseverance and industry, and his good temper and cheery nature were imperturbable.

Like many other artists of France, to their great honour be it said, Corot betook himself to Paris when, in 1870, he perceived that a siege was inevitable. There he spent the whole of that dreary time. "I took refuge in painting," he used to say, "and I worked hard, or I think I should have gone mad." He took the misfortunes of his country grievously to heart, but he did not confine himself to expressions of sorrow; his purse was ever open to aid in relieving the sick and wounded, whom he comforted as well by the consolation of his presence. During the progress of the siege he became possessed of the idea that it would terminate in a grand assault and a general conflagration. The notion came to him through a dream, which haunted him to such an extent that he painted a sketch of the scene as it existed in his imagination, and on the back of it he wrote, "*Paris supposé brûlé par les Prussiens, Septembre, 1870.*" There can be no doubt that the hardships he had to undergo during the siege, and the keenness with



THE LARGE TREE AT GOURNAY, NORMANDY
Drawn by E. Yon from the picture by Corot

which he felt the disasters of his country, had a serious effect upon his health, though nothing arose to give rise to actual alarm on his account until a few months before his death. He contributed three pictures to the Salon of 1874, *Moonlight, Evening*, and a *Souvenir of Arleux-du-Nord*. Once more he failed to obtain the chief medal, but a number of his friends and admirers determined to compensate him for this additional slight, a resolve which culminated in a gold medal, paid for by public subscription, being struck in his honour and presented to him. By this time his end was rapidly drawing near, hastened very possibly by his grief at the death of his sister, to whom he was so tenderly attached and with whom he had always resided. This happened in October, 1874, up to which time he had not known what it was to be ill. By the end of November his appearance had become altogether changed; the robust man was converted into the confirmed invalid, and there could no longer be any doubt as to the gravity of his condition. Nevertheless, he made fitful efforts to resume his wonted gaiety and to meet his friends; nor did he forget amid his own sufferings to stretch out the helping hand of liberal charity

to the widow and children of his brother artist, Millet. He had also contrived to finish three pictures for the Salon of 1875; his signature alone was lacking; he signed them in bed, and as he let fall the brush for the last time he said, "I can do no more!"

His malady now progressed by leaps and bounds until he breathed his last on the 23rd of February, 1875. His final thoughts were of his art; in the delirium which preceded his latest moments he stretched out his right hand towards the wall of his room, his fingers were as if they held the familiar brush, and he said to one of his friends, "Do you see how lovely that is? I have never seen so beautiful a landscape!"

Corot, as an artist, has been treated of so recently in these pages¹ that to dwell further on the subject would savour of repetition. Of Corot, as a man, it may be said that, as in the case of Millet, his character is impressed upon his works so thoroughly that those who see them may read their author.



SOUVENIR OF NORMANDY
From the picture by Corot

Engraving

He had none of the pious devotion of Millet, who found in the pages of his Bible the types of his toiling, patient, and enduring labourers and shepherds, and loved to meditate in solitude upon them; but he was blessed with an expansive nature, which impelled him to take a more cheerful view of life, to enjoy the society of his fellow-men, and to sing in more buoyant tones the praises of nature and nature's God. His lot upon earth may best be summed up in his own words, spoken when he recognised that his time was short: "I think I am resigned; I have long struggled to be so, and it has been a hard task. Not that I am to be pitied; far from it. For seventy-eight years I have enjoyed good health, and the love of nature, painting and work; my family was composed of honest folk; I have had many good friends, and honestly believe that I have harmed none; my lines have been cast in pleasant places, and destiny is entitled to my gratitude, with no reservation of reproach."

¹ See "ART AND LETTERS," Vol. I. p. 343 *et seq.*



THE SCULPTURE OF MICHAEL ANGELO

III



STUDY FOR MOSES

Engraved by Smeaton and Tilly after the drawing of Michael Angelo
in the collection of the Archduke Albert, at Vienna

THE influence of classic art which manifests itself in the group of works executed by Michael Angelo immediately on his arrival in Rome, did not long hold undisputed sway over his genius. The author of the *Bacchus* appears in the following year as the sculptor of the *Pietà* at St. Peter's, and the striking contrast which they present serves to assert the extraordinary range of his artistic sympathies, even at this early period in his career. It has been objected to the *Bacchus* that it lacks the reticence and dignity that belong to the antique ideal, and the objection is certainly well-founded. Michael Angelo's individuality was too strongly marked to permit him to become a mere imitator of the characteristics of a school. His *Bacchus* is not the god of ancient mythology, it is the embodiment of the artist's own conception of a certain aspect of Pagan life, and as such it has the force and vitality of an original invention. Taken in conjunction with the wholly different and opposite ideal of beauty expressed in the *Pietà*, it helps us to understand the conflicting intellectual influences by which Michael Angelo was affected. He had but lately left Florence, where he had listened to the burning words of Savonarola, of whom he writes, in a letter dated August 19th, 1497, "All Rome speaks of him, and it is said here that he is a pestilent heretic; therefore by all means let him come to Rome,

where also in time he will be worshipped." But to this intensity of moral conviction, which had been strengthened by the teaching of the great Dominican, Michael Angelo joined the spirit and temperament of an artist, and it cannot be supposed that he was insensible to the larger and more liberal ideal of human life which was encouraged by the reviving study of the art and literature of the ancient world. As yet, however, these separate influences had not been so moulded as to yield a perfectly harmonious result. The mind of Michael Angelo alternated between the intellectual and the material elements of his art, and neither the *Bacchus* nor the *Pietà* can be said to possess that strange mingling of the subtlest spiritual beauty with the fulness of physical life and power which gives to the ideal figures of the Medici tombs their enduring and inexplicable fascination. And yet in their different

ways these two works may be said to denote the sources of Michael Angelo's greatness. The exuberant vitality of the *Bacchus*, the exquisite refinement and tender sentiment of the group of the *Mother and her Dead Son*, these are qualities which enter into all the later achievements of Michael Angelo, whether in painting or sculpture. It is interesting to compare the *Pietà* with a drawing of the same subject, now in the collection of the Earl of Warwick. The drawing, it is easy to perceive, belongs to a later date.



MOSES

Facsimile of a drawing by Niccolò Sansi from the statue by Michael Angelo (Tomb of Julius II., San Pietro in Vincula, Rome)

With no loss of refinement it exhibits a far higher command of passion and suffering, a more complete grasp of dramatic character and expression. The sculptured group has the modesty and restraint that belongs to youthful achievement, while the design bears the impress of a fuller experience alike of the truths of human nature and of the conditions and resources of art. Another version of the same theme at Genoa—a relief in marble of the heads of Christ and His Mother—is also ascribed to Michael Angelo.

but despite the beauty of certain portions of the work, it cannot, we think, be accepted as a genuine product of his hand.

To the same period as the *Pietà* doubtless belongs the *Madonna and Child* at Bruges. Shortly after its completion Michael Angelo's sojourn in Rome came to an end, and in the year 1501 he returned to take up his residence at Florence. Of the manner of his life in the great city, and of the reasons which induced him to leave it at a moment when he had just secured position and fame, we have a



THE VIRGIN AND THE INFANT JESUS

Facsimile of a drawing by Niccolò Sanesi from the marble group by Michael Angelo (Church of Notre Dame, Bruges)

touching record in a letter from his father bearing the date of December 1500. Michael Angelo, it would seem, had lived a life of the utmost privation and of unceasing labour, that he might save sufficient money to assist his brothers in setting up in business. He was to return home and to bring his little store of money with him; and though this result was welcome to the old man, he takes occasion to warn his son against the dangers of excessive economy. "Economy is well," he writes, "but above all things no penury; live moderately, and do not labour too much, and preserve yourself from want because

of your art. If you became ill (from which God preserve you) you would be a lost man." It is not often that there is need to address such a warning as this to a young man of five-and-twenty. In his devotion to his art, in his affection for his family, Michael Angelo, at an age when other men are eagerly tasting the pleasures of the world, was already depriving himself of common necessities of life. To a strange isolation of temperament he joined an extreme tenderness of nature that was always patient with the frailties of others, and that was proof against every trial and misfortune. Twelve years later, in another letter to his father, he wrote, "I endure great weariness and hopelessness: so it has been with me for fifteen years, never an hour's comfort. You have never known nor believed how I have striven to aid you. God forgive us all. I am prepared, so far as I can, to do always the same whilst



PIETA

Facsimile of a drawing by Niccolò Sansi from the marble group by Michael Angelo (St. Peter's, Rome)

I live." In such utterances as these we perceive the source in the man himself of those qualities which gives nobility to his art. Never before or since have the forms of sculpture been made to present an ideal in which the sense of human power so strangely mingles with a feeling of almost divine pity for human suffering, in which strength is so softened and subdued by sadness, or wherein an austere isolation of character is so finely tempered by gentleness and sympathy.

On his return to Florence, Michael Angelo at once commenced the colossal statue of *David*. The directors of the Duomo possessed a large block of marble which they desired to turn to some profitable use, and they had hitherto sought in vain for a sculptor who would undertake the commission. Sansovino alone had consented to make the attempt, but only on condition that he should be allowed to add extra

pieces of marble for portions of the figure, and it was left to Michael Angelo to find a way out of the difficulty without recourse to this expedient. It is evident that the shape of the block rendered the task by no means an easy one, for we find that the first design prepared by the artist had to be abandoned, and the *David* as it now stands was the result of a second experiment. The knowledge of the peculiar conditions under which Michael Angelo laboured will go far to account for whatever is defective in the work in regard to the proportion and meagreness of the forms. From no point of view can the *David*



THE VIRGIN SEATED WITH THE INFANT JESUS ON HER KNEES

Facsimile of a drawing by Niccolò Sansi from the group by Michael Angelo (Casa Buonarroti, Florence)

be reckoned among the greatest of his achievements, although the circumstances of its production and the discussions to which it gave rise will sufficiently account for the peculiar celebrity that belongs to it. All the famous artists of the city, including such men as Leonardo da Vinci, Perugino, and Botticelli, were summoned to give their advice upon the placing of the statue, and it was finally decided, with the approval of Michael Angelo himself, that it should stand beside the entrance of the Palazzo Vecchio. The artist's fame was firmly established, and commissions now poured in from every side. During

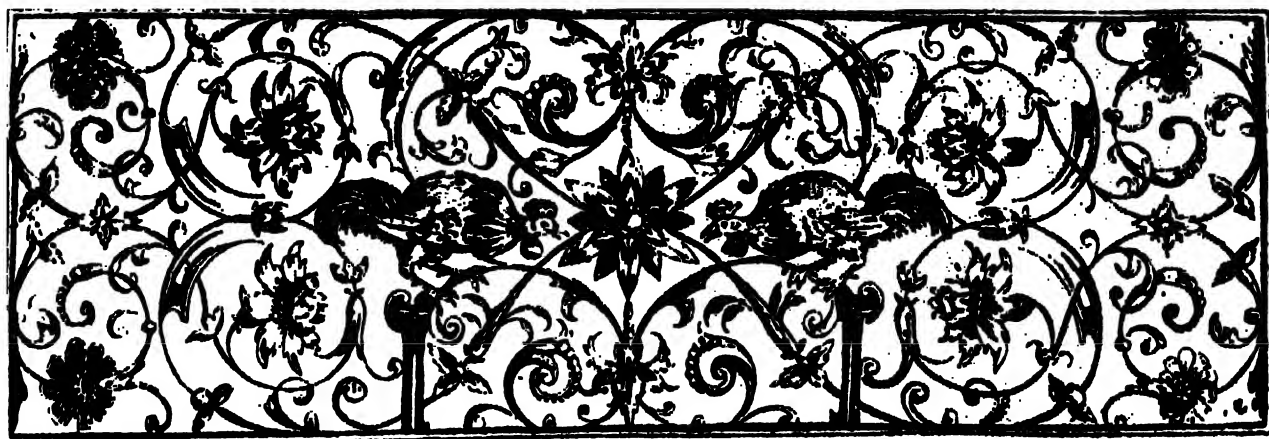
the progress of the *David* he had begun and partly completed two reliefs of the *Madonna and Child*, one of which is now treasured among the artistic possessions of the Royal Academy, while the other still remains at Florence. Shortly afterwards he accepted an order for the execution of a series of twelve

colossal statues of the Apostles, but the work for some reason was never carried to completion, and the unfinished figure of St. Matthew, in the Academy at Florence, is the only surviving record of his labours. During 1504 and the early part of the year following, Michael Angelo was engaged upon the great cartoon of the *Battle of Pisa* for the mural painting to be executed upon the walls of the Municipal Hall at Florence. By this work he was brought into rivalry with the greatest of his contemporaries, Leonardo da Vinci, and it is matter for infinite regret that the original designs of these twin giants in art should now be known to us only by inferior copies which, in Leonardo's case, preserves but an isolated fragment of the composition. Michael Angelo never got further than the cartoon; for no sooner was it completed than he received a summons to return to Rome, where he was to be employed upon a vast monument which Pope Julius II. proposed to erect in his own honour. The commission proved a misfortune for Michael Angelo and for the cause of art. It led indirectly to the destruction of the old church of St. Peter's, in itself an irreparable loss to the world, and it burdened the sculptor during the remainder of his life with a task which from various causes he was never allowed to complete. Torn by the conflicting influences of pride and superstition, Julius was afraid to finish the monument during his life, while his successors, eager for the execution of their own plans, constantly deferred its progress by employing Michael Angelo upon other works. "I have wasted all my youth bound to this monument," wrote Michael Angelo in after years; and the statement is scarcely exaggerated. Again and again the contract was altered to suit the caprice of his employers or to satisfy the malice of his enemies, and while he was thus constantly harassed in his work his mind was distracted by other and more important designs which he was compelled to undertake. Even the splendid energy of Michael Angelo could not bear up against these accumulated difficulties, and he fell at last into absolute despair. "It would have been better for me," he writes,

"had I given myself in my youth to the making of sulphur matches, in which case I should not now be in such suffering." What this monument might have been if he had been allowed to carry out the original design, the actual work as it exists conveys no sort of impression. Of the many figures

which he had projected for its adornment, the seated figure of Moses alone retains its place. This was intended to form one of a series of four statues on the upper storey of the monument, the other subjects representing respectively St. Paul, and Active and Contemplative Life. On the lower storey were to be placed sculptured groups in niches, the *Victory*, now in the Bargello, being the only surviving example of the artist's invention, and these groups were to be flanked on either side by terminal figures, below which were to be placed symbolical figures of the Liberal Arts, bound like prisoners, in token of the inactivity into which they had been forced by the loss of their patron. Michael Angelo, as we know from the two statues in the Louvre and the unfinished statues belonging to the same series preserved in the Boboli Gardens at Florence, had considerably advanced this part of his work before the plan of the monument was so changed and reduced as to render his labours fruitless and inappropriate; and yet, despite the suffering and trial which it brought him, it is hard altogether to regret an incident in his career which was the means of giving to the world such magnificent examples of his genius. The statues in the Louvre would alone suffice to place his name as a sculptor far above the reach of rivalry or competition. "Among all Michael Angelo's works," writes Mr. Perkins, the accomplished historian of Italian sculpture, "there is perhaps none more beautiful than the sleeping prisoner who, worn out with futile effort to escape, rests with his noble head thrown back so as to expose his throat, his left arm raised and bent above his head, and his right reposing upon his breast. In striking contrast with this image of Sleep the other prisoner is striving to rend his bonds asunder, every muscle in action, and every limb contorted. His head is covered with thick masses of matted hair, and raised with an expression of rage and agony which lights up his roughly blocked-out features. Unsubdued though vanquished, he might be addressed in the words of Virgil to the Argive hero :—

"O Capaneo in ciò che non s'ammorza.
 La tua superbia, se' tu più punito:
 Nullo martirio, fuor che la tua rabbia
 Sarebbe al tuo furor dolor compito."



JAMES D. LINTON



R. LINTON is one more instance, to be added to an already tolerably long list, of how futile are the well-meant but ill-directed efforts of parents and guardians to stem the force of artistic instinct and to hinder the possessor of it from adopting the life which alone can give scope for its development. In very many instances, as we know, the opposition offered by fathers to the selection of an artistic career by their sons has thrown serious obstacles in the road to fame, but Mr. Linton was, happily, spared so hard an experience. The opposition he had to overcome was not very formidable. His father, when he found that his arguments in favour of a more assured career than that of an artist fell upon unheeding ears, simply insisted that

the would-be painter should learn one of the trade-branches of art, so that if at some future time he should discover that he had after all mistaken his vocation, there should be some settled industry upon which he might fall back, some substantial prop on which in case of need he might lean. The result was that Mr. Linton was articed to the art and mystery of a glass painter, as it was officially styled, and that he habitually neglected it whenever he could find an opportunity to turn his studies in the direction of the career of his choice. The first school he attended was Mr. Leigh's, now Mr. Heatherley's, in Newman Street, and there he remained, with the exception of a short interval at St. Martin's School of Art, until 1861. He was then twenty-one years of age, having been born on Boxing Day, 1840.

Mr. Linton commenced to paint in water-colours in 1863, and made his first public appearance on the opening of the Dudley Gallery. So successful was his *début* that he was elected an Associate of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours in 1867, and fortune seemed to have nothing but smiles in store for him. The commercial depression which characterised that period, however, had a serious effect upon him as well as upon many others, and he had to struggle hard to make head against the adverse tide until, in 1871, he joined the staff of the *Graphic*. During the entire period of the Franco-Prussian war his work appeared with tolerable frequency in that journal with great advantage to himself and his fortunes, for by the time hostilities were over his talent was in sufficient demand to warrant him in devoting himself entirely to his brush, which he has never since deserted.

In 1871, Mr. Linton exhibited two examples of his work at the Institute, *The Lover's Disguise* and 1795, *Bad News*. Two years later he contributed a highly successful drawing to an exhibition in Philadelphia, for which he received a medal. It was called *Washing the Beggar's Feet*, and was illustrative of a custom, in vogue in the Courts of the Middle Ages, in imitation of the Saviour washing the feet of His disciples. This picture was subsequently exhibited, with several others, at the first Loan Exhibition of Water Colours by Living Artists at the Grosvenor Gallery in the winter of 1873-4. Here Mr. Linton's qualities of colour attracted marked attention, not only at the hands of his brother artists, but from the public generally, H.R.H. the Princess Royal being conspicuous among his many admirers. To the Institute he sent two important works in 1874 and 1875—*The Lotus Eaters* and *Off Guard*, following these up in 1876 by *The Huguenots* and *His Eminence the Cardinal*. The subject of the latter picture was suggested

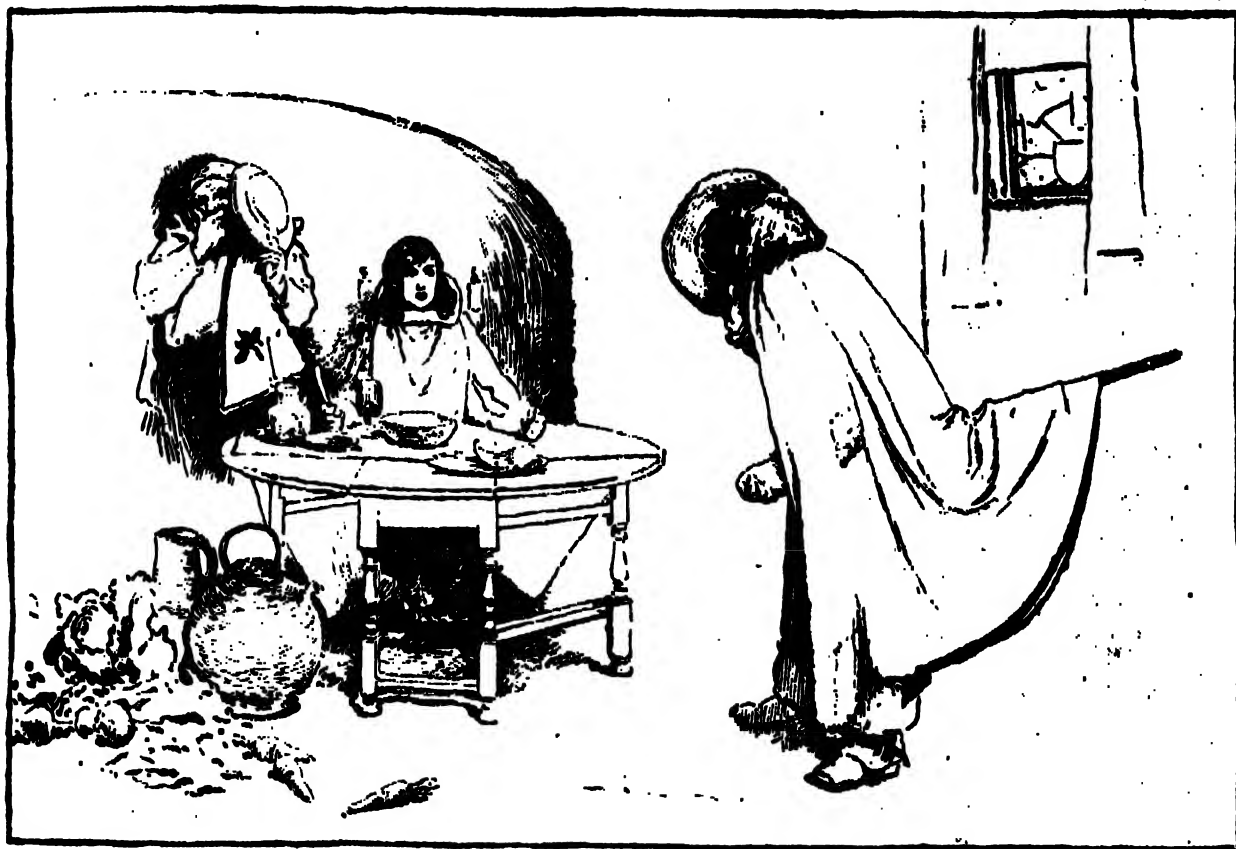


VICTORIOUS

Drawn by C. E. Wilson and engraved by Smetton and Tilly from the picture by J. D. Linton

by an incident in Sir Walter Scott's *Quentin Durward*. The period is the seventeenth century, and the scene represents a Sentinel posted behind a screen while the Cardinal is interviewing two sinister-looking emissaries. *Ave Maria* was the title of his contribution to the Institute in 1877. A travelling showman is exhibiting an effigy of the Virgin and Child in a box to some soldiers in a room in an inn. They regard it with varied feelings of indifference and devotion, in the expression of which the artist was particularly happy. The subject chosen by Mr. Linton for his work in the following year was *Les Emigrés*, an aristocrat with his wife and child in disguise and offering a bribe to a fisherman to convey them across the Channel to England. This drawing has been rendered familiar by the etching of it, which was executed by M. Rajon.

Having finished his drawing for the Institute in 1878 somewhat earlier than usual, Mr. Linton made an attempt in oil. This, a study of *Byron*, was sent to the Royal Academy, and received the honour of being hung on the line, a meed of good fortune which does not frequently fall to the lot of initial essays. In this year also, Mr. Linton was elected, together with the President of the Institute, to hang the drawings at the International Exhibition in Paris, in conjunction with Mr. Alfred Fripp and Mr. Edward Goodall, who represented the now Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.



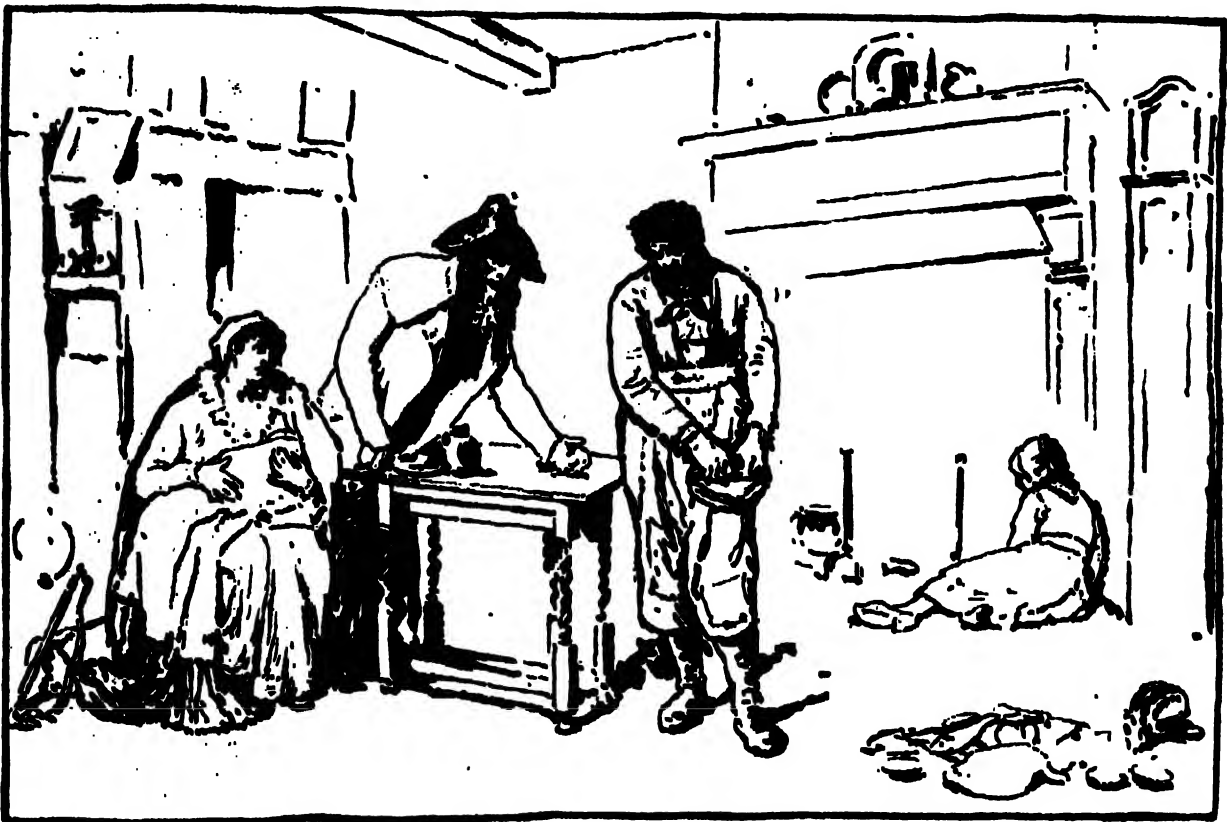
SCENE FROM "GIL BLAS"

Drawn by J. D. Linton from his water-colour drawing

Encouraged by this success, Mr. Linton betook himself with assiduity to oil-painting, and was represented in the Grosvenor Gallery of 1879 by a group of five—*Les Emigrés*, the same subject as the water-colour drawing of the previous year; *The Quarrel*; a *Scene from Gil Blas*; *Valentine*, from "Faust," subsequently etched by M. Lhuillier; and *A Study*. During the time that these were being exhibited Mr. Linton received a commission for a series of pictures to be hung together in a room as part of a scheme of decoration. They are to be six in number, and are to represent incidents in the life of a soldier of the sixteenth century. The first of these, *Victorious*, of which we give an illustration, was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1880, and it was followed in the two succeeding years by *The Benediction* and *The Banquet*, both at the Royal Academy. Mr. Linton is now engaged on a fourth, *The Surrender*, and when the whole series is completed, the works will be hung in their proper sequence in the room for which they are intended. The execution of these works has almost been a labour of love to the artist, and his immense interest in them is amply evidenced by the pains he has taken to get together the collection of mediæval armour which now ornaments every nook and corner of his

studio. The early works of this series reveal some of the difficulties against which the artist has had to contend in his new field of labour, and it is scarcely depreciatory of his talent to say that he has not yet quite succeeded in imparting to his works in oil those remarkable qualities of light and colour which have won for him so high a place among contemporary painters in water-colours.

Mr. Linton is a determined opponent of the modern theory that "going to Nature" is the one and only school. He contends that all art is cumulative, and that the theory in question has not only resulted in our time in a vast amount of miniature art, but has led artists, in their desire to be original, which means being individual, to discard the accumulated knowledge of their predecessors; and in support of his views he contends that no man of real ability can ever get rid of the individuality, however absorbed he may be in his admiration of a certain school or master. Mr. Linton's worship is given to the masters of the Italian and Flemish schools of the great periods, his especial gods being Titian and Paolo Veronese, but he also has an extreme veneration for our own English school of landscape painting, a branch of art in which he holds that we reign supreme. That he is a worshipper of colour need scarcely be added, and



LES ÉMIGRÉS

Drawn by J. D. Linton from his picture

on a par with it he places those qualities of refinement that are expressed in painting by delicate gradation of tone. He will fortunately have ample scope for putting his theories into still more ample practice, as he has received a commission to execute in water-colours a series of pictures and studies of characters from the novels of Sir Walter Scott. He has also just finished a large water-colour drawing, *The Admonition*, for the new Galleries of the Institute in Piccadilly, and this leads us to the mention of the important part played by Mr. Linton in the history of that society, in whose welfare he has taken, and continues to take, so deep and so abiding an interest. The completion of the new building, an undertaking which was at one time considered beyond the possibility of realization, is in a very great measure due to his exertions and untiring energy. The merit, it is true, does not belong to him alone, but his associates will be the first to recognise how large is his share in it. That it will give renewed life to the Institute may be confidently anticipated, but it will do more than that; it can hardly fail to afford a great incentive to the advancement of the art of painting in water-colour, an art which is purely national in its birth, and which has existed up to the present time with no aid beyond that furnished by its own inherent vitality.



THE READER

Facsimile of a pen-and-ink sketch by A. Casanova

ANTONIO CASANOVA



AMONG the lightest and latest of the painters of *genre*, Signor Antonio Casanova holds a distinguished place. His art is a legitimate product of the spirit in painting which the genius of Fortuny may be said to have originated; although the form in which his fancy finds freest exercise stamps his work with a touch of individuality that saves him from the reproach of imitation. It is a genuine product of our time, inasmuch as it employs for its purposes the resources accumulated by modern research; and yet so gaily does the artist bear his learning, he makes so little of the knowledge he displays, and so skilfully combines with it an independent vein of humour and an original observation of social life and manners, that in the enjoyment of a result that seems so little

laboured we are tempted to forget or to ignore the means by which it has been attained. In the society of more serious artists he presents himself with the careless air of a *bon vivant*, who is forgetful of what he has inherited from the past in a keen delight in the humours of the present. Like Charles Surface, who was ready to get rid of a whole gallery of old masters for the sake of ease and good cheer, Casanova makes light of tradition, and yet almost unconsciously presses into his services elements in art that are the natural outcome of the earlier labours of painting. For he is not a realist in the rigid sense in which the word is now understood. He loves to avail himself of whatever is most attractive and piquant in historical costume, not however for the sake of illusion, but rather in the spirit of masquerade. There is a kind of wit that takes a keener edge under the shelter of a domino, and so with the art of Casanova, his humour loves to exercise itself in the disguise of the dress and manners of another age. It retains always a distinctively modern accent, but in virtue of its retreat into the past it gains a certain liberty that in a modern garb might be mistaken for coarseness. Take for instance one of his principal works, *Une mauvaise Plaisanterie*; if such a school-boy joke were made the subject of a picture affecting to present a scene of contemporary life it would scarcely be tolerated. Society would not recognise itself in such surroundings, and yet when the too obvious humour of the incident is refined by the dainty costume and courtly bearing of the world of the seventeenth century, it becomes acceptable and even attractive. Sometime Signor Casanova has failed altogether by reason of the absence in his work of these elements of artistic grace and charm. *Un Coin du Jardin*, a picture of a monk and a damsel ogling one another from the opposite ends of a garden-seat, is unredeemed by any sort of beauty save that which it derives

from the artist's unfailing skill in execution. Here Signor Casanova is always a master according to his own ideal. Whatever may be the material in which he chooses to express himself, his effects are won by means that show an original feeling for its peculiar resources, a novel force and a surprising dexterity in fitting it to the peculiar scheme of his art. He is perhaps at his best in rapid and suggestive sketches in pen and ink, and the illustrations which accompany this article may be taken as excellent samples of the certainty and assurance of his characteristic style. No one has ever given greater brilliancy to this kind of work or has known how to indicate, by such simple means, differences of texture and qualities of surface preserving at the same time a delightful vivacity of expression, and conveying by a few strokes the sense of life and movement in the action of the limbs. The recumbent figure of *The Reader* exhibits in the happiest fashion the lightness and force of the artist's method; his delicacy in noting and recording subtleties of gesture and superficial traits of character, and his ease in fitting the costume upon the model in such a way as to make us feel that it is not merely donned in the studio to be cast aside when the sitting is finished. The *Violin Player* bears witness also to a fine sense of humour. The attitude of the old man, and the intent expression of his face as he sits down to tune his instrument, are rendered in a spirit of harmless satire that is inimitable; while, from a technical point of view, we may observe how skilfully he makes use of depth of tone to give the suggestion of local colour, and how broadly and yet how subtly he has treated the rugged modelling of the features and hands.

Signor Casanova's fondness for costume, and his preference for subjects that allow him to escape from the rigid restraints of contemporary manners, are suggestive of a curious process of transformation through which the art of *genre* painting has passed since the date of its first appearance in Europe. In its earlier manifestations it took the form of a protest against artifice and unreality, a protest made on behalf of simple, everyday life as against the overbearing claims of painting which concerned itself exclusively with the themes of history and imagination. We may note the first assertion of this spirit among the Venetians, and especially in the work of Tiepolo, but it was left to the painters of the north,

to the faithful students of common life whose triumphs belong to the Dutch school, to develop the new creed and to show the extent of its application. In their art there is no signs of any desire to appropriate the graces of historical style. They were content with the rendering of realities that lay close at hand, untroubled by any doubts as to the beauty of the material upon which they were employed. *Genre* painting, with its absorbing interest in contemporary life and manners, was then, and for long afterwards remained, absolutely distinct from the kind of art which concerned itself with historical illustration. The separation between the two styles was complete, and it is only in later days that their forces have been again in a certain sense united. To attempt to set out the various influences which have brought about this recent reconciliation would drive us into an inquiry far transcending our present limits. But this at least may be said: that if historical painting, as it is now understood, has abandoned some of its



A REVERIE

Unpublished drawing by A. Casanova

old pretensions, and, grown weary of presenting in a cold and formal shape the public acts of kings and heroes, has sought to win a stronger impress of vitality and animation by penetrating into the social life



THE FLAUTIST

Unpublished drawing by A. Casanova

of the past, so in like manner, and in almost equal degree, *genre* painting has tired of the irksome labour of interpreting the dull record of contemporary existence, and has been moved by the ambition



THE VIOLINIST

Facsimile of a pen-and-ink sketch by A. Casanova

to add to the portraiture of manners something of the superior grace and charm with which fancy endows the life of a bygone generation.

Certain it is that in every modern school we may detect the tendency which has been remarked in the painting of Signor Casanova. Among our own painters we have men like Mr. Marks, Mr. Leslie, and Mr. Boughton, who constantly prefer to take refuge in the costume and the surroundings of an earlier time. They love to set a modern theme to an old-fashioned accompaniment, finding in the process greater scope for the exercise of ingenuity and new suggestions of grace and beauty. Nothing, one would be disposed to say, is more distinctly modern in its appeal than humour or has less need of the assistance of disguise, and yet Mr. Marks, with his undeniable gifts in this kind, is never at his best unless his characters are allowed to thrust their quaint modern faces into antique garments. And what is true of the English school applies equally to the art of continental countries, where there is the same noticeable tendency to eke out the interest of subjects of *genre* by the aid of historical reference and suggestion. How far it is a healthy symptom of the art of our time it is not perhaps for us to determine. The study of costume is now



THE BETROTHED

Facsimile of a pen-and-ink sketch by A. Casanova

conducted with an amount of learning and research that leaves little to desire, but it may be that in the pursuit of a certain undeniable charm which it enables a painter to give to his work, there is a danger lest he should lose command of those finer and deeper realities of character and sentiment which give to the works of the earlier *genre* painters an enduring fascination.

In his fondness for costume, Signor Casanova does not, however, always seek his subjects from the past. He belongs to a nation which still preserves in its dress something of picturesque character, and we may point to the pictures of *The Betrothed* and *Indiscretion* as skilful illustrations of contemporary life. The clever drawing of a peasant-child spinning his top, which forms a pleasant reminiscence of the artist's residence at Rome, affords further proof of the eagerness with which he seizes upon surviving traces of characteristic natural costume. But on the whole, it is in the elegant dress of the seventeenth century that his figures seem to be most at ease; and, besides *Une mauvaise Plaisanterie*, already mentioned, we may recall the spirited picture of *Vandyck at the Court of Charles I.*, exhibited in the Salon a few years ago.



LA FORTUNINA

BY MRS. COMYNS CARR, AUTHOR OF 'NORTH ITALIAN FOLK,' 'A STORY OF AUTUMN,' ETC., ETC

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE betrothed pair crossed the great, bright square of the Post Office, and took their way up the darker *Salita Santa Caterina*. Marrina's shop was at the top of it, just outside the old archway that had once been a gate of the town, and whose span the public gardens now traversed. As they came up the street they could hear the chatter of the women washing clothes in the public tanks beneath the great vault, and could distinguish the noise that they made beating the linen against the hard stones.

Pietro drew his bride up beside the radiant vegetable booth where his good friend's jolly old face toned its ruddy colour with the oranges and pomegranates on her stall. There she sat, with her hands on her knees, and her ample bosom swelling beneath the folds of her amber kerchief, gazing idly down the street, and with her merry smile inviting all wayfarers to buy and gossip. In truth, Marrina was the very emblem of contentment and the *dolce far niente*. She was no lazybones; she could work with the best in spite of her cumbersome person, but she loved her bit of leisure when work was done, and, dearer than all, she loved to live with her face in the street! A stray word with a stranger was better to her than silence, and she would rather hear herself abused than be denied the sound of a neighbour's voice, and the still sweeter echo of her own voice in retaliation. But though she was looking into the world now, peering out to see what scrap of news she could pick up, her face was turned in an opposite direction from that in which Pietro and his companion were coming, and it was with a sudden start and merry oath that she veered quickly round at the sound of Pietro's voice.

"What! never Pietro Paggi?" exclaimed she gaily. "Why, one hasn't seen you up for a word of gossip these months past, lad! What has kept you? But, there, I need not ask *that*," added she, sily, after a little pause, while she seemed to be waiting for Pietro to speak! "When a young man comes by with a pretty face at his side it's waste of time to ask what kept him busy."

Old Marrina laughed unctuously, and Pietro smiled and shuffled, but Teresina stood there quite unconcerned, and even the flush in her cheek, that had come from the hurried walk, could not make her look anything but white, and calm, and demure, and perfectly collected. Only she pressed the arm that she held ever so little, just to remind her lover of what it would be suitable to say. Old Marrina looked at her keenly. She was a shrewd old soul, and even in that one little moment she made a guess about the pretty damsel before her which was not so far from the mark as it might have been.

There was a pause, and then Pietro, pushed by sundry little nudges that were being dealt him by the small hand under his arm, hurried wildly to the point.

"Yes," answered he, without further preamble. "This is the

girl, neighbour. You are never far out in matters of this kind. We are to be married before the feast of the Rosary."

And then old Marrina laughed again, louder and longer than ever, and said that she wouldn't have believed Pietro Paggi could have told such a tale without a blush to his face, as he was doing; but that, of course, that was always the way with these shy fellows; they always did bolder things than anybody else, and secured better prizes. "Ay," said she, lapsing into the reminiscence mood, "you wouldn't credit the tales I could tell you of this quiet gallant of yours, my pretty one! Though, to be sure, the strangest thing that I ever heard of in the whole course of my life happened to Pietro Paggi without any fault of his—that is to say if one is to believe his word! Ay, he *did* cut a queer figure in the market-place that day! But there, don't looked so scared, lad. I'm not one to make mischief between sweethearts. And, though 'twas nought to be ashamed of, I can understand you might prefer the lass not to hear the tale."

Teresina glanced at her lover's face. Certainly it wore an uncomfortable expression. The truth is it had never struck Pietro that Marrina might refer to that morning, five years ago, when he had found Fortunina in the river bed, and had carried her into the market-place. If it *had* occurred to him he would never have brought about a meeting between the two women, for country folks are strange, and where a girl would cheerfully accept a man's bastard for his sake, she might not as cheerfully consent to work for a child who had no right, but that of common charity, to his hearth. He had never told the old fruiteress how he had been driven, by his poor mother's uncharitableness, into passing off the foundling as his own child, and now, if she spoke of the babe as being at the Foundling Hospital, where she supposed it to have been placed, Teresina would at once put two and two together and spurn his darling for the little unknown waif that she was. That was why Pietro's face wore a perplexed and uncomfortable expression as he listened to the old woman's tattle.

But fortunately, Teresina had far too poor an opinion of her gallant to imagine anything which might be to his credit. He would make a good husband because he was well off, and because he was staid, and because he was too stupid to scent aught amiss; but he was a fool, and she would never have done him the justice to think he could be the hero of any thing romantic. That Fortunina should be his child was odd, of course, but even a fool had an impulse towards amusing himself sometimes, and it was a proof of his foolishness that he should have saddled himself with the consequences of his amusement when he need not have done so. She smiled sweetly in the old dame's face. Certainly, neither her words nor Pietro's discomfited appearance could have aught to say to anything of moment. Possibly the fruiteress knew of the existence of the bastard child, and that was no news to Teresina.

"I do not want to hear the tale," said she, quietly. "I have

no fear of any tale about my betrothed not being to his credit. If he likes he will tell me himself; if not—well, it is the same to me.”

Pietro smiled with satisfaction, and threw his thumb over the shoulder that was nearest his bride with a wink at the old lady, which meant to say, “See what a discreet maiden I have secured!” And why should he not be proud of the lass? He loved her little; but at least he might be proud of her! It was the only balm that he could lay to his soul for its many and grievous hurts, and why should he not take it? And in this particular instance her discretion was a real mercy. He could not be thankful enough to her for it. He could not understand why Marrina’s shrewd old face should wear a perplexed expression as she gazed sharply at Teresina’s gentle countenance and pretty, downcast eyes. But after all, what did it matter? He knew the girl’s worth, and very probably his friend was only critically observing the colour of her kerchief or the set of her veil, as women will.

Anyhow, as Teresina reminded him, after a few pretty common-places had passed gaily between the parties, time was passing and he had forgotten to make the invitation with which they had come. This omission was soon rectified however, and, though Marrina demurred at first, she could not resist the temptation to a little fun, and soon decided to leave the shop in the care of the last dark-eyed daughter that was left unwed, and go for an hour’s recreation, taking the younger grandchildren with her.

“The Creator meant us to enjoy ourselves,” said she, in excuse; “especially in the summer time! When the winter comes, one is more of a mind to sit gloomy. And it is but fair the young folk should work a bit in exchange for all the slaving the old ones have done for them.”

This was just. But the “last unmarried one” did not see matters in this light, though she had had her fun last *festa* while the mother was at her post. She neglected a customer to look sulkily after the pleasure-seekers as they climbed the Accacia Avenue to the public gardens. In truth they were a merry gang. Old Marrina, ample and imposing in a green stuff gown and gaudy shawl, Teresina, fresh and dainty with her snowy veil, the three children cleaned, and at present in their right minds, and Pietro in his best, plodding along for all the world as he always did when he came with the cabbages to the shop: it was enough to excite any girl’s envy, even though, with a sign across the way, she could get a makeshift gallant in the shape of a grocer’s lad to come and wile away an hour.

Marrina’s youngest thought of them, however, as sitting lazily on a bench in the Acquasola and listening to the band while they cracked filberts, and this had not been in keeping with Pietro’s restless mood. He had insisted at first in taking his party to those gardens above the town where you walk among camellia groves, and down long stately avenues of ilex and cypresses; where ghosts of past days seem to tread in your wake, and sigh sad ditties in the breeze that moans through the branches. But the broad, deserted terraces, in their trim and lifeless order; the long, solitary walks, peopled only with images of bygone merry-makings, were not to the taste of modern holiday-seekers, who wanted present and ready-made diversions. Pietro vowed these grim and majestic armies of black cypresses were as bad as Dominican friars carrying the extreme unction, or as the brotherhood of the dead when they went to fetch a corpse to burial, and that for his part he wanted to think of living and not of dying yet a while. And as the women agreed with him readily—and did not even find distraction enough when they came out on to the pretty vine-grown *pianasetta* and stood beside the fountain of Cupids under the spreading ilex tree and saw and heard a hundred sights and sounds of the town at their feet—they retraced their steps down the hill again and took a little carriage at the foot of it and went for a drive.

The carriage was a great extravagance, but one to Teresina’s

mind. She spread her pretty gown to view in it and leant back like a lady, and was happy. To be sure she would rather not have had Marrina’s three grandchildren there, climbing over her gown and soiling it, but Marrina herself was good company and kept the talk going, which Pietro only did by wild fits and starts.

They drove through the dust to the Campo Santo. That was not a gay place either, as Pietro soon told the driver who had advised it. What should he want with seeing the graves of men and women, whom, God grant, were happy in Paradise? He did not crave for Paradise yet; he wanted nothing better than the Acquasola gardens! Teresina looked at him aghast. Was this Pietro who was always so quiet, and steady, and pious? Yes—it was Pietro, and Pietro in search of something which he was not destined to find that day. He spent his money and he did all he could to be merry, but it was not a merriment of the heart; not even when they left the dead in Paradise and came back to the Acquasola Gardens, which they all vowed they ought never to have left.

They paced up and down among the crowds of loungers in the long avenues of accacias and horse-chestnuts, and they drank lemonade, and they climbed to see the view, and though all the time Pietro laughed and joked as he had never laughed before, there was a hollow sound in his laughter which might have told an acute observer that the heart was not really light. All the same he was indefatigable—he would not give in. The thunder-clouds were creeping up round the horizon, the heat was so oppressive that the iced-water and filbert sellers waxed faint in their cries, and the two women begged for mercy, and flung themselves exhausted on a bench within sound of the tumbling cascade—but Pietro only rallied them on their slender courage, and mopped his brow and went on.

He fancied that the hum of life kept him from thinking—and yet he had been thinking all the time. Thinking how gladly he would have met that pale gentleman with the white teeth at some street corner of a night time—thinking how it would feel to have one hand at his throat and the other upon his own good knife! Thinking over and over again that Vittoria had deceived him, that it was not because she was jealous of his fancied loves that she had spurned him, but because she had a lover of her own,—a lover whom she had now come to Genoa to see again; a lover whom she had loved ever since he first saw her, that feast of S. Giovanni, six years ago!

He did not ask himself why he had made so sure Vittoria had deceived him; he did not ask himself any explanation of the fact that she had come to San Bartolomeo to seek work, and had lived there from Easter-tide till now—solitary and destitute. All at once every evil thing that had ever been jealously whispered of the beautiful girl, leaped to his memory and lit his brain in one great fire of revenge. He said to himself that he was not thinking, that he was amusing himself and was going to be married, and yet all the time he was heaping thoughts together so hotly and vividly that, when presently he turned the corner of a dark walk in the deepening twilight, and came upon two figures in earnest parley, he scarcely even started, for he had had one at least of them before his eyes for the last two hours!

No; he did not start. It was Teresina who suddenly dropped his arm and stopped in her walk and peered into the dark in front of her.

There, beneath the shadow of an arbutus tree, not ten yards before them, stood the tall figure of a woman, with a handsome, dark profile turned towards them. Her majestic person was drawn to its full height; she was gesticulating wildly and talking eagerly to a gentleman who lounged carelessly by with his back turned, smoking his cigar. There could be no doubt in the mind of any who had once beheld her—it was Vittoria Vita.

Yes—it was Vittoria Vite, but who was she with, and what was she about? Both Pietro and Teresina stood still a space watching. Both of them were, for the moment, too much engrossed to think of warning the other. Who was the fellow on whom she was striving—and apparently, in vain—to make an impression? His face was turned from them, and even the outline of his figure was but dimly discernible in the shadow of the tree and the growing darkness. Nevertheless, there was something about it which seemed familiar to the betrothed couple. It was that of a tall and stalwart man, dressed—as far as one could tell by the uncertain light—in a showy suit of broadly-checked homespun. Teresina's cheek paled a little as she looked at the wide back that was turned towards her, and Pietro knit his brows as though in perplexity. The back did not seem to him as though it ought to belong to the thin and effeminate face of the young silk mercer with the patent leather boots.

He made a step forwards, and Teresina followed. Both seemed anxious to get a glimpse of the man's face. But he kept it steadily turned from them, and now, instead of advancing nearer to them, he began, as luck would have it, to move in the opposite direction—away from them, and away also from the woman who was so eagerly pleading with him. She—poor soul—seemed to be imploring some boon that was hard to obtain. Now she laid her hand upon his arm and gazed beseechingly in his face; and then—when he turned aside, only laughing scornfully—she drew back threateningly, and clenched her hand and gnashed her teeth.

It was not much like a lover's meeting, but it was like enough to brand Vittoria in the eyes of both those who were looking at her. As she gazed, the look that had been strangely like fear in Teresina's face, gave place to one of triumph. She seemed to make up her mind that there was no cause whatever for what she had dreaded, and she gave herself up to the joy of finding her rival out in misconduct. A little cruel smile curled her thin lips and showed her pretty teeth. She turned and looked at her lover.

His eyes were still searching after these two who had wandered off now into the dusk—the man flying, the woman pursuing. A strange mixture of perplexity and jealous rage was in his honest face. Had Vittoria more than one lover, then? No, no; it was impossible! It was impossible! It was an hallucination; an invention of the devil—but, oh, how he hated her; how he loathed her for having even one! He dug his nails into his hands that his fury might not betray itself.

But it did betray itself, for Teresina saw it—saw it and exulted over it. Pietro was convinced at last: his Diana was only a Venus at the best! She rejoiced, but she said nothing; she was far too considerate. She only tasted her triumph quietly for a moment, and then turned to old Marrina with as commonplace a remark as though nothing had happened.

Teresina was very discreet and very self-contained, but not quite so discreet as completely to blind the shrewd and vigilant eyes of the clever old city dame. Marrina had been busy with the three grandchildren while this little scene had been passing: the little ones were weary of sights and comforts at last, and wanted to go home. But in spite of their clamour the grandmother had not failed to note what was passing in the minds of her companions, and she drew her own deductions. They were shrewd enough, only she had guessed nothing in the case of Pietro and she had guessed a great deal in the case of Teresina. Pietro's bride was a deep one for all her innocent face, and Pietro should be warned before many days had passed. He should be warned, but not now, not here. Marrina was a woman too, and she would have been ashamed at her age not to be, at least, as discreet and as circumspect as a young chit of twenty, if not quite so innocent-looking!

She went on cuffing one grandchild, and expostulating with

another, and stuffing lollypops into the mouth of a third just as if she had noticed nothing. And Pietro and Teresina were both deceived; they thought Marrina was a fool! But she was not a fool! And she was surprised that that lynx-eyed little country damsel should be so silly as not to see she was no fool! At all events, not such a big fool as to be taken in by the dimness of a twilight hour. Pietro, she would have expected to deceive by her little tricks with the children: he was only a man—and a simple one. He—she could see it—had not even remarked Teresina's perturbation, so much had he been taken up with his own! And, more than that, he did not even know that his bride had had her eyes open. Poor dear, he was not clever! He positively did not even suspect that Teresina had guessed his secret, by the way in which she markedly abstained from looking at him and gently acquiesced when he suddenly changed his mood and declared that he had had enough of holiday-making and that they must hasten lest they missed the last train! A woman would have been ashamed to be so dense!

What Pietro had said about holiday-making was, however, true enough; every one was sick of it now, and it was high time to go home. They came out upon the *piazza* above the cascade for a last peep of the gay town, and stood there a moment watching the thunder-clouds drift up against the red sunset above the sea, but the shapes of domes and steeples only showed dimly in the grayness, and the streets at their feet, and the walks and shrubberies around them, were all dotted along with bright spots of artificial light: night was upon them. Though, in spite of an ominous oppressiveness as of a storm in the air, townspeople flocked out to enjoy the comparative freshness, and eat ices in the cafés, their country-folk's day was over, and they must go home. Silently Pietro led the way through the gaslit avenues and the narrow side walks where only the tardy summer daylight lingered to show the path. His mad fit was past and he could not pretend to be gay as the women could pretend, following after him and chattering as they came.

He could not even pretend to be glad when old Marrina, parting from them outside the closed shutters of her gay little stall, gave him an order for fruit for the next market, which would have made his eyes open upon any other day of the week. No, it never struck him as anything strange, not even when she begged him to bring the fruit up to the shop himself, and laid as much emphasis on the words as she dared do in the presence of Teresina, and even gave him a hasty wink afterwards, while the girl's back was turned.

Marrina vowed that night that she had no patience with the lad. She would have had less patience still if she could have seen his absent look at the station half an hour later, beneath the very fire of questioning glances that were passing rapidly between his betrothed and a man in the crowd.

But Pietro had no eyes for anything. All the way home he saw nothing but a dark and solitary alley among accacia and laburnum shrubs, where two figures stood alone in the gloaming under an arbutus tree. Yes; nothing but a woman with flaming eyes gazing up into the face of one, whom God defend from his own strong arm and his little dagger!

With such a scene in his brain no wonder that he was a little absent, no wonder that he failed to notice something peculiar in the manner of his bride when, at the little country terminus they fell in with the "Signor Americano" coming back from town like themselves. No; though folk around nudged one another as he approached, he noticed nothing. There was only one thing that roused him from his stupor, and that was when Carlo Strappu, the "Americano," offered to drive Teresina as far as the bridge in his dainty covered dog-cart that she might be protected from the storm which had broken. Pietro was pleased at that; he thought it was an attempt on the part of his old friend to return to the happier relations of former days. He was touched by the

attention, and, for the first time, exercised his authority upon his betrothed when she, foolish wench, drew herself up proudly, and would have liked to refuse.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE weeks slipped slowly away. The cherries were plucked and dried and stored long ago, the yellow egg-plums were ripe, the meadows had been shorn for the second hay-making, and the mellow harvest was beginning to gild the land beneath trellises where purple grapes hung nearly ready for the vintage. In two weeks it would be the day for the great autumn fair at Busalla, and Pietro was not yet married. He was astonished at it himself—astonished and annoyed. For he had wanted the thing completed, the last irrevocable step taken, and no possibility of going back. And it was not his fault that it was not so.

On the very morrow of that eventful day in the town, when he had told himself that his eyes had been opened and that he had for ever chased the sullied image of Vittoria from his memory—Pietro, after a sleepless night of rage and misery, had hastened to the cottage on the hill to urge his bride to a speedy consummation of the affair in hand. Long engagements were rare on the country side; theirs had been too long already. The matrimonial gold was bought and the wedding-day always followed closely on that—let theirs be fixed at once. He had anticipated no difficulty. Had not Bianca del Prelo told him on the night of the San-Giovanni that Teresina sneered at him for delaying?

But he had reckoned without his host. Something had happened to Teresina. She who—in her own discreet and decorous fashion had always shown him encouragement—had drawn back from him as if there were some barrier between them. He had found her in an irritable and inconsequent frame of mind, most unlike her usual self-possession, and on pressing for an answer had received an almost tart reply. True, the girl had quickly recovered herself, had urged a headache from the previous day's fatigue as her excuse, and had proceeded, in her usual quiet manner, to give a string of very practical reasons for the propriety of some delay in completing their betrothal by marriage. The haste would be unseemly, she had said. And summer-time was so busy, with crops to get in and pack away, and all the mowing and threshing to do. Would not the autumn, with its short, slack days, after the vintage was pressed and the chestnuts housed—be a far more suitable time for such sport?

Pietro's astonishment had known no bounds. What could be the matter? Could it be that she had seen Vittoria in the dark garden and had that sown distrust in the girl's heart? But how was she to know that he had been on that mad quest back to the old palace in the afternoon while she had sat in the apothecary's shop? She *could* not know it, and for such admiration of the handsome stranger as the village folk had sometimes rallied him upon—she knew that beforehand. Besides, the sight of Vittoria with another man, as they had seen her, should have quieted rather than roused any suspicions about himself.

Pietro could not make it out, but he had supposed that, nevertheless, Vittoria *must* have something to do with it. Contrary to everything that had ever been known of him before, he had positively descended to a lover's usual methods of persuasion. He wanted this marriage now, it should *not* fall through. He had used every argument that he could think of, and had absolutely *refused* to wait until the day of All Saints, which was what the girl had at first proposed. And so the morrow of the autumn fair had been fixed, and Teresina had sighed a sigh as Pietro had taken his way down the rugged mountain path.

Pietro had heard the sigh and had understood it: she was glad to be rid of him. What could be the reason of her sudden alteration of manner? All the way home he had puzzled over it. He had even questioned Fortunina about it. But what was the child to know? She had not seen the stepmother since the day of the holiday in town. To tell the truth she had refused to see her. Her fit of baby displeasure had not yet melted. Pietro had come to the conclusion that the cause of estrangement between himself and his bride must surely be owing somehow to that glimpse of Vittoria in the garden. But he had decided that the cloud would soon blow over, and had resolved to think no more of the matter.

Poor Pietro! He was not suspicious. Perhaps he had not really a free mind for suspicions about Teresina, however much he told himself that he had chased the image of his first love from his heart.

For, if he had been ever so little suspicious, he must have guessed that something was amiss. Certainly, it was not the fault of his old friend—the city fruiteress—if he did not guess it. For that day, when he had gone to the shop at the top of the Santa Caterina hill, with the princely order for fruit and green-grocery, Marrina had not stinted her tongue of good, wholesome warnings to him! She had sworn that she would cut off her right hand if she were mistaken (Marrina was a great hand at figures of speech!), but that surely Teresina was a sly one. Pietro might take his oath of it, she would betray him! What! did he think that a body had lived nigh upon sixty years in a big town for nothing? Go to; she knew a thing or so, and she would swear there was something behind, when a girl behaved so daintily! Besides, Pietro was a blind baby if he had not seen that Teresina had glared at the companion of the tall woman that holiday night in the Acquasola gardens, as no lass ought to glare at any but her own betrothed. The good lady swore there was something underneath it; but the good lady wasted her breath—Pietro would not believe her. Had he not good cause not to believe her, for did he not himself know the reason why Teresina had glared at that couple, although he could not tell Marrina what it was? If he *had* told her, told her that the reason was the girl's jealousy concerning himself, who can tell but that funny old dame might have burst into a roar of laughter and have explained to him that no wench of the make of his betrothed would ever be jealous concerning a simple fellow like himself! But he did not tell her and did not take her warnings.

Without a doubt he was not suspicious. Even certain rumours that were creeping about the parish failed to come to his ears. When the neighbours heard how Teresina had put off the wedding day, *they* guessed fast enough what was the reason. Some said scruples troubled her at the last, some that scruples never troubled Teresina della Fontana's cool little head, but that she was only trying to delay proceedings until she saw if she could not lead some richer admirer the lengths of marriage; but one and all agreed that the *need* for scruples was there. "Oh," they said, "Teresina knows how to feather her nest! She will not be off with a good bargain till she is sure she can get something better; but that she is *after* something better—that is clear!"—The parish was wiser about Pietro's affairs than Pietro was himself. And the parish was sorry for Pietro: it would have warned him if it could. He was a favourite—he had been a good friend to many in their straits, and they could not bear to see him deceived.

And deceived all but the poor fellow himself knew that he too surely was. Who would ever have thought it? Teresina della Fontana, the most prim and demure damsel for miles around. But it was always those quiet girls who were the worst, folk said now. Ay; even those said so who had cried her up to Pietro as the wisest choice he could make. Shame upon her!

they cried, to deceive such a good, stupid fellow. And *before* she was even wed to him! Many do it afterwards, and afterwards she might have been excused, for who could be expected to be enamoured of Pietro Paggi? One takes such a quiet fellow for a husband, not for a lover. But beforehand—with the marriage gold in one's pocket!—No, no; it was too bad!

At first the rumour was only whispered. Certainly the "Americano" had made amorous eyes at the lass; and for one of his position to do it towards a poor girl was suspicious. They had been seen at road-side corners of a dusky evening, and he had danced with her all night at the San Giovanni, and she gave him the holy water at mass—he who never entered a church before. Still, that was not enough. But now there were other things. How could Pietro be so blind? Why, he even threw her at his rival's head, and made himself laughed at by everybody.

On that night when he had brought his bride home from buying her the gold in Genoa, the Signor Americano had been at the station—every one knew it. He had been to town, and he had his light little covered cart to meet him at the train, for fear he should be weary—he a peasant-born lad—with walking four miles of good road. And when he had seen that la Teresina was there, he had offered her a seat home in his waggon. It had only two places, he had said to Pietro, but it would keep the girl from wet. There had been a dreadful thunderstorm that night, the sky had been alive with lightning, shooting in sheets and tongues of fire, and the rain had poured down in bucketsful. Of course it was comfortable to see one's lass dry and warm beneath a covered cart in such weather, but Pietro Paggi was a fool to accept the favour from such a man as the American. Instead of which, if you would believe it, he had seemed quite pleased, and it had been the girl who had demurred a little before accepting. But then, it was evident now that that was her cunning; for somebody coming along the road that evening had met the covered cart jogging up a hill, and had overheard words passing within it between the occupants; in such a storm they had thought the road deserted and had not lowered their voices. This somebody had heard Teresina's voice in broken and tearful accents, that were proof enough in themselves of the degree of intimacy reached. She had been upbraiding the gallant for some supposed breach of faith, and he, with tokens that need no describing, had tried to convince her of his innocence.

It was sadly to be feared indeed that, Pietro was gulled. Every one would have been sorry if he had not been so foolish as almost to deserve it. Why, the very townsfolk had jeered as he had trudged off that night along the soaking road, with his betrothed in the rich man's cart.

Yet he, poor devil, had not even wondered why they had jeered. He had not been thinking about Teresina just then. His thoughts had been on another matter. But of course folk knew nothing of that, and they were quite right to jeer at him for letting his honour be filched away behind his back by an upstart emigrant who cared not to what evil uses he put ill-gotten riches. Pietro Paggi was a fool, and yet the neighbours at home were sorry. They saw in his innocence only an additional proof of the "good heart" which it was only fair to try and save from dishonour. But how to do it? Pietro was proud, and did not willingly allow his affairs to be broadly discussed. And, unfortunately for him, those who could most easily reach his confidence were either such persons as the Prevosto and his old servant—to whose more secluded ears such tales of village scandal did not penetrate—or else vicious souls like Bianca del Prelo, who was but too pleased to reward many fancied slights of the virtuous "priest's favourite," even with such an unneighbourly act as the neglect of so very important a warning.

And so time sped onward. It only wanted two weeks of the fair, and the wedding was to be on the day after the fair, and yet Pietro suspected nothing, and no one had had the courage to tell

him anything. One old woman, a friend of his poor mother's, had indeed begged him to postpone the marriage until the Feast of Saints, but she dared give no reason, excepting that the season was a good one for weddings, and of course Pietro had only laughed, and answered that for him all seasons were good, and that the affair had dragged on too long already. Certainly that was true; and so the chestnuts began to fill out their prickly shells, and the blackberries blackened the hedgerows, and the marriage day drew on apace.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE fortnight was nearly gone. It was the eve of the Busalla fair. Pietro was hoeing up the ground in the garden plot near the cottage. Little Fortunina sat on a mound in the field beyond, and wove a wreath for the good grandmother's grave from the Michaelmas daisies that grew with the tomatoes in the front border. Tonino, the little foster-brother, was playing with Fortunina. The two children sat on the mound and prattled gaily, but Fortunina was not gracious—she was never gracious to the foster-brother.

Pietro lifted his eyes from his work and looked along the path towards the church. The fine new house that belonged to the "Americano" stood along the road some couple of yards further on. It had an ugly bit of newly laid out garden around it, planted with choice trees and fruits. Pietro often envied the things he saw there. He had the grower's love for the produce of the land, and it seemed very hard to him that he could not obtain such choice things with his care and love as another did with money only. He would have grudged those rare plants and fruits to anybody, and he grudged them to his former friend more than he would have done to any one else. He thought he did not envy those ill-gotten riches, but he did. He kicked against the injustice of it. Had not Carlo Strappa and he played in these very meadows when they were boys, and had Carlo Strappa been any better than himself then? Nay, he had been worse, for he had been a good-for-nothing lad, and always in some underhand scrape or other; and when Pietro had been chosen to serve the mass because of his good conduct at school Carlo Strappa had been in disgrace for stealing the silver ornaments off one of the side altars in the oratory and selling them in the town. Many a time had the good-natured Pietro dragged him out of trouble at the risk of being himself suspected of the misdemeanour from which he had striven to screen his friend. And yet Carlo Strappa had never been grateful; had never done anything for him in return; and now that, after wasting his youth in his own country, he had somehow managed to scrape together a fortune in foreign lands, he was as arrogant as any prince among his own folk. Sometimes Pietro felt as though he could hate him for it all. Yes; in spite of all the boyish memories that gathered round him, and which, at other moments, made him think almost tearfully as upon that day in the town—of his old comrade. Pietro had hoped once that there might have been a little return to the old friendship—had hoped it specially on that night when his friend had offered a drive home to Teresina. He had taken the attention as a tacit sign of friendliness towards himself. And if Carlo had made the slightest cordial advance he would have forgiven him all his neglect. But there had been none, and Pietro's angry pride rose up higher than ever. What had this man done to have riches and all the good gifts of Heaven merely because he chose to call himself the "Americano"?

As he looked now along the road he saw that handsome figure come lounging from beneath the heavy portico of his house and take his way towards the church. Beneath the big walnut-tree at the corner of the piazza he stopped. It was glaring noon-tide, and no one was about. Another figure,

the slight one of a young girl, came round from behind the oratory, and the two stood a moment talking. But only a moment. They separated almost immediately. There was nothing in it. A girl may be walking across a piazza and may speak to a man without offence. Yet Pietro's brow clouded just a little as he took up his hoe again. Somehow it was not thought well of when the girls of the village talked with the American. And this girl had accosted him when no one was by. There should have been no need for anything but a courteous salute. It looked something as if she were in the habit of accosting him. But it was nonsense of course. Nevertheless he looked up again to see if the girl would come by that way. He would be glad if it turned out not to be Teresina as he had fancied.

He watched. A dainty little figure came round the turn of the path. It was she. She came tripping along towards him with the pretty white smile on her lips; just as she had come tripping that day, five years ago, when she had asked leave to become little Fortunina's godmother.

She asked some trifling question about the crops, and then stepped aside to give the child a bundle of sweets and a little cake.

"I baked that for thee myself," said she; "and when I come to live with thee I will show thee how to bake the like."

Fortunina answered nothing. She took the cake and gave it to Tonino. It was a slight—almost an insult, had it not been a child who dealt it. In spite of his annoyance Pietro smiled to himself.

But Teresina would not allow herself to show vexation.

"Thou art a good child for giving to others," she said.

During the past week Teresina had seemed to forget all her coolness of a fortnight ago, and had returned to her former tactics. She had grown more assiduous than ever in her cares towards Fortunina—the surest way, as she knew, to the heart of her betrothed—and she was more constantly to be seen at the cottage by the river, or on the lands up the hill when Pietro was at work. The neighbours said that Teresina had good reasons for acting thus: that she had found out her high game could not be brought down, and that she was in a fever of fright now, lest the lesser should also escape her; and that that was why she watched Pietro as she did, hoping to keep bad rumours away from him, at least, till the ring was on her finger. If the neighbours were right, this was the explanation of her imperturbable good temper to-day.

"Good-bye, Fortunina," she said, just as gravely as though the child had not snubbed her. "To-morrow is the fair, we will amuse ourselves. Father goes at daybreak with the cattle, and I will come as soon as the sun is up and dress thee in thy pretty frock and we will follow him and have rare fun. So, *arrivederci*."

She kissed her hand to the little one; and though still Fortunina did not answer, and behaved like the truly ungracious child that she was, Teresina took no notice of the little temper. She smiled just as graciously to Pietro also—though he only returned her greeting with a half-surlly nod and without interrupting his labours—and told him how she was going to the river-hamlet to interview the old sempstress about her wedding-gown. But all her pertinacious good humour failed of its effect, for after Teresina was gone Pietro did not even look after her.

He worked more lustily than ever at his hoe. It seemed as though he would turn all his worries and ill-humours into the ground and bury them there. The children chattered behind the wall at his side. Fortunina had left the cake to Tonino

but she had begun to eat the sweets. Now that her enemy was out of sight she could not quite make up her mind to forego the pleasure of tasting comfits, even for the revenge of hurting Teresina's feelings.

"Is the cake good?" asked she, half longingly of the boy.

"Ay, I believe you," answered he, with his mouth full. "'Tis a good thing your stepmother will be able to make cakes, at least. My mother says she isn't good for much, but I say that's a good deal—to make cakes!"

Fortunina bridled. Her pride was wounded at the notion that her father should not know how to choose a wife, just as he was allowed to be the best judge of cows and heifers. She hated her future stepmother, but strangers were not to know that.

"I suppose my father knows who is good to make a wife of just as well as another," she declared stoutly.

Tonino laughed. "Nay; mother says that's just what he doesn't," sneered he. "She says your father is a blind fool and has his eyes shut everywhere where he ought to have them open."

Pietro put down his hoe. His face had suddenly become quite pale.

"I don't believe it!" cried little Fortunina, angrily. "My father is a great deal cleverer than your mother, every one knows that! *She* is for ever talking of what she does not understand."

"Oh is she!" screamed the lad, beside himself with rage. "Well, I can tell you, it wasn't only my mother who said so. There were half-a-dozen of the village around, and they all laughed aloud—and Caterina and Maso and Gian-Battista and Nicoletta, they all vowed that your father was a fool worse than an idiot! That he thought he had got the pearl of the parish and that instead he would only have—I forget what—but something, the worst that one can have! And they spoke of the Signor Americano too; how I don't know, but badly! And, anyway, they all laughed and vowed it served your dad right for a soft-headed simpleton."

Fortunina had risen and had clenched her little brown fist ready for the fight that was ever at her finger-tips. But this time she was to be balked of the satisfaction of revenge. A tall figure leapt the wall above her and arrested the descending blow. It was Pietro. In her excitement she had forgotten he was by.

He grasped her arm with a grip of iron. If she had not been the brave and haughty little damsel that she was, she would have shrieked with the pain. She glanced up into his face. It was ashen pale and his lips were blanched. "Thou knowest that it is not allowed to strike, Fortunina," said he. "It is a disgrace for a girl to strike. Nevertheless, I will say that thou dost well to be angry! For as for you," added he sternly, turning to the terrified urchin who was crouching timorously away from the little maiden's uplifted hand—"as for you, you are as ill-conducted a lad as I ever saw, and you may hasten and tell your mother so, and say that it was I who said it! Yes—I say—go home; go home at once and never *dare* to show your face here again!"

The boy slunk away, and Pietro, still with that iron hold upon her—dragged Fortunina up the steps into the cottage. He knew that he had done foolishly to show temper to a child; but, God help him, he could not always be wise.

THE ROSSETTI EXHIBITIONS

THE two exhibitions at the Royal Academy and the Burlington Fine Arts Club give a very complete picture of Rossetti's career as an artist. The admirers of the painter have been more diffident than was necessary in presenting his work to the world, and it would perhaps have been better if in one comprehensive collection the whole of his life's labour could have been systematically arranged. His genius is strong enough to have endured such a test, and the great influence that he has exercised upon English art almost required that it should have been made. The truth is that the comparatively small number of persons who knew and revered the rare qualities of his imagination did not sufficiently realise to what extent the general body of the public was already prepared to understand and to appreciate the principles of his work. The hidden force of Rossetti's individuality has deeply coloured the thought and feeling of our time. It has inspired many labourers in the fields of art and literature whose life has been passed in the open view of the world, and whose efforts in various ways have served to blunt the edge of ridicule and to create in its stead an earnest desire for a closer knowledge of the powerful personality to whom the new impulse in these matters was mainly due.

It is impossible within our present limits to describe the contents of these two exhibitions, nor would such description serve any useful purpose. They offer between them some two hundred and thirty examples of various kinds,—oil-painting, water-colour, drawings in crayon, and studies in design,—and they permit us to follow the growth of Rossetti's powers as an artist from the days when he was a student at the schools of the Academy up to the year of his death. The work produced during this period is throughout marked by the presence of certain individual characteristics of style and practice which distinguish Rossetti both from his predecessors and from his contemporaries. His failure and his success, the extraordinary merits of his highest achievement, and the curious defect and mannerism of much of his later painting, are alike the outcome of a mind of singular originality and independence, that owed little to the inspiration of others, and that was absolutely free from the prejudice of fashion or the vulgar instincts of the market. And yet although he laboured always with conviction it was not always to the same end, and if we study carefully the series of paintings and drawings now exhibited, we shall recognise in them three distinct kinds of work that will be found to correspond almost exactly to the successive periods of his career. The force of Rossetti's genius, at first wholly absorbed by the problems of inventive design, fell gradually under the spell of the sensual allurements of colour, and was finally dominated by a spirit of poetical mysticism. It is very interesting to follow in his work the gradual process of transformation. We begin, for instance, with such pictures as the *Girlhood of the Virgin* and *The Annunciation*, and with drawings like, *Giotto Painting Dante's Portrait*, and the strange but beautiful design of *How they met themselves*. The sense of mysticism is already present, as this last-mentioned drawing serves to remind us, but it is struck into certain symbols that admit the interpretation of precise and searching draughtsmanship. A colourist, also, Rossetti was from the very first, but a colourist in whom the brush is controlled by the pencil, and whose choice of brilliant tints is made with reference to the sharp outline that contains and holds them, as a delicate setting holds a sparkling jewel. And we may add that, even in this early time, Rossetti was a keener realist than is sometimes supposed. The tragic intensity of the painting called *Found* shows a closer

sympathy with the hard facts of modern life, a greater power of penetrating into the realities of drama and character, than any of the triumphs of imitative illusion which the painter afterwards accomplished. Among the culminating triumphs of this first stage of Rossetti's career, there are three works which may be specially mentioned. The first is *Mary Magdalene at the Door of Simon the Pharisee*, a subject widely known through the photograph of the pen-and-ink design, and of which a superb version in colour is now on view at the Burlington Club. There is here nearly every element of noble art. As a study of passion and character, and as an exercise of the purely artistic faculty of design dealing with the difficulties of a complex subject, it will rank among the greatest of the painter's achievements. The second of the three works to which we have referred is the *Triptych of Paolo and Francesca*, and the third is the pen-and-ink drawing of *Cassandra* belonging to Colonel Gillman. Compare this elaborate presentation of a theme rich in action and in the conflict and contrast of individual character with the earlier *Annunciation*, and we shall realise how the expression through the means of art of the poetic faculty with which Rossetti was so magnificently endowed had grown and strengthened within the period of ten years that divides the dates of their production. *Cassandra* belongs to 1862, and in the four or five years immediately following its execution Rossetti's art took a new departure. He gained immensely in a certain kind of technical accomplishment, and became a colourist in a new sense of the term. The crowning triumphs of this second period are *The Beloved*, *The Mona Vanna*, and *The Blue Beaver*, and in some important respects they may be said to mark the highest accomplishment of his life. There is a balance between the creative elements of design and the technical power of expression which the artist had not possessed before, and which he did not afterwards preserve. It is true that the imagination is no longer of the same intensity as in the earlier period, and that the result lacks the complete impression of poetic beauty which belongs to many of the more youthful experiments, but on the other hand the colour now possesses a kind of splendour and fascination that blind us to the sacrifice which these qualities imply. In *The Beloved* especially, where there is so much that is delightful in the idea, we feel that we are at liberty to enjoy without misgiving the charm of a sumptuous scheme of colour, and to follow with keen appreciation the signs of technical mastery and of manipulative skill. But there are other pictures of these years in regard to which we have to content ourselves merely with whatever is enjoyable in the exercise of a colourist's gift, and must no longer look for the signs of poetic invention, until at last we pass imperceptibly into the last stage of the painter's art, wherein the earlier poetic quality is partly resumed, but with an utterance that has grown vague and mystic, and that can no longer command the artistic qualities needed for its expression. With the growth of this mystic sentiment there comes an increasing violation of the obvious realities of nature, a disposition to emphasise and even to exaggerate the peculiarities of a single type, and at the same time we have to remark a failing sense of colour, implied in the substitution for the bright jewel tints of his youth, or the vigorous realism of later life, of a heavy cloak of tone that obscures drawing and darkens and fouls the original quality of the painting. On the walls of the Academy are to be found numerous examples of this later time, and if we wish to recognise what was still noble in Rossetti's work, we must turn from the paintings to the drawings in crayon, where the rich imagination which he retained to the end expresses itself with force and beauty.

ART BOOKS

SELECTIONS from the Poetry of Robert Herrick. With Illustrations by Edwin A. Abbey. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1882.) If anything could be needed to recommend the dainty verse of Robert Herrick, as pattern to the verse-maker and pastime to the verse-lover of the present generation, it would be the new and appropriately dainty dress in which it is here set before our eyes. Mr. Edwin A. Abbey has long been known to all admirers of delicate black and white work as one of the cleverest and most promising artists in this branch of art. His individuality of invention, refined taste, and thorough knowledge both of the resources and limitations of wood-engraving are as conspicuous here as they have always been in the illustrations which he has for some years past contributed to *Harper's Magazine*. Some, indeed, of the drawings before us appeared, we believe, in that excellent publication, as illustrations to the very verses in connection with which they are now issued; but others are new to us, and these not of the least charming. Among the most distinct and fortunate impressions left upon our mind we may note in particular the poetical little landscape placed as frontispiece to the book above "The Argument," and specially remarkable for the skill with which it lends itself to the capabilities of the wood-engraver, capabilities, however, which—as displayed by our Transatlantic neighbours—are far in advance of any that we can boast of on our side of the ocean. The delicacy and luminousness imparted by the American workman to the artist's design, gives to these wood-engravings a sprightliness of touch and subtlety of tone very precious in comparison with the coarser lines and hard blacks and whites with which we are familiar. The pretty dignity of a figure in Henrietta Maria dress, walking towards the marble steps of a trim Italian garden, is another instance of Mr. Abbey's refined perception, and is happy as an illustration of those quaintest lines, "On Julia's Clothes."

"When as in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
That lixurefaction of her clothes.
Next when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave Vibration each way free;
Oh, how that glittering taketh me!"

The girl's figure in illustration to the "Mad Maid's Song" is conspicuous for grace of outline and for a tender sentiment, but is rather dull in colour; but in a company of boors drinking outside a tavern in illustration to "The Tinker's Song," Mr. Abbey—besides a lucky composition—has secured a brilliancy of light and shade on which we congratulate him. One of the best of the blocks, however, is certainly the lovely little winter landscape contrasting with that one where milkmaids saunter gaily across the fields, and illustrating the contrast of "Meadows" in snow and sunshine. A charming girl's figure standing in an old-fashioned English garden receives a trinket from a cloaked gallant and illustrates "The Bracelet to Julia"; and another pretty head in wide hat and ruff, passing by between almond-trees above a garden wall, is set above the graceful lines "Upon Love." The effect of light in the latter composition is again particularly happy.

A SUMPTUOUS cover of thin, light-coloured oak decorated with a gold mirror and an embossed peacock's feather, incloses the pages of *The History of Fashion in France; or, The Dress of Women from the Gallo-Roman Period to the Present Day.* From the French of Augustus Challamel, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington: London, 1882.) The volume is a careful study of female costume during the whole period of French history. It is printed on thick vellum paper, and is handsomely illustrated with coloured plates of the various dresses. In a time when the elaboration of ladies' dress is often carried to so fantastic a degree as to be positively unreasonable, a study of the simpler and more graceful forms of earlier days, and a comparison of them with the later fashion plates which the volume incloses, might be of no small

service and instruction to those who do not consider it necessary to deliver themselves altogether blindly into the hands of the West End dressmaker.

THE Illustrated Dictionary of Words used in Art and Archaeology (Sampson, Low, Marston & Co.), by Mr. J. W. Mollett, is a work exhibiting much careful research and critical observation. Commenced, at the outset, as an amended edition of the Dictionary written by M. Ernest Bosc, it has gradually assumed the character of an original work, so far as that term can ever be applied to the compilation of information derived from many and varied sources. To condense such a mass of instructive description and to consult the numerous authorities on the multifarious subjects which are comprehended under the general titles of art and archaeology are efforts requiring both judgment and method, and Mr. Mollett in his most valuable volume gives ample evidence that he is deficient of neither the one nor the other. He is fortunate in having been able to draw upon M. Bosc's work for between four and five hundred illustrations, and he has further enhanced the utility and appearance of his own book by the addition of some two hundred and fifty others selected with much care and discrimination. If any fault can be found with so useful a compilation, it is that the descriptions err occasionally on the score of brevity, the process of condensation having been carried out almost too thoroughly. However, Mr. Mollett expressly disclaims any idea of classing his book as a *magnum opus*, and as he is careful to refer to the sources whence more amplified information can be obtained, he is entitled to the credit of having fulfilled his intentions most conscientiously, and having produced a work which is as reliable as it is interesting and of permanent value.

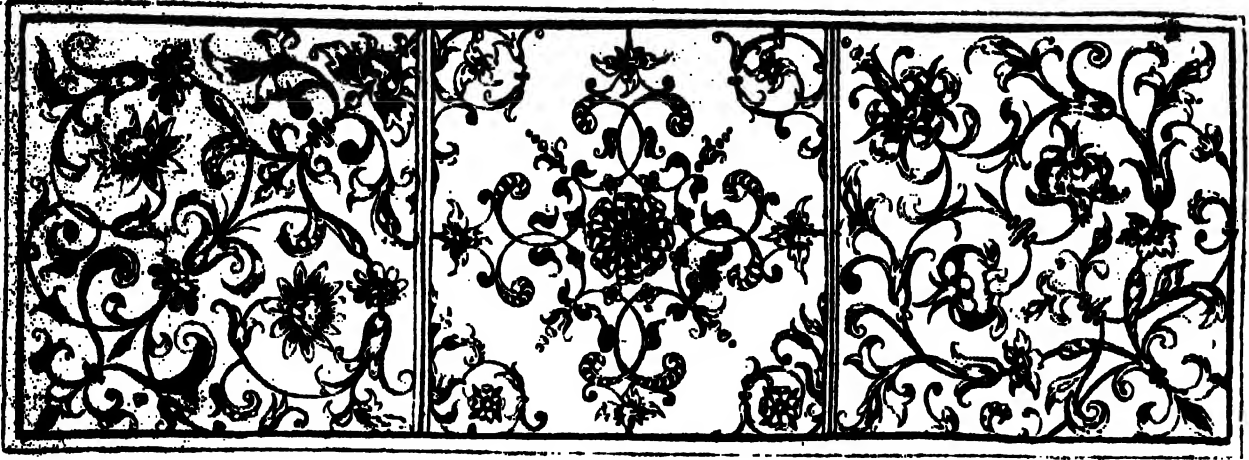
Lectures on Art (Macmillan & Co.). This is a republication of lectures delivered in support of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. The subjects treated have only an indirect reference to the special objects of the Society, and the lectures are by no means equal in authority or merit. Mr. Poole, the keeper of the coins and medals in the British Museum, begins the volume with an interesting discourse upon the Egyptian ideas of a future state as illustrated in the structure and ornamentation of their tombs. He is followed by Mr. Richmond, who addresses himself to the almost illimitable theme of monumental painting, and by Mr. Poynter, whose lecture is mainly concerned with recently discovered examples of the decorative painting of ancient artists. Mr. Mickelthaithe then traces in their historical development the characteristic architectural features of English parish churches, and Mr. Morris concludes with two lectures on the history of pattern designing and the lesser arts of life. It is no discredit to others who have contributed to the volume to say that Mr. Morris's part of the work is likely to attract the keenest interest from the public. In all his public utterances on art there is an earnestness and conviction which find a parallel only in the writings of Mr. Ruskin, while they have in addition what Mr. Ruskin cannot claim, a practical significance that belongs to the teachings of one who is personally engaged in the crafts of which he speaks. No matter what may be the mood in which Mr. Morris appears before his audience, whether hopeful or despondent, and he is both in turns, we feel that it is justified by personal experience, and is not lightly assumed in obedience to the opinions and sentiments of others. And he possesses besides a natural fervour and eloquence and a cultivated command of the purest English that must always be a rare possession among practising artists. Of the two lectures, that in which he traces the historical development of the principles of ornamental design in the art of the ancient world is perhaps the most interesting. It is almost over full of knowledge and thought, and in many parts would have borne expansion, but this is a fault of the right sort, especially when a lecture has to be reprinted for publication.



THE MARKET-PLACE OF MAUBEUGE

ENGRAVED BY A. BELLENGER FROM THE PICTURE BY

V. G. GILBERT



THE SCULPTURE OF MICHAEL ANGELO

IV



YOUNG MOTHER NURSING HER CHILD

Engraved by Baldoni, from the drawing by Michael Angelo (in the collection of the Archduke Albert, at Vienna).

THE history of the Medici tombs, the grandest and most celebrated of Michael Angelo's achievements as a sculptor, dates from the year 1523. One of the first acts of Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, on his elevation to the Papacy, was to insist upon the prosecution of the works at San Lorenzo, and thus to put another obstacle in the way of the monument of Julius. The building of the sacristy in which the tombs are placed was already far advanced, and the marble for the figures had been ordered from Carrara as far back as 1521. But it was Michael Angelo's fate never to be left in peace in any labour upon which he was engaged; and the new Pope, not content with urging forward the monumental sculptures of the tombs, also pressed the artist to prepare designs for the erection of a library to contain the celebrated Medici collection of books and manuscripts. It was in vain that Michael Angelo pleaded that architecture was not his profession. He had said the same thing years before to Pope Julius, when he was asked to undertake the painting of the Sistine Chapel, and as it had been proved in that case that he could execute sublime works in painting without being by profession a painter, Pope Clement was not now deterred by the artist's modest declarations from employing him upon the Laurentian Library. Plans of the new

building were duly forwarded to Rome, and were returned with the Pope's criticisms and suggestions, which are in all respects eminently practical. Meanwhile, the work in the sacristy was making steady progress. We have a memorandum of March, 1524, showing that the structural features of the monuments were already well advanced, and affording at the same time curious information of the troubles which Michael Angelo had with his workmen, who were not above appropriating to their own uses large pieces of marble that had been ordered for the works. But it was not only by the petty delinquencies of his assistants that Michael Angelo was harassed. The twelve years that he was employed upon the Medici tombs were in every way eventful for Florence as well as for himself. The news of the capture and the sack of Rome had caused a commotion in the city resulting in the banishment of Alessandro de' Medici and the establishment of a Republican form of government, and two years later, in 1529, the Florentines, roused to a sense of the dangers with which they were threatened by Charles V., began to prepare themselves to resist a siege. The Emperor had espoused the cause of the Medici. He had undertaken, at the request of the Pope, to send the Prince of Orange to reduce Florence to submission, and had promised his natural daughter Margherita in marriage to Alessandro. The immediate effect of these hostile movements was to impose yet another burden upon the already

heavily weighted shoulders of Michael Angelo. We have seen how he had been called off from the Julian Monument in order to complete the tombs of Lorenzo and Giuliano, and how to this labour had been added the task of designing and building the Laurentian Library. But even these commissions he was not permitted to carry out in peace, for he was now summoned, as the most capable man of his time, to superintend the fortifications of the city. And though his liberal and patriotic sympathies might have disposed him to undertake such a duty, yet it may be imagined with what weariness and soreness of heart he found himself again interrupted in the practice of his profession. It is sometimes deemed surprising that so many of Michael Angelo's works have been left unfinished, but the real wonder is that he should ever have been able to carry any design to completion, seeing that at no period in his life was he left for any length of time in tranquillity. Nor did he enjoy the satisfaction of serving a thankful people. He had no sooner put the hill of San Miniato in a state of defence,



BUST OF A WOMAN

Engraved by Moller after the pen-and-ink drawing by Michael Angelo (British Museum)

than he was exposed to hostile criticism at the hands of those whom he was endeavouring to serve. The fortifications he had raised were pronounced faulty in construction, and he was sent to Ferrara to study the improvements in military science perfected by Duke Alphonso. Returning again to Florence, he was met by a new difficulty which threatened to render all his labour of no avail. Michael Angelo found reason to believe that Malatesta Baglioni, the commander of the forces, was in traitorous communication with the Medici, but his warnings to the Signory were unheeded. The part he thought fit to take in this matter was attributed to personal fear, and accordingly, feeling assured that the city would be treacherously handed over to the enemy, he departed secretly to Venice, with some idea, as it is said, of ultimately making his way to France.

Arrived at Venice he was received in a manner befitting his great reputation, but he was quickly followed by an urgent appeal from the Republic, and at the earnest solicitation of the magistracy he

returned to his native city, making his way through the investing lines of the enemy at great personal risk. He remained in the city through all the trials and privations of the siege, and the event proved that his original distrust of Malatesta had only been too well founded. For, despite the bravery shown by the citizens led by Francesco Ferrucci, famine and hunger did its work; and as a last act in this wretched drama Malatesta turned his artillery against the gates of the town, which was forced to an almost unconditional surrender. For some time after the termination of the siege, Michael Angelo kept himself



THE VIRGIN AND THE INFANT JESUS

Engraved by E. Thomas after the unfinished marble group by Michael Angelo (Sacristy of San Lorenzo)

in hiding, and it was only on the public declaration of the Pope of a full and complete indemnity for the past that he consented once more to resume his work upon the Medici tombs.

The modern visitor to Florence, who sees these magnificent monuments for the first time, could scarcely guess under what conditions they were executed. Wrought with an intensity and refinement of sentiment which supplies an absolute contradiction to the common prejudice concerning the characteristic attributes of Michael Angelo's style, they supply no record of the turbulent influences that swayed the

mind of the artist during the stormy period of their production. If we knew nothing of their history, and were left to judge of the life of their author merely upon the inherent evidence which they afford, it might be assumed that to the invention and perfecting of such designs as these had gone the undisturbed and concentrated labour of quiet years. And yet in a certain sense they do undoubtedly image for the world a soul that had felt the pressure of an accumulated experience of sadness. The tragic fortunes of humanity are reflected or suggested in every work of Michael Angelo,—in the paintings of the Sistine Chapel, in the early examples of religious sculpture, and in the figures for the Julian Monument; but never, it may be said, had this particular element in the spiritual composition of his art received such a sublime and impressive rendering as in the allegorical figures recumbent beneath the forms of Lorenzo and Giuliano. And in a certain sense these so-called portraits have themselves an allegorical rather than



STUDY FOR THE GROUP OF THE VIRGIN AND INFANT JESUS FOR THE SACRISTY OF SAN LORENZO
Engraved by E. Thomas after the drawing by Michael Angelo (The Louvre)

a personal significance. Such a degree of mystery surrounds them that their identity has never been clearly established; and it is plain that by Michael Angelo himself they were intended rather to typify certain contrasted elements of character than to represent with absolute fidelity individual features and attributes. According to the popular interpretation, the Roman warrior seated with the baton across his knees is intended for Giuliano, and the colossal forms of Day and Night are assumed to indicate the illimitable empire of his glory; but Grimm, the accomplished biographer of Michael Angelo, takes the opposite view. He sees in this statue the embodiment of Lorenzo, the man of action, and it must be confessed that the suggestion is more in accordance with the known characteristics of the two men. Certain it is, however, that the designs have an imaginative completeness of their own which is independent of these questions of disputed identity. The thoughtful attitude of repose in the figure commonly styled *Il Penseroso*

fits harmoniously with the forms of Dawn and Twilight, which seem like the shapes of dreams that pass through the thinker's brain; and, on the other hand, the activity and movement of the second figure finds an equally effective contrast in the majestic stillness of the forms of Day and Night. No reproduction can give any adequate idea of the beauty of these sculptures. There are certain masterpieces of art in the world, the fame of which only partly prepares us for the splendour and magnificence of the original. This is eminently the case with Raphael's great *Madonna* at Dresden, and it is no less true of the Medicean monuments at Florence. In their presence the student feels that he has never before rightly measured the transcendent genius that is displayed in them, and that never in the hands of any other artist had the substance of marble been invested with such extraordinary spiritual significance.



JULIAN II. DE' MEDICI, DUC DE NEMOURS

Facsimile of a drawing by Niccolò Sansai, after the statue by Michael Angelo
(San Lorenzo, Florence)



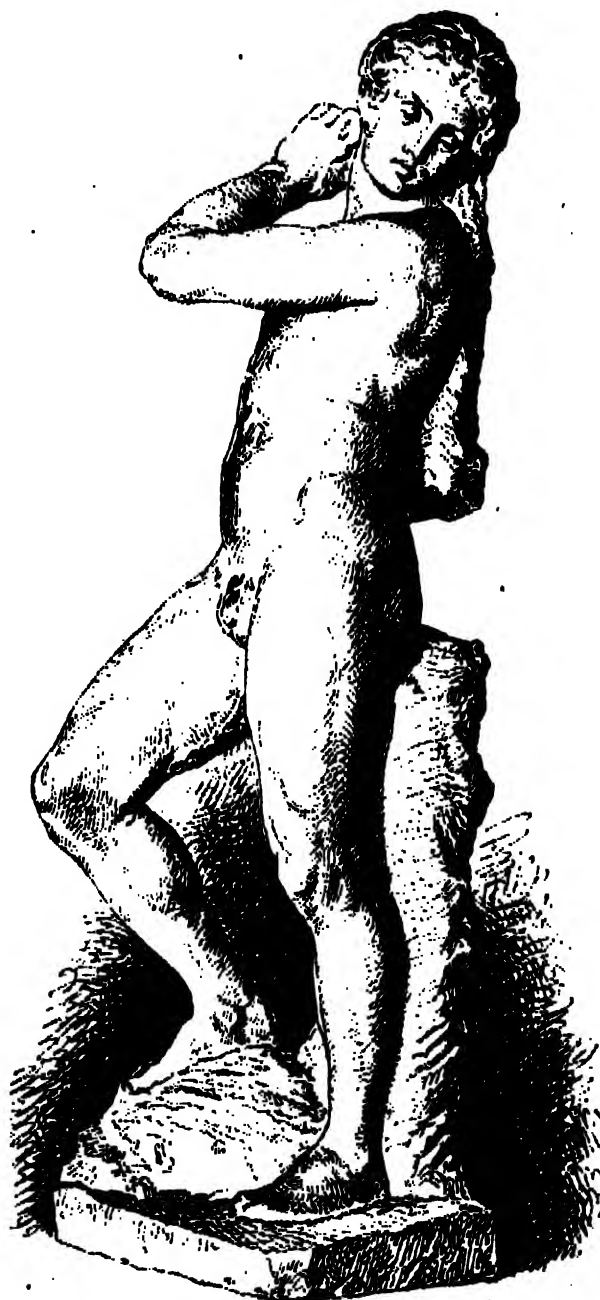
LORENZO II. DE' MEDICI, DUC D'URBINO

Facsimile of a drawing by Niccolò Sansai, from the statue by Michael Angelo
(San Lorenzo, Florence)

These single figures, in a manner hard to explain or to define, are stamped with an intellectual grandeur of conception that makes us forget the limitations of the particular art in which they are expressed, and carries us over the borderland of sculpture into the wider realm of poetry. Without any precise allegory to arrest the mind, they nevertheless strangely stimulate the imagination, and fill us with vague suggestions, not merely of the power of the artist, but of his aspirations and his sufferings. In the highest sense of the word they satisfy the claims of drama, not by presenting a single incident of conflict or passion, but by combining all those elements of character which contribute to the larger movement of human life. And yet these higher intellectual qualities are combined, as in all the great work of Michael Angelo, with the most refined and delicate execution, and with the most subtle regard for physical truth.

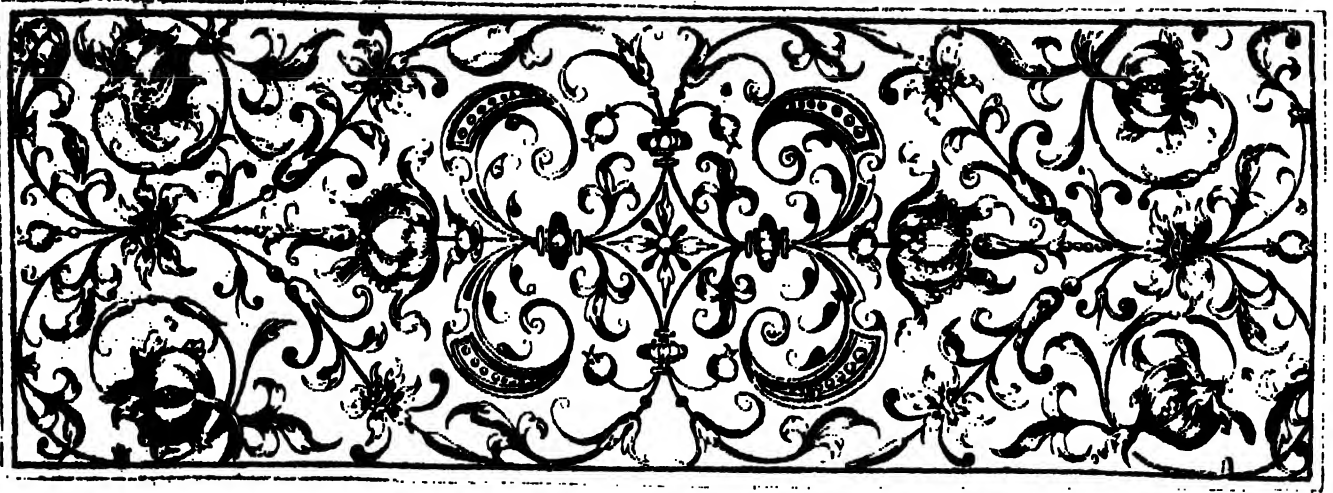
In this same chapel is also to be seen one of the greatest of Michael Angelo's religious works,—a *Virgin and Child*, for which several studies have survived to us. It is a noble group, scarcely less impressive than the figures of the monuments, and clearly distinguished by the type of the Virgin from the earlier experiments in this kind which have already been noticed. How different from the *Virgin and Child* of Bruges, or from the unfinished relief in the Royal Academy! How different also from the face of the young mother in the *Pietà* at Rome. That sense of brooding sadness which had now possessed the soul of Michael Angelo, and for which we may find some warrant in the painful circumstances of his career, had now entered into his conception of the characters of the sacred story. It is not merely in the type and expression: it is seen no less clearly in the carriage and movement of the figure, and in the sentiment which governs the whole composition. A similar feeling enters into several of Michael Angelo's drawings of the same subject, and notably in a very beautiful study in black chalk belonging to the British Museum.

With these works in the Medicean Chapel, Michael Angelo's career as a sculptor may be said to have been brought to a close. In the year 1534 he at last gained leave to quit Florence, which under the rule of Alessandro de' Medici must have become hateful to him, and made his way to Rome, where only two days after his arrival Pope Clement died. The artist lived yet many years; and it is pleasant to reflect that the later period of his life was sweetened by the friendship and society of Vittoria Colonna, to whom so many of his sonnets are addressed.



APOLLO

Facsimile of a drawing by Niccolò Sansi, from an unfinished statue by Michael Angelo (Museo Nazionale, Florence).



THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS: POTTERY AND PORCELAIN



VASE IN THE ORIENTAL STYLE

By Th. Deck

AMONG the various forms of artistic industry with which, in accordance with our programme for this year, it is proposed to deal in the columns of "ART AND LETTERS," a foremost place is allotted to Ceramic Art by reason of its antiquity, its historical importance and interest, and the universality of its application. In regard to pottery in its simplest form, it is impossible to assign a date to the origin of its manufacture. The need of vessels to hold liquids must have been one of the earliest wants experienced by mankind; but little research was necessary for the discovery of so common a material as clay, and but little skill was required to mould it into adequate form. Exposure to the sun was the primitive method of hardening the vessels so formed, and of this we have ample evidence in the examples which have been handed down to us from Egypt, Assyria, and Babylon. Sun-dried vessels were, however, not only extremely destructible, but were also naturally liable to the action of water, capable indeed of being restored to their original clay by the admixture of a quantity of water equal to that which they had lost in the process of drying. Then followed the discovery that artificial heat effected a radical change in the plastic material, and by a simultaneous process of melting and cementing its component parts, rendered it impervious to water and incapable of resuming its original nature. Traces of rude ornamentation are to be found even on the

earliest examples of sun-dried pottery, and the distinctive methods adopted by the various prehistoric races have proved of inestimable value in connection with historical research.

The next step in advance would seem to have been the manufacture of bricks, demanded by the want of habitations possessing more solidity, and of more attractive appearance than the primitive clay-plastered hut. By means of the Bible narrative, we know that bricks must have been in existence when the idea of building the Tower of Babel was first conceived, and from the account given of the oppression of the Israelites by Pharaoh we can judge of the prevalence of brick-making in Egypt. Even if that authority were not forthcoming, specimens of the bricks themselves remain, and are rendered all the more valuable from the fact that on many of them are inscribed the names of kings, and records of other historical events which, but for them, must have remained for ever unknown. There existed also among the Egyptians from the most remote ages the custom of introducing into the walls of their tombs a number of red-brick earthenware cones, from six inches to a foot in length and three inches in diameter at the base, on which were funereal inscriptions. The cones were inserted in the surrounding brickwork

so as to form ornamental patterns, the inscribed bases being placed outwards. For a long period the meaning of these objects was a mystery, unravelled at length by means of a discovery made at Warka in Babylonia within the last thirty years.

These facts alone would be conclusive in regard to the importance attaching to the primitive art of working in clay, but in addition to this we have it recorded in the Book of Chronicles that the potters among the Jews were a distinct branch of the tribe of Judah, some of the sons of Shelah, the son of Judah, being described as "the potters, and those that dwelt among the plants and hedges; there they dwelt with the King for his work." To the Bible we are also indebted for the earliest mention of an invention which must have been of paramount importance in connection with this industry—the potter's wheel. "Then I went down to the potter's house," says Jeremiah, "and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels." This wheel, it may here be explained, has undergone but few, and those slight, modifications;



FOUNTAIN IN THE FORM OF A VASE

Rouen Enamelled Pottery, seventeenth to eighteenth century (Museum of Sèvres)

it consisted of a circular wooden disk, revolving horizontally at the top of a vertical shaft or spindle, on which the clay was placed and moulded by the potter's hand. It must not, however, be assumed that the invention was necessarily of Jewish origin; it may have been so, but representations of it are to be seen on Egyptian sculptures, and there is also evidence of its having been in use at a very early period among the Assyrians. "The invention of the wheel," says a writer on the subject, "has been ascribed to all the great nations of antiquity." The probabilities are in favour of the assumption that the discovery was due to the ingenuity of the Egyptians; at all events, the earliest known specimens of the Ceramic art belong to Egypt, and in this sketch of the early history of pottery we shall confine ourselves to that country for the simple reason that the progress of the industry elsewhere offers no points of interest so distinct as to demand any special stress being laid upon them.



GROTESQUE FIGURE OF A CHINESE SOLDIER
Old Enamelled Pottery

• The earliest Egyptian specimens of baked clay, or terra-cotta, are the hydrocerami, or red unglazed porous vases; the Egyptian bricks, smaller than those made of sun-dried clay, and of which the British Museum possesses two examples; a certain number of coffins, or sarcophagi; and the funereal cones already alluded to. This pottery was also used in the manufacture of vases or jars to hold the entrails of the dead, a measure which was necessary for the effectual preservation of the body. These vases, specimens of which may be seen in the British Museum, were made in the shape of the four genii of Hades, who presided respectively over the four quarters of the compass. But the bulk of the products of this industry were for domestic use, and consisted chiefly of vases of all shapes and sizes and for all purposes. In one of the tombs at Beni Hassan there is a scene representing potters at work, making some of these utensils, and from this it would appear that after the clay had been dug up it was kneaded with the feet, and then rolled out into lumps in readiness to be placed on the wheel. The potter sat on the ground or on a low stool to turn the spindle, and hollowed out the vessels of his manufacture with his thumb or finger, or with his hand, according to the size required. Such vases as



LARGE ROUND DISH

Enamelled Pottery. Nevers manufacture, about 1600 (Museum of Sèvres)

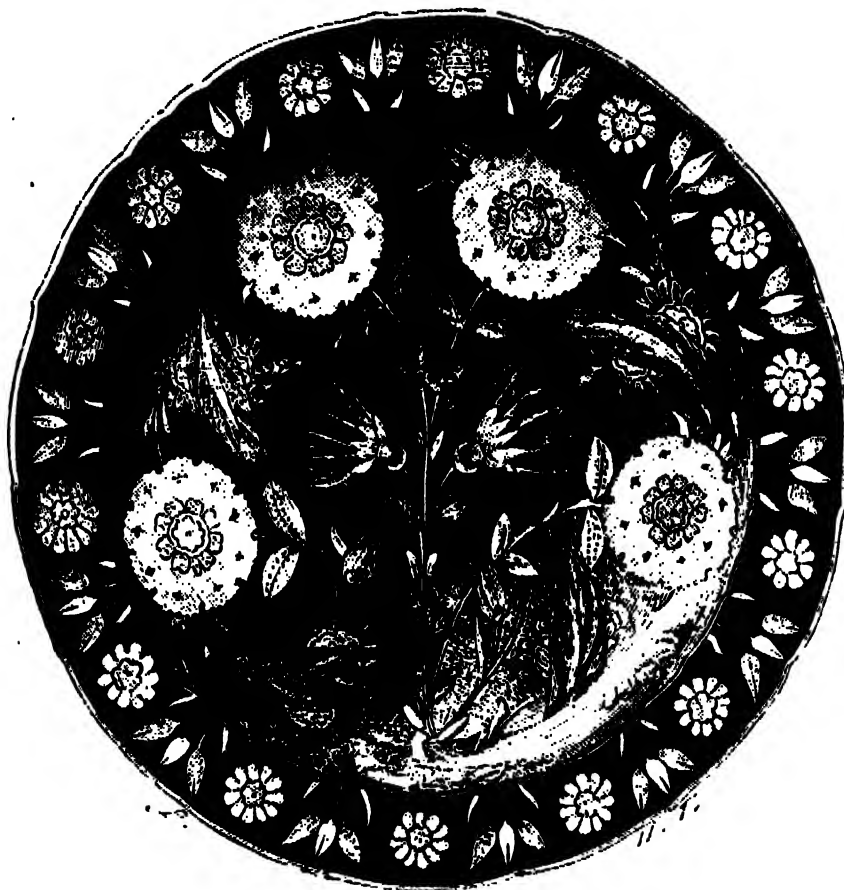
were intended for other than culinary purposes were decorated either with black or, purple annular bands, with wreaths, or with blue, black, and red collars pendent from the shoulder.

Polishing was the next improvement in the art, and it is still a moot point whether the polish was produced by a vitreous glaze almost too thin to be analysed, or by a mechanical process. The material used in the manufacture of polished vases is certainly finer and harder than that of the productions already referred to, and greater care would also seem to have been bestowed upon their formation. Red polished terra-cotta is the most usual style, and an admirable specimen of it can be seen in the Egyptian Room of the British Museum. This is a bottle in the form of a lady playing the guitar, and its production is supposed to have been not later than the eighteenth or nineteenth dynasty. Subsequently to this step in advance came the advent of glazing, which was applied to a description of pottery very nearly approaching porcelain, but neither so translucent, so compact, nor so hard as that substance. Nor can the term terra-cotta be applied to it, because the body of the ware differs from that material, but it more nearly resembles the fayences of the middle ages. Vases of this ware are

scarce, but there are a number of examples of tiles and other inlaid objects preserved in the British Museum which will show this latest stage of the art of pottery in Egypt.

Beauty of shape as applied to pottery came from the Greeks, whose vases are still the accepted models of all that is exquisite, simple, and chaste in that particular branch of the Ceramic Art, and it is also more than probable that the instruments used by the Greek potters were like those employed in the present day. To the Greeks, too, belongs the credit of having inaugurated the custom of painting vases, which has since been advanced to such a pitch of perfection. And this naturally brings us to a point where the ancient and modern periods in the history of pottery touch, so to speak, and where it may be convenient to introduce some definite arrangement of the productions of various eras and countries, so far as pottery, apart from porcelain, is concerned. The latter product, as well as majolica, has a history of its own, and will in due course be treated separately.

Though we have no intention of trenching upon the technical portion of the subject of pottery, some classification is necessary in order to render it intelligible, and that of M. Brongniart is adopted as



ROUND DISH

Persian Pottery. Floral decoration on blue ground (Museum of Sèvres)

being the most exhaustive as well as concise. Pottery, then, is divided into two main classes, soft and hard. Soft pottery is composed of sand, clay, and lime, and its peculiar characteristics are that it may be scratched with a knife, and is fusible at the heat of a porcelain furnace. This class is again subdivided into four kinds, viz. :—

1. Unglazed. 2. Lustrous. 3. Glazed. 4. Enamelled.

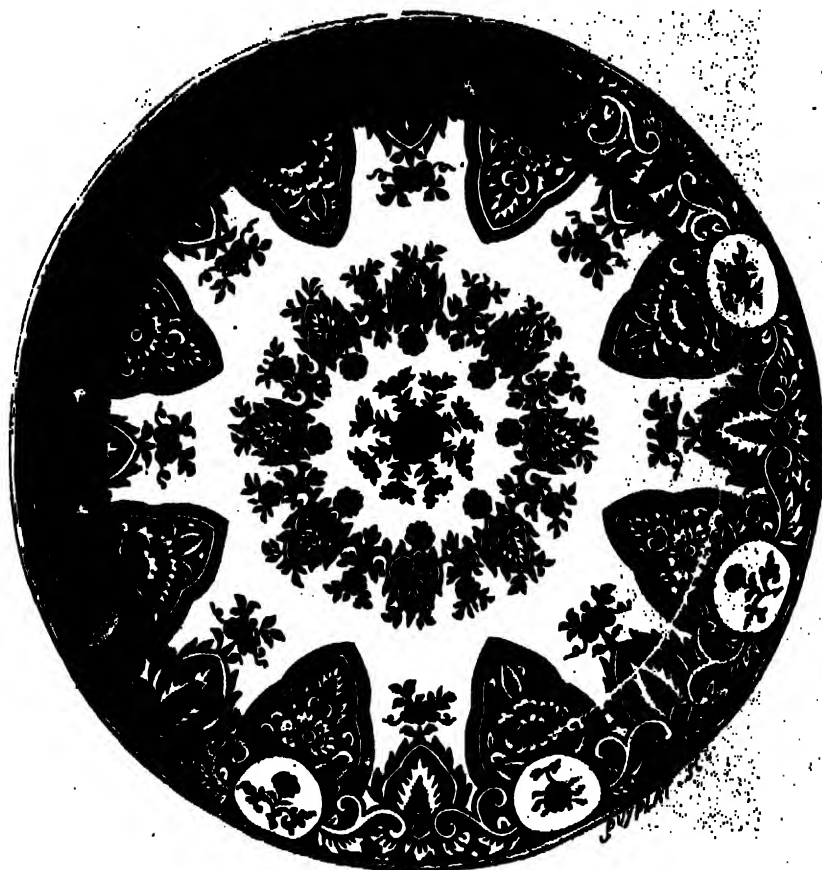
To the first subdivision belong ancient bricks and tiles formed in moulds, and jars and urns turned on the wheel or lathe. These jars and urns are porous and opaque, and are found of four different groups of colours.

1st. Pale yellow, including the utensils and vases of Thebes; the Grecian amphoræ of Tarentum; the amphoræ, water jars, or cisterns of Rome; the Spanish and Moorish tinajas, alcarrazas, jars, and drinking cups; the jars and amphoræ of Italy and Algeria; and the ordinary pitchers, pipkins, pans, and other culinary and household vessels of England and France.

2nd. Dull red passing to red brown, comprising the Egyptian cones of *mesenies*, and vases painted in the times of the Ptolemies; all manufactures of ancient and modern Greece, and also Gallo and Anglo-Roman examples from various localities; old Peruvian amphoræ, bottles, and figures, and all modern Peruvian and Chilian pottery; and in general, all the most ordinary and common red-ware of every country.

3rd. Ashy grey, comprising the hydrocerami of Egypt; German, Slavonian, Scandinavian, and Gallo-Celtic objects, such as funeral vases found in tumuli and burial-places in Germany, England, &c.; common vessels from Rome and all countries once occupied by the Romans; and the Corsican funeral urns.

4th. Dead black, or shining, such as the vases of Etruria and ancient Gaul; various utensils from Bengal, Peru, and parts of France; the black ware of Staffordshire, and of Portugal, the latter made black with smoke; the black bricks of Holland; and the common coarse wares of Jutland, Madagascar, and Columbia.



DESSERT PLATE

Enamelled Pottery. Delft Manufacture (Museum of Sèvres).

The second, or lustrous class of soft ware, is either of a yellow-reddish or grayish tint, and has a shining surface, arising from a very thin vitreous covering. In this class are included Egyptian, Tyrrhenian, and Phœnician vessels of all descriptions, and such Etruscan, Greek and Roman as are found in tombs.

The third, or glazed class, is coarser in workmanship, red, brown, yellow, and green in colour, and comprises the common pottery of Asia, Africa, America, and all European nations.

The fourth, or enamelled class, is opaque, and susceptible of being decorated with paintings of great delicacy. To this division belong the vases, tiles, &c. from the ruined mosques of Persia; the old Spanish, Moorish, and modern Catholic manufactures at Valencia, and the Triana at Seville; the Lucca della Robbia fabrics, and majolica ware of Italy; the Palissy and early Nevers ware of France; the Delft ware and pottery of Flanders and Holland; and the Nuremberg and Franconian products of Germany.

Hard pottery can be distinguished from soft by a very simple test; it cannot be scratched with a knife. It is infusible, was produced chiefly during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries,

and differs from porcelain by being opaque. It consists of two classes, fine earthenware and stoneware. In the term fine earthenware are included the French fayence of the time of Henry II.; the English Elizabethan ware, and Wedgwood; the Italian terraglia of Doccia, Florence, &c.; and the pipe manufactures of Holland and Germany. The stoneware class comprises, among the commoner sorts, Cologne, Burslem, Vauxhall, and Lambeth wares; and among the finer descriptions, the coloured wares of Wedgwood; the Beauvais ware of France; Chinese and Japanese products; and jugs, bottles, &c.,

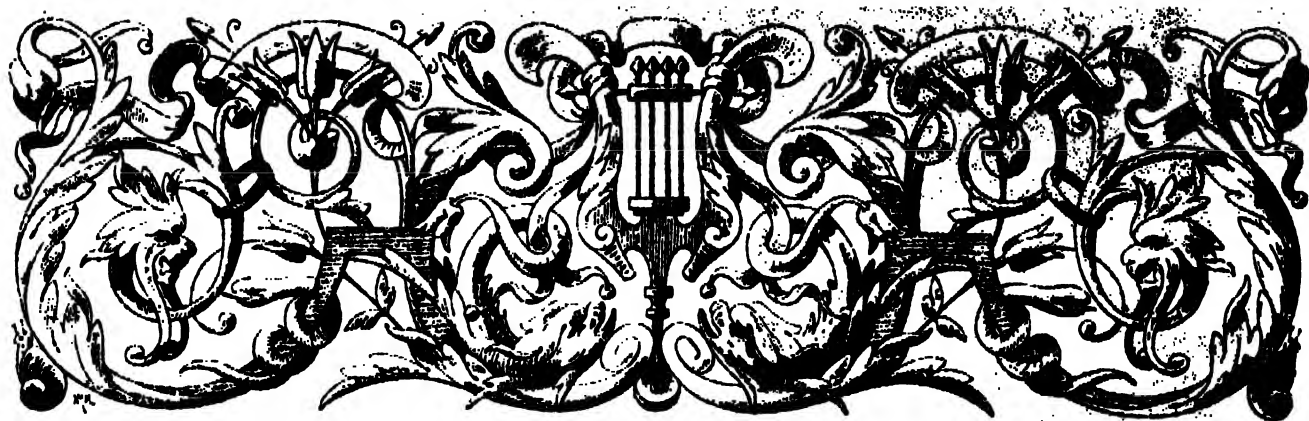


MODERN JAPANESE VASE IN COLOURED PORCELAIN

Manufactured at Tokio, Japan

of Germany, Flanders, and Holland. Fine stoneware was one of the very early products of China, and it is still used to a large extent as a basis whereon to lay a paste of porcelain, for the double purpose of economizing the expenditure of that more precious material and of adding greater solidity to the manufacture. In the larger specimens of Oriental work this will be found to be especially the case.

The classification thus given is to a certain extent summary, but it is quite comprehensive enough for all ordinary purposes, and can easily be supplemented by a study of the technical characteristics of each separate product.



SANDRO BOTTICELLI



THE picture we have chosen for reproduction is scarcely to be reckoned among the most characteristic examples of Botticelli's work. Its subject was the common property of the painters of his epoch, and the treatment of it did not afford scope for the exercise of his peculiar individuality. We can only recognize the presence of the master in the character of the faces, and in a certain distinctive tenderness of sentiment with which he endowed a marked type of female beauty.

The name of Botticelli is now regarded with some sort of distrust, owing to the fact that the admiration of his work has been rightly or wrongly associated with an admixture of artistic affectation. But to the serious student of art he holds an important place in the history of the Florentine school. There was no painter of his time who did more towards enlarging the scope of the painter's craft by vindicating the claims of a class of subjects that lay outside the realm of sacred art. The artists of the north, under the guidance of Mantegna, had already begun to deal with the legends of classic antiquity, but in Florence, at least, he was among the first to exercise his imagination with boldness and freedom. One of the most beautiful of his pictures in the Uffizzi is an illustration of the story of the Calumny of Apelles, as related by Lucian, and it is interesting to note that there exists in the British Museum a drawing by Mantegna of the same subject. But Botticelli did not limit his attention to classic authors. He applied himself to the works of Boccaccio and Dante, and the precious manuscript volume containing his original designs in illustration of the great Italian poet, has lately passed from the Hamilton Palace into the possession of the Museum at Berlin. He ranks, in short, as the poet amongst painters, always trusting implicitly to his imagination, and always at his best when he had some theme of intellectual beauty to translate into the language of pictorial design. His mannerisms are obvious enough, and like all painters of strong intellectual purpose, he betrays an affection for a particular type of face and form. But whatever the technical defects occasionally exhibited in his art they are readily forgiven by those who have learned to appreciate the richness and certainty of his invention. The composition of Botticelli's pictures is never a thing of mere rule or tradition; it is always controlled by the living force of his own individuality, and at a time, and in a school wherein the imaginative gift was held in the highest respect, it was no wonder that Botticelli's genius should have won for him a prominent place among his fellows. Despite the loss of the Dante manuscript, a loss which the lovers of art cannot but regard with humiliation and regret, his powers are worthily represented in England. A few years ago Mr. Burton acquired for the National Gallery the beautiful *Nativity* formerly in the possession of Mr. Fuller Maitland, and quite recently there has also been added to the collection, the large and important composition, formerly belonging to the Duke of Hamilton. But after all, it is at Florence alone that we can study the painter at his best. Besides the little picture already noticed, the Uffizzi possesses the large design of the *Birth of Venus*, and in the Academy is to be found the strangely graceful allegory of *Spring*.



THE VIRGIN AND THE INFANT JESUS

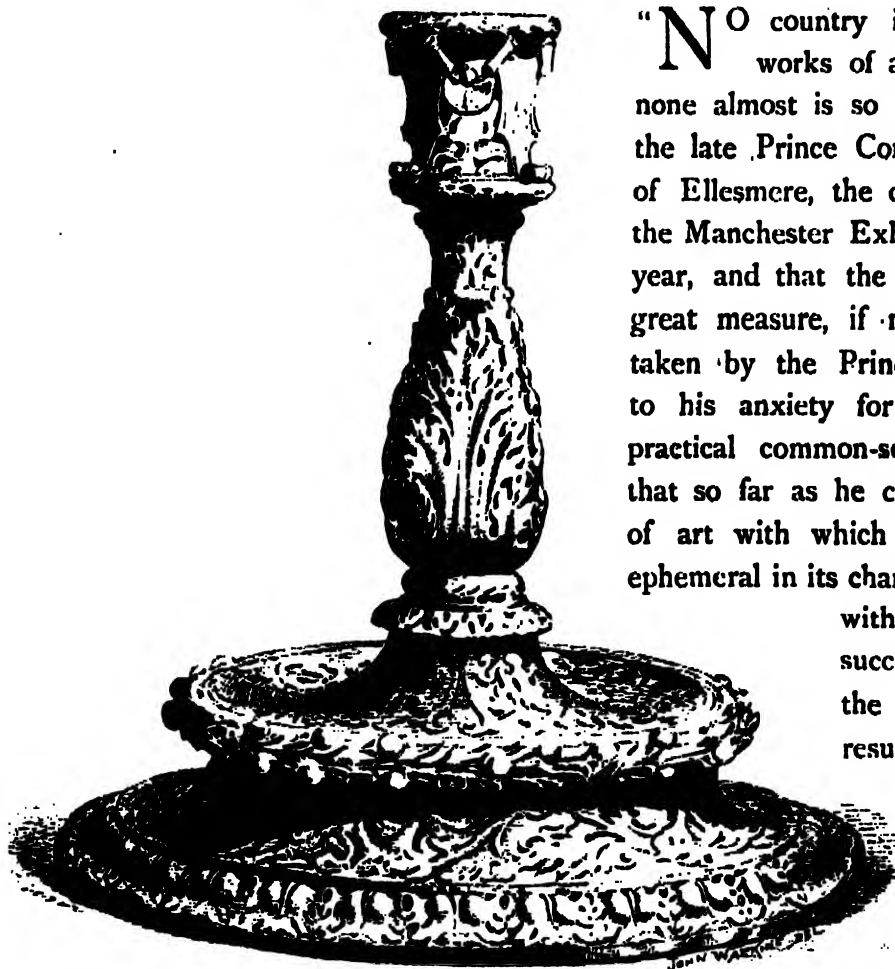
Surrounded by Saint John Baptist, Saint Mary Magdalen, Saint Francis and Saint Catherine Martyr, and adored by Saint Cosmo and Saint Damian.
Engraved by Verrihon from the picture by Botticelli (Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Florence)



MARBLE FRIEZE ATTRIBUTED TO MATTEO CIRITALI OF LUCCA

Drawn by John Watkins (South Kensington Museum)

NOTES ON THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM



CANDLESTICK IN GILT BRONZE

Florentine workmanship, end of fifteenth century. Drawn by John Watkins (South Kensington Museum)

"**N**O country invests a larger amount of capital in works of art of all kinds than England; and in none almost is so little done for art-education." So wrote the late Prince Consort in 1856 in a letter to the Earl of Ellesmere, the chairman of the General Committee for the Manchester Exhibition which was held in the following year, and that the reproach is no longer just is due in a great measure, if not in a sense entirely, to the interest taken by the Prince in all matters appertaining to art, to his anxiety for its advancement, his foresight and practical common-sense, and his thorough determination that so far as he could so ordain it, nothing in the world of art with which he was connected should be merely ephemeral in its character. It was in this spirit that he dealt

with the Exhibition of 1851. And after its successful career had come to an end, with the surplus of about 186,000*l.* which resulted from it, a proposal was made, and met with some favour, that this surplus should be expended upon the purchase and maintenance of the Exhibition building as a Winter Garden; but this was stoutly opposed by the Prince Consort in a memorandum on

the subject, from which the following paragraphs are extracted as showing the germ of the idea which was destined eventually to expand into the creation of the South Kensington Museum.

"In order," wrote the Prince, "to arrive at a sound opinion on what is to be done, we must ask ourselves, What are the objects the Exhibition had in view, how far these objects have been realised, and how far they can be further promoted?"

"I take the objects to have been: the promotion of every branch of human industry by means of the comparison of their processes and results as carried on and obtained by all the nations of the earth; and the promotion of the kindly feelings of the nations towards each other by the practical illustration of the advantages which may be derived by each from the labours and achievements of the others.

"Only in a close adherence to this governing idea, and in a consistent carrying out of what has hitherto been done, can we find a safe guide for future plans.

"If I am asked what I would do with the surplus, I would propose the following scheme :—

"I am assured that from twenty-five to thirty acres of ground nearly opposite the Crystal Palace, on the other side of the Kensington Road, called Kensington Gore (including Soyer's Symposium), are to be purchased at this moment for about 50,000*l*. I would buy that ground and place on it four institutions, corresponding to the four great sections of the Exhibition—Raw Materials, Machinery, Manufactures, and Plastic Art.

"I would devote these institutions to the furtherance of the industrial pursuits of all nations in these four divisions.

"The institution for the Raw Material would be most usefully subdivided into Metallurgy, Metallurgical Chemistry, and Animal and Vegetable Physiology (Agricultural Chemistry ? Microscopy).

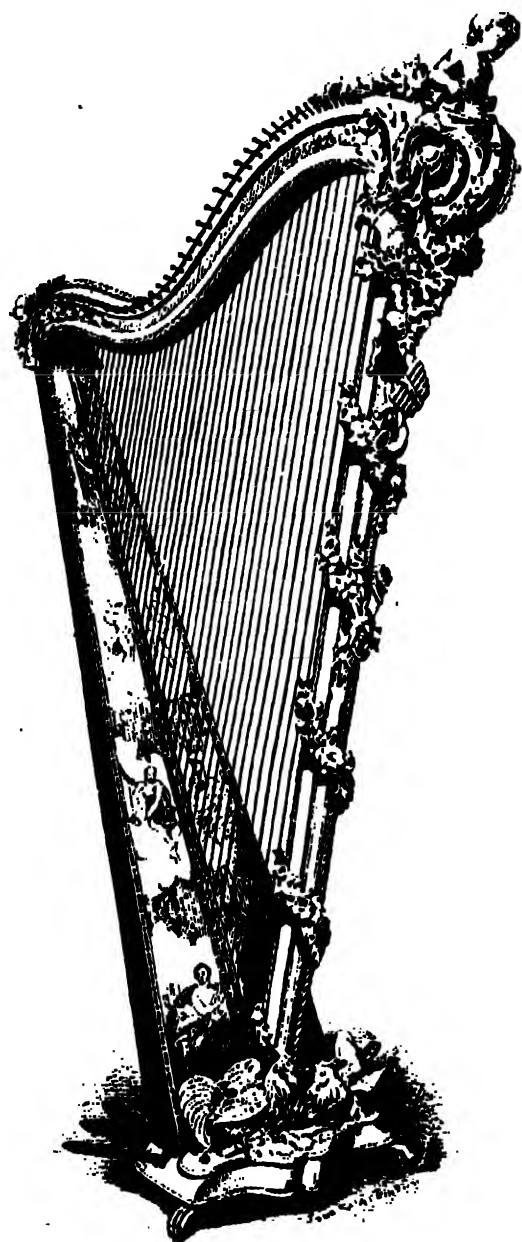
"That of Machinery would embrace the whole branch of Polytechnic Science with its subdivisions.

"That of Manufactures would comprise a School of Design and Chemistry, as applied to Manufactures.

"The fourth (the Plastic Art), Architecture, Antiquities, Sculpture."

The scheme, as thus propounded, included a proposal to unite in these institutions the various scientific and artistic societies of the country, and to remove the National Gallery from Trafalgar Square ; but these ideas were merely incidental to the main suggestion that the surplus accruing from the Exhibition of 1851 should not be frittered away for purposes of recreation, but should be utilised in a manner calculated to enhance the status of art in England, and thus be of permanent value to the country and its industries.

Though public interest in art and science was somewhat lax prior to 1851, signs had not been wanting that a revival was at hand. In 1835 a Parliamentary inquiry was instituted into the state of the British Museum ; a Government School of Design was opened on June 1, 1837, at Somerset House ; and ten years later a second committee was appointed to inquire into the condition of the British Museum. But all this was done after a desultory fashion, and does not in any way detract from the value or importance of the action taken by the Prince Consort in 1851, the results of which were speedily made manifest. The Royal Commissioners, with the Prince at their head, first proposed to find a home for what was called the "Trade Museum," in other words a collection of articles, valued at 9,000*l*., presented to them by sundry exhibitors in 1851. The Gore House Estate, which had successively belonged to Mr. Wilberforce and the Countess of Blessington up to 1849, had been converted by M. Soyer into a "Symposium for all Nations" in connection with the Exhibition, and these grounds, with the house upon them, were purchased by the Commissioners for 60,000*l*. The entire estate comprised about twenty-one acres, and in addition to this the Government stepped in and furnished the necessary funds for the further acquisition of a quantity of land, including the grounds of Cromwell House and others belonging to the Earl of Harrington and Baron de Villars, to the extent of eighty-six acres in all, at a total cost of 280,000*l*. This in 1856 was christened "South Kensington" by Lord Granville, and is the site of the present Museum. Early in 1858 the Commissioners found themselves in a position to pay back the sums advanced by the Government, subject to a deduction

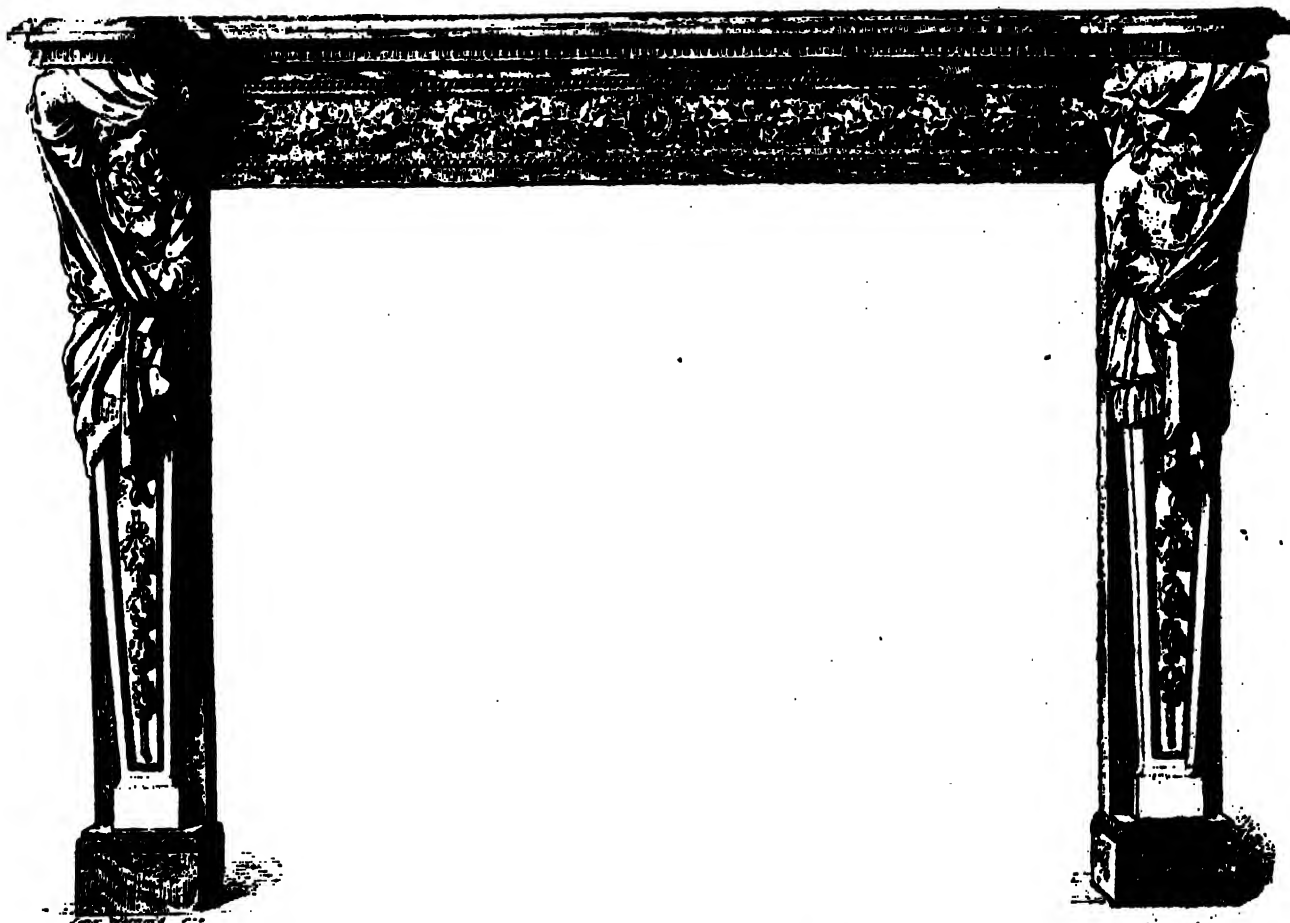


HARP OF QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE

Drawn by John Watkins (South Kensington Museum)

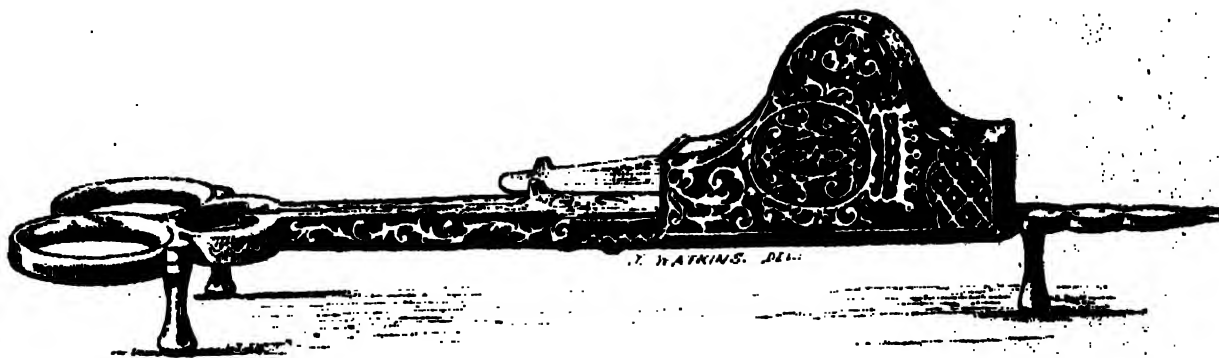
for the ground and buildings of the Museum, which had by that time become a Government institution in the form of a branch of the Department of Science and Art.

Some time previously to all this, in 1851, the Queen, acting on the suggestion of the Prince Consort, had sanctioned the appropriation of some rooms at Marlborough House for an industrial art collection and



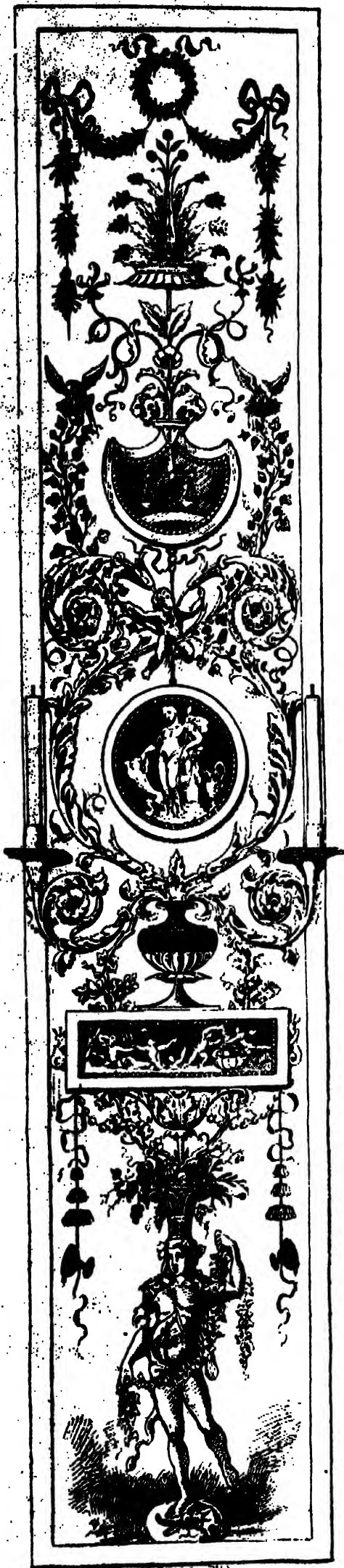
TURQUOISE BLUE MARBLE CHIMNEY-PIECE ORNAMENTED WITH GILT BRONZE
Boudoir of the Marquise de Serilly. Drawn by John Watkins (South Kensington Museum)

for art training, and the Government devoted a sum of 5,000*l.* in furtherance of this design. In the following year the small collection of the School of Design in Somerset House, to which reference has already been made, was removed to Marlborough House and thrown open to the public. Simultaneously with this concentration of artistic exhibits, the Board of Trade established a Science and Art Department.



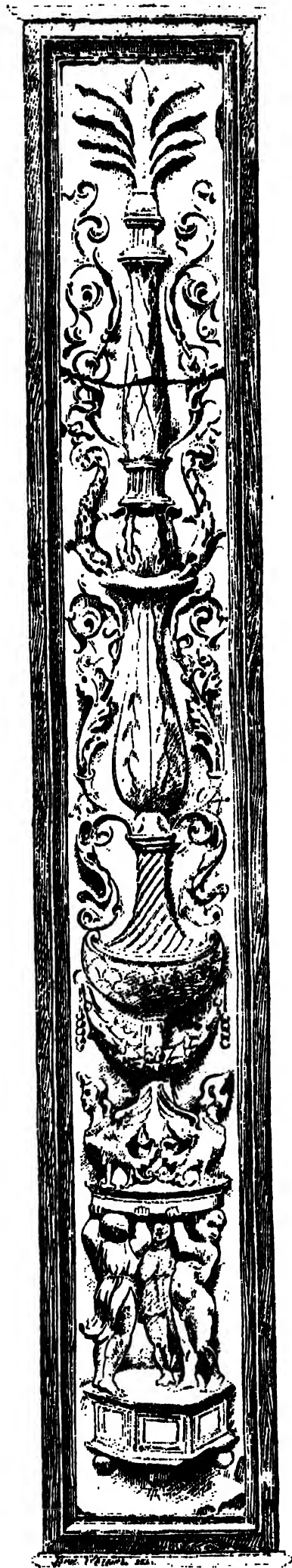
STEEL SNUFFERS DAMASCENED IN GOLD
French Workmanship, about 1700. Drawn by John Watkins (South Kensington Museum)

and entrusted the first handling of the great question of art training to Professors Owen Jones, R. Redgrave, and Lyon Playfair. In his recent work called *Travels in South Kensington*, Mr. Moncur Conway recounts a curious history of the first great addition to the treasures collected at Marlborough House. "After the French Revolution," says Mr. Conway, "when the infuriated people were prepared to destroy



HANGING, PAINTED ON WHITE GROUND WITH GILT ORNAMENTATION
IN HIGH RELIEF

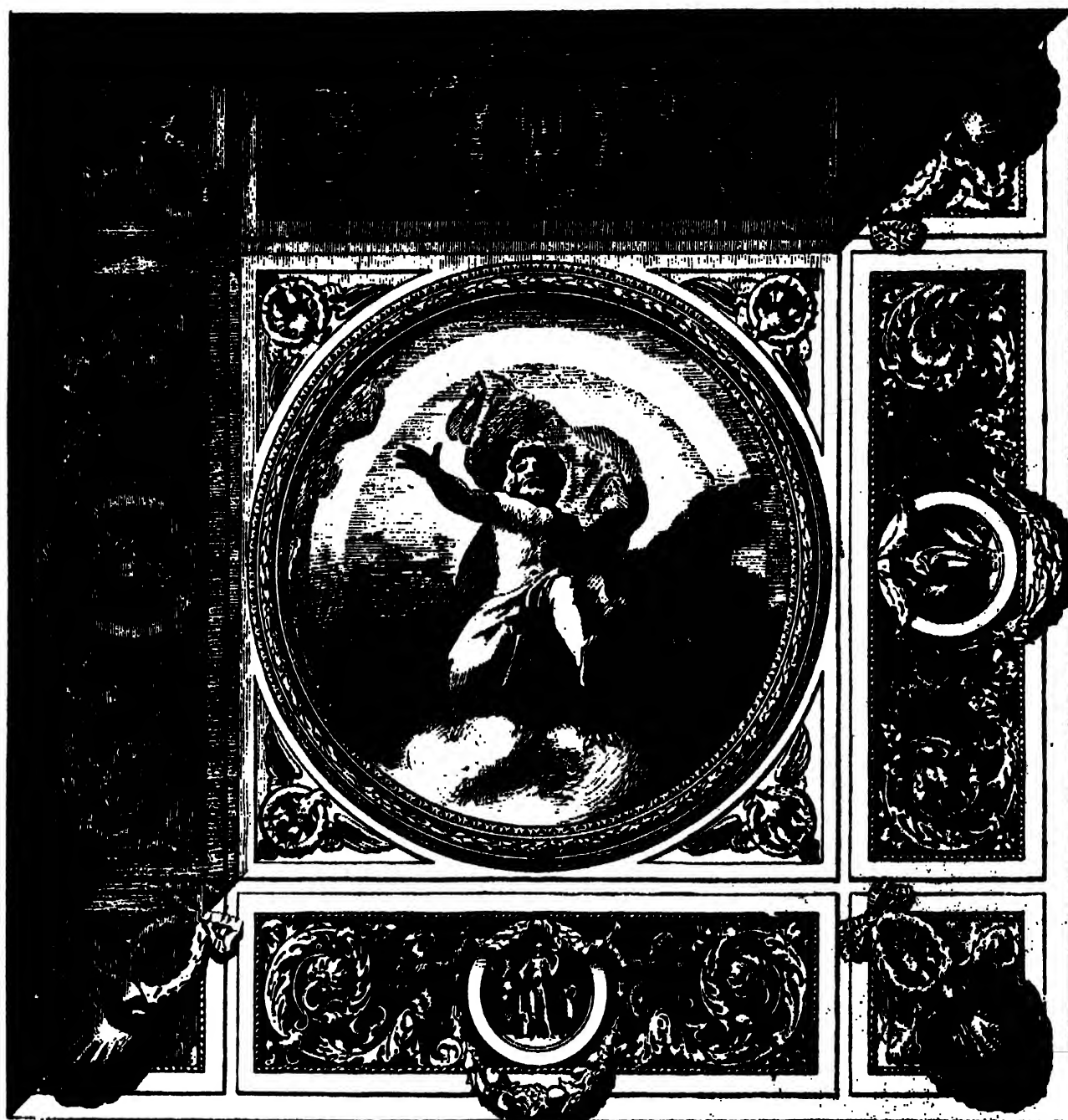
Boudoir of the Marquise de Serilly. Drawn by John Watkins
(South Kensington Museum)



MARBLE PILASTER WITH SCULPTURE IN
HAB-RELIEF

Italian, sixteenth century. Drawn by John Watkins
(South Kensington Museum)

not only the *noblesse*, but the works associated with them, fine cabinets and beautiful china vanished out of Paris. At this time George IV.'s French cook gathered up a superb collection of old Sèvres china. This had long been distributed through the English palaces, and was even used for ordinary table service; it was now, by the Queen's order, removed from the various palaces to Marlborough House, where it was at once recognised as the finest existing collection of a class of articles which was already exciting that competition among collectors which at present amounts to a mania." The example thus set by the Queen was followed by her Ministers. Mr. Henley, as President of the Board of Trade, secured the



TOM. WATKINS. Del.

CEILING PAINTED BY Natoire for the BOUDOIR OF THE MARQUISE DE SEVILLY

Drawn by John Watkins (South Kensington Museum)

Bandinell pottery, Mr. Gladstone the Gherardini models, and other collections followed. It will easily be understood that these acquisitions were becoming too numerous to be housed in Marlborough House, and in 1856 the Prince Consort had the satisfaction of seeing the fulfilment of his original idea in the form of a grant of £10,000 from the Government for the express purpose of moving the artistic contents of the present residence of the Prince of Wales to the South Kensington estate, where a museum was arranged and opened to the public on June 22nd, 1857, by the Queen, accompanied by the Prince Consort and others of the Royal Family.

The next event of importance in the history of the South Kensington Museum was the presentation by Mr. Sheepshanks during his lifetime of his magnificent collection of pictures, then worth a hundred thousand pounds, and now valued at a much higher figure. Mr. Sheepshanks presented his pictures to the country on the conditions that a suitable building should be erected for them at Kensington; that they should never be sold; that they should be open to art students, and at times to the public; and that the latter, especially the working classes, should be permitted to view them on Sunday afternoons. The last proviso was subsequently modified into the form of a permissive clause, but the others remain in force. Since then the Bernal, Soulages, Soltikoff, and Pourtalès collections have been added, as also the very curious collection of mediæval religious vestments which belonged to the Rev. Dr. Bock.

Another notable addition to the Museum took place in 1865, when the Raphael cartoons were removed thither from Hampton Court. There were originally ten of these cartoons, but three, the *Sloning of Stephen*, the *Conversion of St. Paul*, and *Paul in the Dungeon at Philippi*, have been lost. The remaining seven have had a chequered history since their creation more than three centuries and a half ago. They were originally designed and drawn at the request of Pope Leo X. as copies for tapestry, and the tapestries made from them at Arras are now in the Vatican. The cartoons remained neglected at Arras until Rubens chanced to see them and advised Charles I. to purchase them for a tapestry establishment at Mortlake. On the death of the king they were purchased by Oliver Cromwell for 300*l.*, and at the Restoration were confiscated and once more consigned to the lumber-room. They emerged again under the auspices of William III. who had a room built for them at Hampton Court by Sir Cristopher Wren; and there they remained until they were removed to the South Kensington Museum.

Another institution which is, however, only locally connected with the Museum, is the National Portrait Gallery, originally established on the 2nd of December, 1856, and opened to the public on the 15th of January, 1859, at No. 29, Great George Street, Westminster. This was transferred to South Kensington at the commencement of 1870, and opened to the public in the March of that year.

Such is the history of the Museum and of the main features of its early days. Needless to say, it has increased enormously and continues almost daily to increase. The amount of its influence for good upon the artistic taste and industries of the country is simply incalculable, nor are its benefits confined within those limits. A visit to the galleries and courts of which it is now composed is an education of itself, or may be made so by all who have the desire and the capacity for learning. In very many instances the entire history of an art may be traced from its collections, and in every case a certain amount of knowledge may be gathered with but little expenditure of trouble, which, but for the Museum, would be a work of infinite labour and research.

These preliminary remarks have advisedly been confined to such of the art treasures of South Kensington as had a distinct connection with its origin, or assisted conspicuously in its rapid enlargement. Subsequent notes will deal more definitely with the various sections, or at all events with such of them as are calculated to arouse general interest.



PAINTING ON DOOR-PANEL IN THE BOUDOIR OF THE MARQUISE DE SERILLY

Drawn by John Watkins (South Kensington Museum)



LA FORTUNINA

BY MRS. COMYNS CARR, AUTHOR OF 'NORTH ITALIAN FOLK,' 'A STORY OF AUTUMN,' ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE day wore slowly away into evening. Pietro had not eaten his dinner with Fortunina, though for the first time for many weeks she had looked wistfully at him, her proud little heart touched by his evident trouble: he had gone up the hill to work as soon as he had given her her own *minestra*, and had stayed there till dusk, alone with his own thoughts. But it had all been of no use: he had only turned his perplexities back to fester in his heart, as he turned the manure to rot in the ground, and now that supper had been eaten—he and the child sitting silent and morose again, opposite to one another—now that night had come and that Fortunina had gone to forget her little pain of neglect in slumber, he felt that the evil could be put aside no longer, and that he must wrestle it out with himself.

He sat down on the settle in the darkening twilight, and gave himself up to the task. All day long he had cursed his memory for dwelling on that idle, childish chatter, and all day long it had pursued him like some evil thing that he was afraid to turn and look boldly in the face. For, alas, if the silly words were quite unworthy of consideration why should they illumine the past weeks so that a hundred little incidents that he had never noticed before started up in his mind like ghosts from a forgotten world? Why should he be able to fill in between the lines of the boy's idle boasting, till the whole truth seemed to flash with the force of conviction into his heart? Why, but that the little lad's words were not only a joke, that the warnings of the city fruiteress had been but too just, that he had trusted his sacred peasant's honour to one who would disgrace it? Why, but that it only needed the careless word of a passer-by to make the whole truth start into light as invisible writing becomes black with the heat of the fire? Fool, fool, fool! The Saints give him patience! The Saints help him to see things aright at last!

He began to recall things. He remembered the dancing on the green that S. Giovanni night, he remembered the mysterious proximity in which he had found his bride and him who had once been his friend. He remembered the day in town, and Teresina's disinclination to return to the palace in the square after she had learned that Carlo Strappa was wont to revisit it. That was her prudence, that *he* her cozened bridegroom—might not suspect! And it was her prudence again to refuse the offer of the drive home in the "Americano's" cart, till he, himself forsooth, had insisted! Fool, thrice accursed fool! How pleased he had been at the fancied attention from his old comrade, and how well he deserved to be deceived! His *comrade*! his *friend*! Ay, there lay the full bitterness of it! The boy whom he had saved from scrapes and helped with his hardly-earned gains—the lad with whom he had rollicked along city streets, and whom he had so often been *obliged* (he saw that, too, now!) to treat to glasses

of wine on those few and far between and painfully worked-for holidays: the man who had always been preferred before him, who had always outwitted him, who had never laboured for anything and who had got all that a man craves, and tenfold more than he, Pietro, who had had his shoulder to the plough these thirty years! Yes—that was the bitterness of it, that was the galling injustice, that was what seemed to make his pride rise up as beneath the galling sting of the lash. His honest peasant's pride to be flogged by the whip of an upstart, cosmopolitan coxcomb!

He started up and paced the little kitchen furiously, till the old boards creaked and groaned beneath his angry tread. The action brought back to his mind another evening when he had paced them angrily before—he paced them with a little babe in his arms, and his mother standing stern and erect and pitiless before him. He had broken a heart that night by his evil temper. Was he never to learn the lesson? His *mother*! He seemed to see her there beside him now—to remind him! He crossed himself, he was afraid—afraid to be angry any more.

He threw himself upon the old rush-seated chair where she had so often sat, and, resting his arms on the table, buried his face within them. He wanted to be calm, he wanted to consider patiently. His *mother*! How she had always trusted the girl, how she had respected her! And could she have been deceived on the threshold of that heaven where she was now a blessed saint? Oh, that she would teach him the truth now; she who could see it all!

For, alas, if once he were to allow himself to indulge in them—the suspicions aroused by the child's unreasoning words were of the worst! He thought he could have forgiven it—galling as it would have been to be supplanted by his boyhood's companion—if Teresina had only been dazzled by the prospect of a brighter marriage. But the village gossip seemed to point to something worse than that. Folk said that no village lass would be good enough for the "Americano" to wed. The gossip seemed to point to something so horrible that his upright peasant's nature revolted at it; something which, if it *were* true, could only be wiped out by blood! But no—no—such evil ways could not be learned even in that New World of which the ignorant, stay-at-home peasant had such a superstitious horror! And Teresina, whom his sainted mother had respected! . . . Could a girl sell herself for love to one, and for interest to another? No—no—impossible! It was too bad—it was a wicked dream! Such women lived in towns, not among the mountains.

He got up and ran his fingers through his hair, trying to dispel the illusion. But it would not go, and he sat down again by the dead fire. To be sure he had given her cause: he had never loved her. Does a girl see that? He had loved Vittoria—Vittoria for whom he had lost everything. Yes; the peace of his heart, the love of the child on whom he doted, and now the honour

of his sacred fireside! He cursed aloud in his agony; but he rebelled against the return of the sway which he had sworn to discard for ever. Vittoria was gone—dead to him, scorned by him for ever, and he would not mix her up in this new affair—this should be judged on its own deserts.

For the fiftieth time he sat down to the task again—set himself to try and judge calmly from the facts in his knowledge. He had seen Teresina in the gloaming of a festa night, whispering with the "Americano" behind a tree; he had watched her stop and speak to him, when no one was by, on the church piazza; he had fancied that she did not wish to meet him in town; he her own accepted suitor—had persuaded her to accept a lift home in the Americano's cart on a wet and stormy night. Were these things enough to make him believe she was a bad woman merely because folk said so? Nay, folk might be jealous of her luck, and folk sometimes talk scandal for pastime. It was *not* enough to judge a girl so harshly upon—not Teresina certainly. Teresina his mother's favourite, Teresina whom the whole Presbytery held up as an example of female thrift and modesty, Teresina who never missed her confession, who would come out from mass with gentle face composed to piety like a very little Holy Virgin Mary.

No: he would be on his guard, he would have his ears open, and if there were more he would know it; but this—this was too little upon which to make so terrible an accusation. To-morrow was the day of the great fair. Everybody would be present. Surely it would be easy to learn if there were aught amiss. Folk would tell him for his mother's sake! Oh, but they would have told him long ago. Certainly it could not be true. Still, if he had any suspicion left, he would get proof somehow, and if the proof showed the truth of that which it scorched his lips even to mutter to himself, then, indeed, let those who deserved it, look to themselves to escape his just vengeance! Until then he would be prudent, he would be silent and make no sign.

He shook himself, raked out the fire, and went up stairs. Fortunina lay sleeping the peaceful sleep of childhood. Her curly dark head was cradled upon two fat little brown arms that were flung back upon the pillow, and curved gently out of the linen shirt in the most perfect of unconscious poses. She had thrown off every covering, for the heat was still great; two pink little feet and a pair of sturdy brown legs lay dark upon the white sheet. She looked very lovely, and her foster-father, uncultured fellow as he was, did not fail to note it. But lovely as she looked, with the faint flush of sleep kindling her clear olive cheek, there was that in her face which perplexed and even frightened him! The childish brows were knit as though in pain or anger, and the heavy lids and long black lashes shadowed eyes that were pencilled around as if with suffering. What could there be in the happy life of summer time to grieve or fret the soul of this child of five years-old? Was it her own sorrow that gave the little face this look of premature thoughtfulness, or was it some strangely inherited share of others' woe that flowed, unsought by her, through the pure current of her fresh young blood?

Though Pietro did not consciously shape his thoughts quite into this order, he fancied something of the kind as he stood anxiously watching the little restless sleeper. And as he gazed and thought, a something in Fortunina's face which had often troubled and startled him before, came over him again with a terrible distinctness of vision. It was as though the dark face of Vittoria had suddenly floated before the sleeping features of the child, and lay—stern and statuesque, as he had last seen it—on the white pillow!

He shook himself, and tried to collect his thoughts! Had the fatal fascination of that strong, strange face of hers so confused his sense and tampered with his self-command that he must needs see the vision of it ever before his eyes, even on the features of this child, whose sweet little person, he told himself, was far more precious to him than all her woman's maddening beauty?

He crossed himself. The devil was bad and powerful, but he should not make such a fool of him as that!

God help him to put the fair, false witch away, far away out of his remembrance! She was leading him to perdition! The image must be chased out—hunted out by another and safer one! Yes, he must marry quickly. Marry! Holy Virgin Mary, he had forgotten! Marry whom? A maid who should be unworthy to lead his little Fortunina by the hand? What, were there no good and pure women left, then, to teach this little motherless maid what, alas! she could never have sucked in with her own mother's milk? None true and tender enough to counteract the evil nature of which Bianca del Prelo so often vowed his darling must have the taint, from the bad stock whence she came?

He fell on his knees beside the bed—"Sweet mother of God," he prayed, with the tears choking in his throat and dimming his sight, "thou, who art the purest among women, teach me—a poor ignorant man—how to bring up this child in thy heavenly likeness. Purge away from my wicked heart the memory of the woman whom I love, since she is not fit to be a mother to this little one, and show me one amongst these maidens of earth who is like to thee, dear Mother of God, that she may teach her the right way; and if her blood is indeed tainted, I pray thee do not let it bring her to perdition. *Orn pro nobis.*"

His head fell upon his hands, and the sobs shook his strong frame. The child slept on and dreamed wild things, and the dawn found her faithful foster-father still trying and praying to read the sealed book of her little face, still exorcising the weird image of his false love that flashed now and then from beneath those veiled eyes and silken lashes, still wrestling with these terrible perplexities for which his simple nature was so cruelly unfit.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was the first of September—the day of the great autumn cattle-fair at Busalla. While the dawn was yet grey in the sky, and before the flush of sunrise had warmed the hills, life began to awaken in the villages and hamlets of la Valle Calda, and droves of sheep and cows and oxen, with their attendant drivers, appeared one by one upon the divers roads of the neighbourhood. The day was a great day in the whole district round. All the business of the year was done at Busalla on the first of September, and stores were laid in for months ahead in every household along the valleys.

The little town at the foot of the Giove mountain had been in the greatest excitement of preparation for a good week past. On either side of the old high road from Turin to Genoa, where the valley of the Scrivia widens out into a little plain by the river—folds and pens for the cattle, booths for all manner of knick-knack-vendors, pedlars, drapers, ironmongers, sellers of glass and crockery, of dairy, household, and garden utensils, were all packed promiscuously together with tents for refreshments, spectacles, and merry-go-rounds. Nothing was wanting in the public eye of the neighbourhood to attract buyers and sellers of every grade of society.

And surely enough members of every class of life that Busalla and its environs could boast of, soon began to present themselves on the scene of action. There were farmers from Isola and Rivarolo, cattle-drovers from up the Appenines as far as Bobbio and Antola, not to mention the nearer stations of Savignone, Casella, Ponte, San Bartolomeo and La Cerisola.

All these stood and jostled one another in the centre of the fray where the trampling of the beasts, in the accumulated dust and mire of an Italian country-town road in summer time, soon made the square impassable for the dainty stuff boots of holiday-making town damsels. And yet not a few of these more genteel specimens of the female sex graced the assembly on this gala day. The

fresh water springs of Savignone, and the generally bracing breezes of these Appenine valleys attracted many visitors from the neighbouring towns—visitors whose cheeks vied less satisfactorily with those of the mountain maidens than did the gaudier colours of their gowns. But in spite of their pallid countenances these young ladies were the object of wonder and admiration to many a bright-eyed country wench, who would stop in her walk to nudge her companions and gaze open-mouthed on the marvels of high-heeled shoes, feathered hats, pomatumed and cushioned hair-dressing, flower-loaded bonnets, furbelowed skirts, and other vagaries of fashion.

Among the strangers who had come from the town to have a little fun and a breath of fresh air in the fragrant country, was one whose jovial face and portly figure could well stand comparison with the ample bosomed matrons of the mountain-side, while her exuberant spirits showed no sign of depression from confinement in the hot, close street whence she was known to have come. This festive and comely gossip was no other than the good-natured fruiteress of the *Salita Santa Caterina*—that shrewd old *Marrina* who had been by on the memorable morning when *Pietro Paggi* had come into market with a foundling on his arm; and who had also been by when *Pietro Paggi's* innocent-faced bride had turned paler than her wont at sight of a broad-backed coxcomb in a dark garden walk. She had come to see the country and to get a mouthful of pure air and to engage a new servant maid, and to buy a few household articles that would be cheaper here than in a city market; a little also to taste the innocent pride of playing the fine lady among stay-at-home village folk who had known her in her youth: for *Marrina*, though she had lived all her life in the town, was a native of these parts. But she had come with another purpose too, and that was to try and get speech of *Pietro Paggi* again. She knew that he was safe to be at *Busalla* fair because it was there he always made his best bargains, and she wanted to insist once more upon those warnings of hers, before it was too late. He had avoided her since she had tried to give them. He had not once been up the *Salita* with vegetables since. Even on the *Piazza* of the market he had preferred to lose her custom than to run the risk of being button-holed. Oh yes, she knew well enough that was the reason he had always sold all his stock and hurried off before she got near him! Well, well, it was natural a lover should be infatuated, and *Teresina* was a pretty morsel! But nevertheless she was going to try and save him from the girl if she could—unless, indeed, she discovered that she had been more gravely mistaken in a body than she had ever known herself to be before!

She had always had a motherly liking for honest *Pietro*, and she did not want him to have a false hussy for a wife if she could help it. She liked him for himself, and she liked him because he was connected with that strange little bit of romance about the foundling; and *Marrina* loved a romance or a hint of anything dark and secret as she loved her own life. Besides, the babe was the very prettiest little marmot she had ever seen. When she had been telling the tale to those friendly gossips who were wont to spend idle quarters of an hour at her stall, she had always sworn the child must have good blood in it, in spite of the vice, for that she had never seen such a look in a pair of eyes before. And *Marrina* always liked to think that anything uncommon came of "good blood," because that made a romance more stirring. She had often recalled the little incident to *Pietro's* memory when he had been up the hill on business, and had wondered whether the black-eyed babe had prospered with the good sisters of mercy, and whether it had ever been reclaimed from the hospital or was only being brought up to a trade, or training to be sent out to service when it was old enough—just like most of those "poor unfortunates."

For it will be remembered that *Marrina* guessed nothing of the real fate of the little foundling. Whether from any remote and

intangible fear lest the old busybody should think it her duty, to try and discover the child's identity, and should actually succeed in faking up any discovery that might tend to rob him of his ewe-lamb, or whether merely from foolish false shame at his adoption of the little creature whom he had made so light of that day—*Pietro* had certainly surpassed himself in maintaining a discreet silence on the subject. Whenever the matter was mentioned he would always purse up his lips and wrinkle his brow as though he were in some deep perplexity, which so trivial a conversation greatly increased; and he would even go so far in his deception as to share in all his old friend's surmises about the fate of the unknown babe! Certainly if *Teresina* could have known how cleverly he could deceive, she would have had a better opinion of him than she had!

But *Marrina* guessed nothing of this double-dealing in a man whom she judged to be nothing but the best natured and simplest of peasants. Perhaps if she had guessed it, she might not have been so keen upon saving him from one whom she thought too sharp for him. As it was, it was not a little out of regard for the good face that she had seen at market ever since *Pietro* had been no more than a lad fifteen years ago, and out of compunction at the thought of the lines which that adroit village maiden might bring upon it, that she had come an hour's railway-ride on a hot summer's day to buy herself a couple of copper saucepans and hire a clumsy servant girl. As she wandered about with the sunshine of a good conscience shining out all over her broad, buxom face, and the sunshine of the sky scorching her well-greased black tresses beneath her transparent muslin veil, she swore to herself that she would catch *Pietro* this time, and that he should listen to her whether he would or no. And so she continued valiantly to push her way about among the crowds, peering into every countryman's face and nudging every fustian-clothed back, but missing no sight and no piece of news that she could obtain nevertheless, and gorging herself with every atom of scandal that she could lay hold of. Though she had no friends in the multitude she was as merry as any there, and gossiped away as confidentially with any bystander as she would have done with her own nearest relative. She had done her business; she had got a servant wench cheaper and fuller of work than any she could procure in the town, and now she meant to have her fun. And she was having it. Everything was grist that came to her mill—nothing disconcerted her. If folk pressed too hard she expostulated, but she never lost her temper, nor failed to attain her end. Peopled marvelled at her; she was quite a feature in the show herself.

All at once, as she was making her way towards one of the refreshment booths where she purposed to get a drink of lemon and water, the crowd began suddenly to push around her more vehemently than ever, eagerly making for some new point of interest ahead. A mire of cattle-trodden ground was under her feet and the burning sun shone overhead: even *Marrina* found it a little too much to be so mercilessly jostled.

"Hey, there, the neighbour," cried she to a gaunt woman who was elbowing her way with the worst of graces: "I am not made of bones like you, and it gives me but small comfort to receive blows in the stomach, an it please you."

"I cannot help it," answered the woman ungraciously. "The people push from behind. If you come to the country for your fun you must put up with the manners of country folk."

"What is it that folk want to see?" asked *Marrina*, appeased. "I perceive nothing here but cows and sheep and oxen, and for those who have neither to sell nor to buy, what pleasure is there in such? Round to the other side—there, yes, there are merry-go-rounds and many delights."

"There is a fight," answered the gaunt peasant woman, her little black eyes glistening with joy as she peered into the distance. "And it is one from my village who is in the fray!"

He is to be wed to-morrow to a girl of these parts, and now they say she is carrying on with a fine peacock who has come home with his pockets full of gold from America. Some will have it any man would be a fool to marry her. I daresay they are right. She looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, and these are always the worst. But for my part, I think the bridegroom deserves to be deceived. He is a poor milksop, and a hypocrite too. For he sets up for a St. Anthony though the Virgin knows there are tales about him that are none of the prettiest! Ay, he thinks he can scorn folk that are as good as he, and I say he only gets his due if he should be scorned himself for the pious fool that he is!"

Bianca—for it was she—pulled her kerchief about her with a vicious movement. It was clear there was no love lost between her and he of whom she spoke.

Marrina was interested in a moment. Here indeed was food for gossip!

"Are they of this town?" asked she, but without pausing for an answer. "Is he handsome, this gallant? Is he a peasant? Ah, but none of the men are sharp enough for us women, and that's the truth! Tell me more about it—come!"

Marrina asked many questions, but as, at the same time, she made frantic efforts to push her portly person through the close mass of the shifting multitude that she might get nearer the centre of interest, she soon separated herself from her informant, and could scarcely expect replies to them. For the uncertain waves of the great crowd carried her away from Bianca, although they did not bring her any nearer to where she wished to be. All that she could see or hear was a greater surging and struggling and gesticulating—a louder shouting and swearing near one of the cattle-pens, some hundred yards away, than anywhere else in the crowd. Of a sudden, however, the swearing and shouting changed its character, and a low murmur ran among the people.

"The police," said some one close at hand.

And then another answered: "Eh, they will not have it out here, then. But trust two *contadini* who have a grievance! They will find time and place where the police do not come!"

"Dio Santo!" ejaculated Marrina. "The police! And in a quiet little country town, too! Well, well, I suppose folk have their tempers everywhere, though one would have thought a breeze like this might have blown away the fumes of the red wine a bit."

Thus moralising and chattering on, half to herself, half to those among the neighbours around who cared to give ear to her gossip, Marrina floated onward, as it were, on the breast of the crowd, till it bore her out of the thickest throng that swayed around the cattle market, into a clearer part of the ground where pedlars and travelling linendrapers were displaying their wares, and mountebanks were performing their feats. She was a long way from the scene of the quarrel now; not even the echoes of it reached her. No doubt the combatants were parted long ere this, and she dismissed the matter from her mind. There were other and graver things to be thought of, for, though she had searched eagerly through all the mass of cattle-drovers near the pens whence she had just come, and had not even let her mind be diverted from the quest by the excitement of that most interesting quarrel, still she had not yet found Pietro Paggi. And the day was wearing on, and, before she would be able to look round, the hour would have come when she would be obliged to take the train back again to town without having accomplished her desired task.

She sighed and cursed her evil fate at the same time that she cast her eyes about for some more unusual form of excitement than the pedlar's booth, on which the eye of a town-bred matron must needs look with haughty scorn.

She found what she required in a performing troop of jugglers and acrobats, who were attracting many admirers around a little

tent close to the river. The sight was new even to one at home in the gay round of town spectacles. This jolly old dame was as delighted with it as though she had been a child of six years instead of an old woman of sixty.

More openly delighted than was a little girl at her side, upon whose drooping eyelids lay a strange shadow, and whose red lips pouted almost as though with childish anger. Old Marrina was devoted to children—pretty children especially—and this little maid was as pretty as could be, with her wildly curling golden-brown hair, and her clear, pale skin, and her blue-black eyes, with the long dark lashes.

"Oh, the dear cherub!" cried the old dame, as her eyes fell on the child. "But what ails her, then, that she does not smile?" added she almost immediately, apparently in great concern at the sight of the little one's solemn face. "See, my pretty one; see the jugglers, how clever they are, and how the little boy throws himself to his father's arms!" And Marrina laughed loudly herself, trying to excite the child to share her merriment.

But still the little features remained set and grave, and the coral lips would not part to show the pearly teeth. The good old dame was distressed, and looked round somewhat anxiously to see under whose protection might be this strange and solitary little being. No one replied to her inquiring look, no one made a movement towards the child as though seeking her. Only in the crowd, not far behind, Marrina noticed a weird dark face, with burning black eyes, gazing out of a black kerchief with which the head was wrapped around. The eyes were fastened upon the little girl, who was evidently unconscious of their presence, occupied as she apparently was—in spite of her want of appreciation of it—with the juggler's show. Marrina wondered that any one who possessed such a treasure as this should be so careless of it as to leave it an easy prey to such evil looking gypsies as were lurking about, after their fashion at fairs, seeking what children they could find to steal. Marrina was a romantic soul, and still believed in country superstitions.

"Hast no one here to take care of thee?" asked she, bending low to be the better heard of the little personage.

Still Fortunina—for it was she—kept her lips tightly pursed up together, evidently in one of her baby fits of obstinacy, determining not to speak.

"There is some one looking at thee, there behind," continued the old lady, hoping to rouse her.

"I don't care," said Fortunina, opening her lips at last, but without looking round. "I'll not go to her, whatever she says, and perhaps, if I keep my face well turned this way, she will not see me. I am small."

"Nay, do not be afraid," said the dame, thinking this speech to be prompted by a natural terror of that mournful-looking gypsy. "She will not hurt thee."

"Hurt me! No, I should like to see her try," laughed the child scornfully. "My dad would soon punish her! And she'd find that I could hurt too if she had a mind to see how she could make me do what she wants! I'll not do what she wants! I'll not obey her! I hate her! I hate her more than ever to-day, because she laughed with the Signor Americano, and she told him he might pinch my cheek. And I do not love the Signor Americano, for all he says I am pretty, and gives me comfits. No, I'll not obey her, I say!" Anger, and the memory of her grievances, had loosed the little tongue at last.

Marrina laughed. "What a little spitfire!" said she. "But how prettily she does it! Tell me, though, who is she whom thou wilt not obey? Not thy mother, nay, I hope not."

"No," said Fortunina, but without any anger at the question. The word "mother" was an empty one to her. "No! she is not my mother yet, and so I will not obey her. I have no mother."

"Poor cherub," sighed the tender-hearted old soul, who was a

grandmother herself. "She is in Heaven, thy mother, is it not so?"

"No," said Fortunina again, still in the same matter-of-fact way. "I never had any mother; I am what they call a child of shame, if you know what that is. I don't know rightly what it is, excepting that it is having no mother, and that one ought to have a mother. And so, when the village children taunt me with it, I knock them down."

"What a brave little one," cried the old lady. But to herself she murmured sadly, "poor little cherub!"

"Yes, I am brave," assented the little one, boastfully. "I hit Tonino in the eye the other day, because he said my dad was a fool to marry her. I don't want my dad to marry her. I do not like her, and that is why I have run away from her to-day and left her hunting all over the fair for me. But all the same, I was not going to allow Tonino to say such things."

"Why didst thou not want thy father to marry?"

"I wanted him to marry Vittoria," answered the child, who had grown so confidential with her new and kind-hearted friend that she had even gone so far as to allow herself to be lifted to that lady's stalwart arms, and was now nestling her curly head against the ample bosom with the yellow silk kerchief. "I would have loved Vittoria for a mother after she had saved me from the fishes, and when she was good to me, and before she went away and left me and never gave me the comfits she promised."

"Who is Vittoria?" asked the old woman. She was so much occupied in stroking those glossy curls that lay hidden upon her shoulders, that she failed to notice that that gipsy woman, whose presence she had feared for the child, had approached nearer to them, and that, at the little one's last words, she had uttered a faint and sorrowful cry as of expostulation.

"Vittoria?" answered Fortunina to the question. "Vittoria is that good one who pulled me out of the river when I was drowning. I loved her till she went away, and left me without a word. But I do not love la Teresina della Fontana. She is one of those who never look you well in the eyes."

As the child uttered the last words the old fruiteress seemed suddenly to grow more interested than ever in the tale.

"Teresina della Fontana!" exclaimed she. Why it never can be the same, surely! I know a girl named Teresina della Fontana, who is of these parts, and who also never looks you well in the eyes. But she is to be wed to one Pietro Paggi."

"Well, exactly," assented the little girl. "That is my father."

Marrina gave vent to a hasty appeal to the Virgin, but, quickly collecting her wits again, set to investigating this matter with all the business-like faculties for which she was noted on the Genoa market-place.

"Come, come," said she authoritatively, "thou makest a mistake, or else there are two Pietro Paggis, and that would be too strange to be true. The man whom I know, ay, whom I have known well these fifteen years, has no little girl like thee."

"Then there must be two," assented Fortunina, quietly.

"Well, but let us see," persisted old Marrina. "Thy father, where does he live?"

"At San Bartolomeo della Vallecaldà," replied the child, quite pat. "He is a market gardener. He cultivates the land and takes the fruit and vegetables to sell at the market of the Annunziata in Genoa. He has done it these fifteen years, they say, ever since the grandfather died, and the grandmother had no one but him to work for her. The good grandmother is dead too, now, God rest her soul! She went to Heaven from the country road side, while she was carrying me in her arms when I was a little babe. There is a cross to show the place now. Dad and I put flowers on it. But *diaci* goes to market all the same. It is for me, now, he says. He goes with a little brown donkey. We call it Marietta."

The child prattled on, and the old lady gazed at her with open mouth and with a strange expression as of a light dawning in

upon her, as she eagerly scrutinised the pretty baby face, and peered into the deep blue-black eyes.

"Do you live in Genoa, perhaps?" asked the child presently.

"Yes, I live there," answered Marrina, as in a dream. "I live on the Salita Santa Caterina."

"Why, then," cried Fortunina, joyfully, "you must be that Marrina to whom father sells his best vegetables. He has often promised me that one day he would take me to see you. Yes, he has, and he said that when I was a marmot like Bianca del Prelo's last, you held me in your arms for him, and swaddled me up that day when he brought me home from town to the good grandmother."

"Holy Virgin Mary," ejaculated the old lady fervently. "Then it must be the same! Yes—those same blue-black eyes that I always swore I would know anywhere again," sighed the old lady, just as tearfully as though she had really recognised them! "The same pretty little chin! And to think Pietro Paggi should have deceived me all this time!"

She dried her eyes and blew her nose very hard, and both the woman and the child were so much taken up with this strange discovery that they neither of them noticed that dark woman's face behind drawing up nearer and nearer to them, and hanging eagerly on every word they said. Marrina would have been frightened if she had noticed it. Perhaps Fortunina would have been frightened too, who knows? But she kept her face still resting on her new friend's shoulder, and turned away from the crowd behind her, for in spite of this new excitement she still remembered that she did not want Teresina to see her and claim her again. And the jugglers were still performing merrily before them, winning applause at every new feat, which was quite reason enough for her attention to be riveted on the spot before her.

"How old art thou, little one?" asked Marrina, after a few seconds devoted to expressions of feeling and embraces which Fortunina accepted with but scanty grace.

"I was five years' old some time last March," answered Fortunina. "Father does not justly know the day, he told me."

"Does not know the day his own child was born!"

Fortunina shrugged her shoulders. She could give no opinion on this matter. She only knew what she had been told. But Marrina was thoroughly well launched on a voyage of surmise and investigation, and gave free vent, as was her wont, to all her most secret thoughts, little caring whether the child understood her or no, and never pausing to reflect whether it was wise to lay open familiar matters to the consideration of a mixed multitude at a village fair.

"Yes," declared she emphatically, turning to whoever chanced to be the neighbour at her elbow. "It certainly must be the same. It's just five years ago last March that Pietro Paggi came into the market of the Annunziata with that little grey bundle on his arm! How we did all laugh at him about it to be sure! Of course we all swore it was his own bastard child. But I don't believe it was, though he seems to have made the little one believe it now. But then that would be out of pity to the poor forsaken marmot," she added under her breath, and turning her head away from the child. "No, I do believe the tale he told was true, though what in Heaven's name made him take the babe home after all, and why on earth he should have deceived me, as he has done these five years about it, the Virgin alone knows."

"What was the tale he told?" asked an old priest who at this moment pushed his way to the old lady's side, and whose eyes rested with kindly recognition on little Fortunina's baby face, drooping at last into sleep with the heat and fatigue of the day.

"Well, your reverence, it was this way," answered Marrina, after having apparently assured herself from a sharp scrutiny of the clean-shaven face, that confidence would not be misplaced there. "It was on the 10th of March, I know it was the 10th, you see, because that's my Saint's day. Pietro Paggi didn't come

to market till late, he who is always the first to set up his stall. And when he did come he looked very queer, and he had a strange little bundle on his arm that we all gathered round to look at, and which soon began to move and cry, so that there was no doubt as to what it was. Of course we laughed at Pietro for being so fond of his kid that he must needs bring it to market with him, and some asked if he wanted to sell it with the vegetables; though, to tell you the truth, I thought there was something odd underneath it all, from the first! And so there was. The child was not Pietro's at all, and I'll swear the lad spoke truth. He was never clever enough to have described a thing as well if it had been a lie, let alone that it was scarce likely he would have displayed his own bastard to the market-place. Anyhow, this is what he told us. He said that as he was coming along after he had left the mountain side, and just as he was close upon the town of San Pierdarena, down in the plain where, you know, the road follows close upon the course of the Polcevera river, he heard a strange sound, that seemed to come from the bed of the stream. He stopped and listened, and presently he was quite sure that the sound was the crying of an infant. There was nobody on the road, for it was early morning, and besides, the sound came always from the same place, and that down on the ground below his feet. He left the little brown donkey on the road and went down and searched all among the bushes on the shingle, and presently the crying led him to one bush that grew very close to the water, and there, on the hard stones, where the stream could slowly lap it up, lay a poor little swaddled babe of scarcely more than a week old. I never heard such a tale in all my life to make your eyes fill with tears," faltered the good soul, drying hers as she spoke.

And indeed all those around who were near enough to hear the story, strangers though they were to the parties concerned, dried their eyes too, and murmured pitiful expressions of sympathy. Even the old priest took his pinch of snuff with more than his usual fervour as he muttered to himself, "Ay, ay, it is as I thought, from the lad's own tale!"

So much impressed were everybody by the pathetic ditty that no one had any thought for that strange face in the crowd, whose sad eyes had been gradually lighting with a wonderful fire as it proceeded, and whose lips were now ashen white and trembling.

"Well," continued la Marrina, blowing her nose again, "it was a mercy that the blessed Madonna looked after the poor thing! It couldn't have fallen into better hands than Pietro Paggi's, though I *do* owe the lad a *ridge* now for having deceived me as he did, and God knows why! For when he brought the poor marmot into market, of course, you see, neighbours, he didn't know what to do with it, and so I offered to take care of it for him till he could get time to take it to the hospital, as he intended to do. And after two hours he came and fetched the thing away from me and set off to leave it with the sisters of mercy. And would you believe that from that day to this he has never told me that after all he didn't deposit it at the 'Foundling,' but that he took it home and brought it up in the village as his own bastard?"

"What makes you think that he did so?" asked the old priest, who had been listening attentively.

"Well, your reverence, isn't it evident," replied the woman, pointing to the little girl now asleep upon her motherly bosom, "that this child, who calls Pietro Paggi father, and whose age exactly matches with that of the infant whom he picked up, must be that very babe itself? Besides, isn't the colour of this little

one's eyes the very same, and didn't I swear I would know them again anywhere! Go to, I know a thing or so," declared she, with a broad smile of self-satisfaction. "This child is that foundling. I suppose Pietro's heart turned soft at the last minute, in spite of his temper at first over it. And I suppose he knew country folk think less of the want of a ring than the want of parents, and so thought he would serve the child by passing it off as his bastard. Or he may have grown to like it, and wanted to make sure of not losing it. He should have trusted *me* over it, but I quite see why he shouldn't have trusted any one else. No, you may take my word for it, this is the same child."

The old priest seemed to have his own private reasons for thinking so too, for he took snuff again with greater ardour than ever, as though to stop his own mouth from uttering some comment that it was more prudent to keep to himself; after which he contented himself with saying with emphasis: "Well, Pietro Paggi is a man of heart," and might perhaps have gone on to give his reasons for this opinion, if a sudden stir and murmur in the crowd close behind had not arrested his attention. Marrina turned round too at the noise, rousing the sleeping child by her quick movement.

Some ten yards behind, scarcely that, folks were stooping, apparently over some one who had fallen, and the murmur of pitiful ejaculations that rose from the spot led the listeners to imagine that the fall had arisen from some pain.

"It must be a woman who has fainted," said old Marrina, peering on tiptoe to get a view of the catastrophe, and eagerly endeavouring to edge her ample person betwixt two farmers as portly as herself. "Well, to be sure, 'tis no wonder, is it, cherub," added she to Fortunina, who was now fully awake and looking about her. "What with the heat and the sun on your head, and the smell of the cattle and all, I feel as if I should like to faint myself."

The fresh appearance of Marrina's placid countenance belied her words, and she seemed little to be lacking strength as with many a good-natured apology or jovial reminder, she bravely fought her way through the dense mass that had gathered round the prostrate form, carrying the little girl in her arms.

The woman lay on the ground; all the height of her tall figure was stretched out in the dust, her thin long fingers were clenched, the heavy, waxen eyelids drooped over the eyes, and the ashy whiteness of her face looked more deathly than ever by contrast with the thick masses of black hair.

"Why, it's that gipsy woman, I declare, who stood eating the child with her eyes so, just now," cried Marrina, as she caught a glimpse of the poor white features between the heads of the bystanders. "Thou wast frightened of her, cherub," added she. "Thou needst not be frightened now. She looks weak enough, poor soul."

Fortunina could not see; the throng hemmed the poor woman all around. But she said boldly, "Nay, frightened! What next? I only wanted not to let Teresina find me again. I saw no gipsy, and if I had I should not have been *frightened*!"

Her next act belied her words, for a moment afterwards the sea of heads broke suddenly into a little cleft in front of her, and catching sight of the white face on the ground, the little one gave vent to the most fearful of cries, and, wildly stretching out her little hands, struggled madly in the old lady's arms.

"Put me down, put me down," cried she impetuously. "Let me go to her, let me help her. Vittoria, my dear Vittor! is dead."

(To be continued.)

ART BOOKS

RAPHAEL: His Life and Works. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Vol. I. (London; John Murray.) The controversy which has lately sprung up over the circumstances of Raphael's early life is not likely to be allayed by the appearance of the first instalment of this new biography. Its publication is rather calculated to bring into greater prominence the several questions in dispute, for although Cavalcaselle affects to conduct these inquiries in an impartial and independent spirit, this work is obviously intended as a counterblast to the recent criticisms of Morelli and Minghetti. Throughout the volume they will be found to be fighting with antagonists whose existence they scarcely acknowledge, and to whose arguments they do not always allow sufficient weight. It would perhaps have been better if the nature of the contest had been more explicitly stated: such authority as the present writers can command would have suffered nothing in the process, for we are by no means disposed to admit that Morelli and his followers have proved the whole of their case. On the other hand, a more candid method of presenting the argument which they were called upon to meet would have enabled English readers to decide for themselves upon the several issues, and would have given greater strength to the arguments upon which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle are themselves disposed to rely. We have not now the space to follow the controversy in detail, but the main points in dispute may be shortly indicated.

Raphael was born at Urbino in the year 1483; his father, Giovanni Santi, died in 1494; and, according to the statement of Vasari, the child had already been taken to Perugia and introduced into the workshop of Perugino. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle do not hold entirely to this account of the matter, but they so far accept Vasari's narrative as to support the theory that Raphael was a pupil with Perugino as early as the year 1495, and it is at this point that they come at once into conflict with the writers we have named, whose conclusions have been widely approved by German writers of authority. According to the newly-constructed story of Raphael's early youth his master during the years immediately succeeding Santi's death was not Perugino, but Timoteo Viti, and the little picture of the sleeping knight in the National Gallery is quoted in evidence of Timoteo's influence upon Raphael's art at this date. Certain it is that the earlier assumption which placed Timoteo among the scholars of Raphael is now shown to be untenable; and the fact of his arrival at Urbino in the year 1495 is also clearly ascertained. He was Raphael's senior by fifteen years, and it is on the face of it only probable that the boy of twelve should have accepted the teaching of the master of twenty-seven. This fabric of conjecture of course falls to the ground if it can be proved, as Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle assert, that in 1495 Raphael entered the service of Perugino, but the facts which they adduce in support of this view cannot be accepted as conclusive. On the whole, the weight of evidence may be said to be against them on this point, and their controversial powers are shown to greater advantage when they come to discuss the relations of Raphael and Pinturicchio. Here again the spirit of modern criticism has been destructive. The notion that the young painter supplied the designs for the frescoes at Siena has been reckoned as another instance of Vasari's inaccuracy, and the drawings in the Venice sketch-book which have hitherto been quoted in support of Raphael's assumed share in the work, are ascribed by a certain school of critics to other hands. But the case does not rest only on the Venice sketch-book, and the careful consideration given by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle to the valuable series of designs exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery seems to us to go far to prove Vasari's contention. These are the two principal questions upon which

Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle are at issue with their opponents, and it is the discussion of these questions which gives especial interest to their work. Altogether the volume must be reckoned a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject, although it affords no final settlement of the matters in dispute. One welcome feature of their work consists in the use the authors make of the drawings of Raphael and his contemporaries, a source of information which in their earlier contributions to the history of Italian art had been somewhat unduly neglected. In point of literary style it must be confessed that there is still much to desire, and the absence of illustrations renders the discussion of many questions of importance more difficult to follow.

Italian Art in the National Gallery. (London: Sampson Low, & Co.), by Dr. J. P. Richter. Dr. Richter has written an interesting essay upon a subject which he has studied with sympathy and attention. He brings to his work the authority that belongs to learning and research, backed by an intimate acquaintance with the methods and conclusions of recent criticism, and if his judgments are in certain cases somewhat dogmatically proclaimed, they are always entitled to respect and consideration. He is an enthusiastic follower in the school of criticism to which reference has already been made in our notice of the new biography of Raphael, and it is one of the pretensions of this school that the process of investigation which they employ enables themselves to analyse the productions of art with a near approach to scientific certainty. As a general proposition we are disposed to dissent from this view of the functions of art criticism, although we are ready to admit the value of much of the work that has been accomplished under its inspiration. The evidence by which we can recognise the presence of a particular master must often be incapable of categorical statement and precise definition, the relations between the artistic individuality and the facts upon which it is exercised being in their nature too complex and too subtle to be expressed by any scientific formula however exhaustive or complete. And on the other hand, a process of identification which relies upon the comparative study of details must, we think, often be misleading. It is impossible to speak absolutely of the degree in which a painter may be inspired by nature: a settled method of rendering the truths of form or expression may yield in certain instances to the superior influence of a particular moral; and although the work as a whole may still reveal the presence of the master, the so-called scientific test may be found to be at fault. The truth would seem to be that this new apparatus of criticism forms only one element in the judgment of a work of art, and its usefulness depends upon the degree of candour with which each individual inquirer is prepared to admit its limitations. It is based upon a series of deductions made from works which are on other grounds accepted as authentic, and unless it is applied with caution it may reduce our conception of a master's style to the level of his most mannered performances. The suggestion put forward by Dr. Richter that pictures can be classified with absolute certainty, and by the means employed by the botanist in the classification of plants, is not, we think, consistent with the nature of art.

But Dr. Richter's judgments, however we may disagree with them, are always suggestive. He has made a thorough examination of the Italian pictures in the National Collection, and it is only to be regretted that he has been compelled in some instances to curtail the discussion of the various interesting questions which they suggest. That his conclusions are often at variance with the official statements of the catalogue is only what might be expected. In many instances his proposed amendments have been anticipated

by earlier students: in others they involve propositions which are likely to be warmly contested. Dr. Richter is no believer in Leonardo's authorship of the *Suffolk Madonna*, but on what grounds he treats of the picture in a chapter headed "The Decay of the Italian Schools of Painting," it would be difficult to say, nor is it clear why he should suggest that those who take an opposite view have been led only by "predilections of taste." Another portion of his work which is open to objection is that in which he deals with the famous Botticelli picture, purchased at the Hamilton Sale. Here he would seem rather to shrink from the logical deductions of his favourite system. Botticelli's style, we are told, cannot easily be mistaken, and further, Dr. Richter adds that he has been unable to discover any sure evidence in this work of the master's hand: yet he will not venture to pronounce the opinion that it is not a genuine picture. Can we doubt, however, what would have been the conclusion arrived at if the scientific test had not in this instance been confronted with powerful evidence of a different sort? Very interesting chapters in the volume are devoted to the early Venetian school, and to the works of Perugino and Raphael. Altogether, it is a book calculated to excite renewed interest in the splendid series of Italian paintings possessed by the National Gallery, and perhaps this is the highest service that criticism can render. It may be added that the illustrations accompanying the text are for the most part of admirable quality.

Cecil Lawson. A Memoir by E. W. Gosse (London: The Fine Art Society). Mr. Gosse has paid a graceful and worthy tribute to Lawson's memory. He writes of his friend not merely with affection and sympathy, but with judgment and discrimination, and the generous praise which he rightly bestows on Lawson's genius is illumined by a fine insight into his character and temperament, and by a true understanding of his peculiar aims in art. In particular, we may notice the skill with which Mr. Gosse defines Lawson's attitude towards contemporary landscape, and notes the influences under which his style was formed. His art, as we now perceive, ranks in virtue of its strength as a characteristic product of our time, but it was by no means the outcome of the current tendencies in landscape painting which sufficed to shape the practice of less independent spirits. Lawson looked at nature in his own way, and he studied the masters of the past in a spirit of equal originality. He was affected in some degree by the realism of contemporary art, but he was also inspired by the poetical qualities which belonged to the work of earlier schools. The means by which his own individuality gradually formed itself out of these different and sometimes conflicting influences are clearly set forth by Mr. Gosse. It is not the fault of the biographer that the subject offers little in the way of incident or adventure. The life of an artist, especially of an artist so entirely absorbed in his work as Lawson, must needs be uneventful, and it is in his painting that we must expect to find the truest and most valuable record of his career. The little that was to be related is, however, pleasantly set forth, and the merely narrative portion of the essay is supplemented by careful and appreciative studies of individual pictures. Mr. Gosse's estimate of Lawson's powers is generous without being extravagant, and it could be wished that other of our painters whom death has cut down had found biographers equally judicious and sympathetic.

Historical Handbook of Italian Sculpture (London: Remington & Co.), by Charles C. Perkins. Under the unassuming title of a handbook Mr. Charles Perkins repeats, in a condensed form, the results of the interesting and valuable researches into the history of Italian sculpture which in detail he gave to the world some years ago. Not that he has confined himself within those limits to the exclusion of facts which have come to his knowledge since the publication of his larger work; on the contrary, he has

availed himself of everything that could serve to bring his present volume up to date in point of information, and the result is a concise, continuous, and well-arranged history, which cannot fail to be regarded as a thoroughly trustworthy and reliable authority on a subject of widespread and abiding interest. Mr. Perkins has divided the main portion of his narrative into three sections—the Revival and the Gothic Period, 1240 to 1400; the Early Renaissance; and the Later Renaissance, 1500 to 1600—having chosen to commence with the Revival because, as he truly says, after that era the personality of the sculptor becomes more and more pronounced, and biographical materials increase. Had he limited himself to this comparatively familiar field, he would have passed for an exceptionally intelligent and sympathetic worker among a goodly number of others, but he has prefaced his history of five centuries of plastic art by an introduction dealing with the period, less generally understood, antecedent to the Revival, as affecting Northern, Central, and Southern Italy respectively. In Northern Italy the record of sculpture starts from the time of Theodoric, 475-526, and the palaces which Italian architects designed and built for him at Terracina, Verona, and Pavia, in humble and inferior imitation of the old Roman buildings. The introduction of the Byzantine style, due to St. Ecclesius, Bishop of Ravenna, led to a third, known as the Romanesque, or Comacine style, the latter name derived from a body of Italian architects whose headquarters were in the Isoletta Comacina, an island in the Lake of Como. The pointed style, to which the name of Gothic has been applied, did not actually reach Italy until seven centuries after the Gothic rule had been overthrown. In Southern Italy, native architecture was acted upon, but at a later date, by the united influence of Greeks, Saracens, and Normans, and Mr. Perkins devotes considerable attention and allots a prominent position to the work of the Apulian sculptors of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, as instanced in the numerous churches built during this period; but more remarkable still is the Gothic Castel del Monte erected by order of the Emperor Frederic II. in the succeeding century. Soon after this Apulian art fell into decadence. In Central Italy no Roman sculptors are mentioned from the fifth to the ninth century; Magister Christianus who made the monument of a Cardinal Peter, about 904, being the first. Another and more notable name in these early records is that of Peter le Orfever, one of the Roman Cosmati, who originated a system of decorative architecture, called Cosmatesque after them, about the middle of the twelfth century. The façade of the Cathedral at Civita Castellana, the cloisters of St. Paul's and the Lateran at Rome, the portico and pulpit of San Lorenzo, and the cloisters of Santa Scholastica at Subiaco are worthy examples of this exquisite style. By successive steps and in compendious form, illustrated by apt examples, Mr. Perkins brings the early history of Italian sculpture down to the time of Niccola Pisano, the founder of the Pisan school, with whose biography and works the main portion of the handbook commences. He is the prominent figure in the Revival and Gothic Period, and occupies the same position in regard to it as do Ghiberti and Donatello to the Early, and Michael Angelo to the Later, Renaissance. In addition to the close study which he has bestowed upon his subject and the personages, great and small, connected with it, Mr. Perkins has added to the value of his work as a book of reference by a copious index to the principal collections in Europe, both public and private, and to the numerous towns in Italy where examples of the various masters are to be found, specifying the example in each case, so that by means of the handbook any traveller through Italy might, were he so minded, trace the history of Italian sculpture for himself. The value of such a work as this, convenient in form and moderate in price, can scarcely be overestimated, and it cannot fail to be as welcome to the general reader as to those who have a more definite object in its perusal.

NOTES

BY the death of Herr Richard Wagner the world of music has lost an undoubted master of the art, and one whose theories of composition have given rise to the most bitter controversy known to modern times. Whether his influence on the music of the future is destined to be as great as his adherents assert is a point which cannot be decided now. That he has done good service in insisting upon the necessity of reality in music, and a closer connection between it and other methods of expressing emotion and dramatic action, may, on the contrary, be admitted thus early. But it will, perhaps, be generally conceded that he attributed to music a greater power of conveying emotion than it possesses, so far as the vast majority of its hearers are concerned. In this regard he and Berlioz were alike; but whereas the latter strove not unfrequently to be melodious, Wagner, with a greater power of producing melody, seemed at times to be anxious to avoid it or fearful to betray it. In both of them their overweening self-confidence was prejudicial to their chances of a fair hearing, and it is remarkable that both failed to impress Parisian audiences, though the influence of both has made its mark upon the contemporary composers of France. Herr Wagner was born at Leipzig in 1813, and when twenty-three years of age conducted the theatre of Magdeburg. In the four subsequent years he was engaged in the theatres of Königsberg, Dresden, Riga, and Paris, and made his first appearance in London in 1841, about which time he produced *Rienzi*, his first opera, and *Der Fliegende Holländer*. In 1845 he produced *Tannhäuser*, followed in 1852 by *Lohengrin*. At the time of the production of the last-mentioned work he was in Switzerland, where he took refuge in 1848, on the occasion of the outbreak of political troubles in Saxony. *Tristan und Isolde* and the *Nibelungen* were written at Zurich in 1855. He married the daughter of the Abbé Liszt in 1869, but the union was by no means a happy one. As already remarked, the measure of his influence, so far as its durability is concerned, can scarcely be taken yet; it is, however, more than probable that had it not been for the somewhat extravagant pretensions of himself and his admirers, his claim to rank as a genius in musical art would have received more general recognition.

MESSRS. F. S. NICHOLS & Co., of the Borough High Street, have issued an etching of one of the old inns of London, *The White Hart*, of Long Southwark, near High Street, with which are associated so many interesting incidents in English history. The earliest date at which mention is made of the "White Hart" appears to be 1400, and from that time it was the scene of many stirring events, the most important of which have been briefly recorded in a memoir by Mr. William Rendle. The etching is rendered all the more valuable by reason of the too probable disappearance at an early date of the old features of the inn which still remain.

MR. DUNTHORNE, of Vigo Street, has on exhibition *The Harvest Moon*, the last work of George Mason, A.R.A., which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1872, in the autumn of which year the artist died. The picture is exceedingly refined and poetic in treatment, and proportionately difficult as a subject for etching. Mr. Macbeth has, however, struggled successfully to overcome the difficulties incidental to such a work, and has been more than usually happy in reproducing the sentiment of the composition, a graceful result which has not always crowned his efforts with the etching needle.

At the last general meeting of the *Société des Artistes Graveurs au Burin de France*, Mr. Louis Fagan, of the British Museum, was elected an honorary member of that body.

THE election by the Royal Academy of Mr. Gregory and Mr. Macbeth would seem to mark a new departure in the policy of the Institution. It has hitherto been deemed almost essential to success that candidates should have diligently cultivated the good opinion of the Academy by constantly contributing to the annual exhibition. In regard to Mr. Gregory this has certainly not been the case. His works during recent years have found their way to the Grosvenor Gallery, and the admirable portrait of Miss Galloway will be specially remembered as a prominent feature of the exhibition of two years ago. Mr. Macbeth has likewise preserved an absolute independence in the disposal of his pictures, and the double election is therefore a gratifying indication that the Academy is beginning to discharge its functions in a larger and more liberal spirit.

It is to be hoped that nothing will occur to prevent the acquisition by the British Museum of the splendid Ashburnham manuscripts. The country has been sufficiently humiliated by the loss of the famous collection belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, and it would be a source of just disappointment to all who strive for the enrichment of our national treasures if this second opportunity were lost. The price, 160,000*l.*, is pronounced by experts to be by no means extravagant, and it is insignificant in amount compared to the sums which are readily expended in other departments. The wealth of the collection in every department is remarkable, but in regard to works of high artistic value it is altogether extraordinary. There are two illuminated manuscripts of the finest periods of Italian design, one of them containing exquisitely finished paintings by Perugino, Lorenzo di Credi, and their contemporaries. A delightful MS. with a superb series of drawings of the Flemish school of Van Eyck may be mentioned as another of the features of special interest, and to these may be added a considerable number of admirable French illuminations.

MR. BOUGHTON'S pictures for the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery are already far advanced. One of his subjects is taken from the scenery of the Riviera; another represents a group of Dutch peasants, in picturesque costume, waiting for a ferry-boat; in a third, where a single figure of life-size forms the principal feature of the composition, he has illustrated the New England suspicion of witchcraft. Perhaps the most striking and original of the several works which the painter now has on the easel is that of a Druidess laden with the sacred mistletoe, with a background of snow-clad landscape.

MR. ANNEY, the gifted young American artist who is now widely known to the English public by his admirable drawings in *Harper's Magazine*, has, we regret to say, been seriously unwell. He is now convalescent, and is actively engaged upon a series of illustrations to Goldsmith's comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*.

THE large mosaic portrait of the late President Garfield, which Commendatore Salviati, of Venice, has presented to the American people, has arrived in London, and its exhibition at the Salviati Gallery, 311A, Regent Street, has caused some little stir in artistic circles. It is an admirable likeness, and is composed of no less than 8,000 minute pieces of enamel. The effect produced is fine. At a little distance it is almost impossible to believe that it is not an oil-painting, over which it has the advantage of never-fading durability.



THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS: POTTERY AND PORCELAIN

II



ENAMELLED FLOWER VASE

By Th. Deck

THE term "soft," as applied to pottery, refers both to the composition and to the degree of heat to which it is exposed in the furnace. The composition, as already stated, is soft paste, consisting of clay, sand, and lime, which may be scratched with a knife. This prepared clay, whether hard or soft, is commonly termed "body" in this country, the word paste being derived from the French *pâte*. Of the four subdivisions of soft pottery—unglazed, lustrous, glazed, and enamelled—the first three comprise the ancient productions of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, as well as the more modern wares in common use among all nations, and as these have been dealt with generally in the opening article upon this subject, we shall confine ourselves to the fourth subdivision.

The earliest manufacture of soft and enamelled pottery in Europe is clearly traced to Italy, and the various descriptions of it, though sometimes called *Raffaelle* or *Umbrian* wares, are more usually included under the name of *Majolica*, from the island of Majorca, whence the first specimens of painted

pottery were introduced into Italy. In the year 1114 the inhabitants of Pisa undertook a crusade against Nazaredeck, King of Majorca, whose repeated and savage acts of piracy had spread terror along the coasts of France and Italy. In the following year this monarch was defeated and killed, his island was taken, and the Pisans returned to their native city triumphant, and laden with a quantity of Moorish painted pottery among other spoils. This is proved by the number of Moorish plates, or *bacini*, which are incrustated in the walls of the oldest Pisan churches. "In St. Sisto and St. Apollonica," says Mr. Dawson Turner in his *Journal*, "they are on the west front, and a row of them is also to be seen running along the sides under the cornice. In St. Francisco are some near the top of the campanile, which is very lofty. I afterwards observed others in the walls of two churches of about the same date at Pavia." Very few of these now remain, but their similarity to the wares which are known to have been manufactured by the Moors in Spain is sufficient to define their Saracenic origin. Two centuries, however, elapsed before any attempt appears to have been made to imitate them, the establishment of the potteries at Pesaro, in the duchy of Urbino, dating from 1350. The wares manufactured at Pesaro were of red clay, covered with a thin coating of white earth, on which were painted patterns in yellow, blue, and black. This was undoubtedly the origin of *Majolica*, afterwards brought to such perfection

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and celebrity by Luca della Robbia, the inventor of the famous stanniferous white enamel, or opaque glazing, composed of quartzose sand with oxides of lead and tin, whence its name, derived from *stannifere*.

Luca della Robbia was born in 1399, and, like so many of the artists of his day, was trained in a goldsmith's workshop. According to Vasari, this goldsmith was Lionardo di Ser Giovanni, who made



VASE WITH GOLD ORNAMENTATION

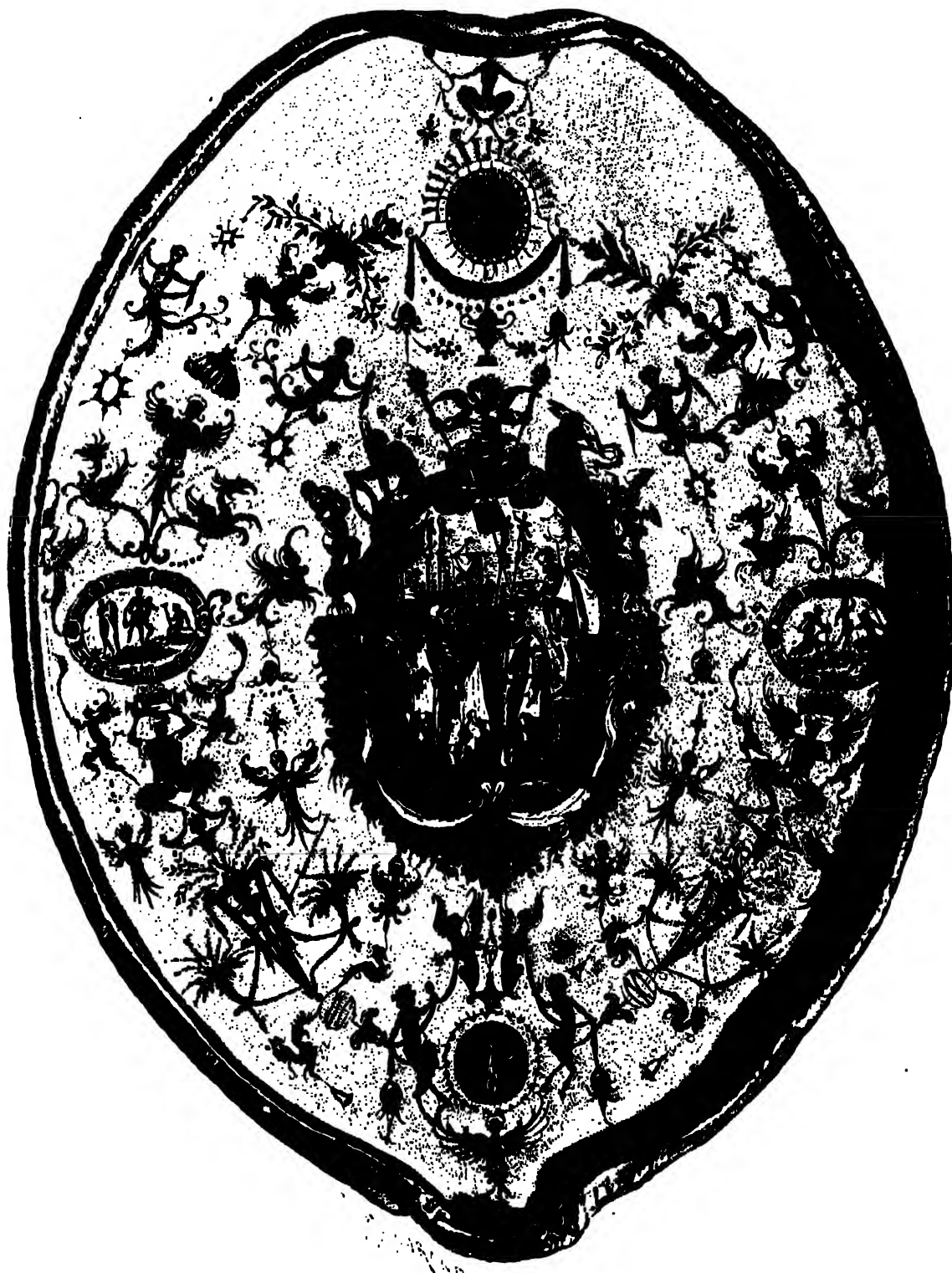
In imitation of the Haviland Pottery

the splendid silver altar in the Duomo at Pistoja. This is a doubtful point, but there is no doubt that he commenced the study of sculpture at a very early age, and that he has left on record several very beautiful works, of which his celebrated group of choristers, a portion of a series of ten alto-reliefs for the balustrade of a singing-gallery, is of itself sufficient to stamp him as a great artist. But we are not



PERSIAN FOUNTAIN
Opaque Porcelain

concerned with his sculpture, but with the enamel with which his name is more commonly associated. This enamel, as first used by him upon figures, was pure white, and that upon his backgrounds and ornamental accessories, blue and green. Later on, he and his nephew Andrea grew more lavish in their use of colour, carrying it into the flesh and draperies of their figures to such an extent as seriously to diminish the artistic excellence of their productions.



MAJOLICA PLATE, MIDDLE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

Urbino manufacture

The first bas-reliefs in Robbia ware, manufactured about 1440, are those of the *Resurrection* and *Ascension* in the lunettes of the doors leading to the Sacristy of the Cathedral at Florence. The manufacture owed much of its perfection to the support accorded to it by the Dukes of the house of Urbino. Duke Guidobaldo established a manufactory at Pesaro; his nephew and successor, Francesco Maria della Rovere, added another at Gubbio; and the next Duke, Guidobaldo II., gave a marked impetus to the improvement in the style of painting the ware. The term "Raffaella ware" applied to

it proceeded from the erroneous notion that the great master either painted some of the splendid designs, or that they were painted under his immediate supervision,—the truth of the matter being that the decoration was very frequently supplied by his scholars from his original drawings. After the death of Luca, which took place in 1482, his nephew Andrea carried on the manufacture, and he in turn was succeeded by his four sons, under whom it speedily deteriorated, and at length became extinct. Concerning the general characteristics of Robbia ware throughout the period of its production we cannot do better than quote the remarks of Mr. Charles C. Perkins in his *Historical Handbook of Italian Sculpture*. "In Robbia ware, it is usual to assign that which is simplest in colour and feeling to the period when Luca and Andrea worked together, and that in which colour is unsparingly used to the later period when



Decorative composition by François Ehrmann. Executed in pottery by Th. Deck and Boulenger



ARCHITECTURE

Decorative composition by François Ehrmann. Executed in pottery by Th. Deck

Andrea and his four sons, Giovanni, Luca II., Ambrogio, and Girolamo, represented the school. Still, there are examples, such as the decorative terra-cotta work in the Capella Tazzi at Santa Croce, where Luca did not confine himself to blues and greens; and certain works, such as the lovely altar-piece of the Coronation of the Virgin in the church of the Osservanza near Siena, which would seem to be recognisable as his work without the aid of documents or signature, now attributed to Andrea, though to us the pure white figures, whose draperies are picked out with a modicum of gold, the unbroken background against which they are relieved as against an arrested bit of Italian sky, the grace of the bending Madonna, and the simply-composed bas-reliefs of the Annunciation, the Birth of our Lord, and the Assumption of the Virgin in the 'gradino,' all bespeak the master's hand."

In the middle of the fifteenth and the commencement of the sixteenth centuries the principal seats of the manufacture of Majolica were Pesaro, Urbino, and Gubbio, the celebrity of the last-mentioned place being due to Maestro Giorgio Andreoli, a native of Pavia. His early works were in the style of the della Robbia, but subsequently he either invented or appropriated a system of decoration with lustre pigments, whose opalescent tints assume varied colours according as the light falls upon them. The origin of the "ruby lustre" is assigned to him, and a specimen of his work, the relievo of St. Sebastian, is to be seen at South Kensington. His death heralded the downfall of the Gubbio Majolica, and the secret of his lustres was eventually lost. Nicola da Urbino, Francesco Xanto, and Orazio Fontana contributed chiefly to the renown of the Urbino potteries, of whom Fontana has left behind him the most remarkable examples of this particular branch of art.

Castel Durante was also celebrated for a buff-coloured Majolica of great richness and purity of glaze, and among other places where the manufacture was carried on may be mentioned Faenza, whence it is supposed that the French word *faïence* is derived. Some authorities, however, assert that the term comes from a town in Provence, near Cannes, called Fayence, where potteries are stated to have existed from a very early date. After the cessation of the manufacture of Majolica in the state of Urbino, which occurred about 1600, something resembling it, but in no way equalling it, was manufactured at Naples, and subsequently at Venice. Naples, however, in the year 1740, produced the beautiful ware known as Capo di Monte, remarkable for its shells, corals, and embossed figures beautifully moulded in alto-relief. Genuine examples of this production are both rare and valuable. We may here mention that the designation, *Mezza-Majolica*, which may occasionally be met with, refers to the coarse ware manufactured from 1450 to 1500, and characterised as a rule by arabesques and coats of heraldry round the rim of the disk, with a bust in the centre.

The process of manufacturing Majolica has been described by Passeri, who wrote in the middle of the last century. The paste or body, composed of common clay or terra-cotta, after being fashioned on the wheel to the required form, is first dried and then burnt in the furnace, in which state it is called "biscuit." The substances composing the glaze or enamel are reduced to powder and mixed with water to the consistency of cream, and the piece is dipped into this composition. The biscuit, being porous, absorbs the moisture, and on the glazing, which is now a soft coating, the painting is executed with the enamel colours. It need scarcely be pointed out that an assured touch and extreme nicety are required in this operation. After having been painted, the piece is again fired, protected from the direct action of the flames by being inclosed in a clay case; the glaze becomes a glossy enamel, the painting is incorporated with it, and assumes that peculiar brilliancy which is characteristic of the ware.

Germany and France both claim to have imported the manufacture of Majolica from Italy, but in neither case did the fabric produced come up to the original. An artist of Nuremberg, Hirschvögel by name, went to Urbino in 1503, and there learnt the art of enamelling pottery, but though on his return, four years latter, he established a manufactory, he did not persevere, nor had he any successor when he relinquished the pursuit in favour of sculpture.

Its introduction into France was due to Catherine de' Medici, who seems to have induced her relative, Louis Gonzaga, when he became Duc de Nevers on his marriage with Henrietta of Cleves, to send for artists from Italy and establish them at Nevers. So long as the Italian artists lived, the Majolica, or Fayence as it was called, betrayed a certain similiarity to its Italian original, but at length it became soft pottery of the ordinary type, and Nevers ware must, therefore, be considered under that head, and apart from Majolica properly so called.

The manufacture of soft enamelled pottery was confined to France, Germany, and Holland, with which we shall deal in that order. The towns in France principally connected with it were Nevers, Monstiers, Rouen, and, most celebrated of all, Saintes, the residence of Bernard Palissy; in Germany, Nuremberg, Ratisbon, and Landshutt; and in Holland, Delft, which has given its name to the whole manufacture.

There is nothing of great import to be said about the Nevers, Moustiers, or Rouen wares, though each and all were and are highly prized. The Nevers ware, which is common in quality, owes its value to the brilliancy of its dark blue enamel with white patterns upon it. Moustiers pottery is characterised



KERAMIC ART

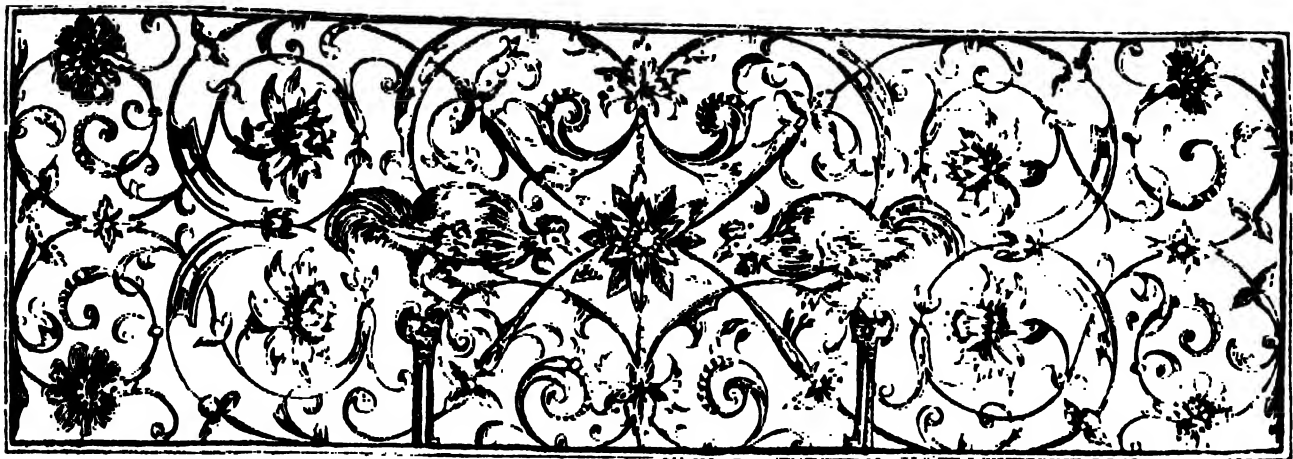
Decorative composition by François Ehlmann. Executed in pottery by Th. Deck

by a remarkable degree of refinement, and its value is enhanced by the fact that examples of it are very rare. Rouen became celebrated at the close of the seventeenth century; and in 1713 Louis XIV. had a service of it made expressly for his own use, of which a saltcellar is preserved in the collection at Sèvres. Some large examples of this manufacture, such as fountains, vases, busts, &c., are also preserved.

The history of Bernard Palissy, his sturdy character, his indomitable energy and courage under all sorts of difficulties, and his eventual success, are too familiar to call for repetition at any length. Born in 1510, of poor parents, in the diocese of Agen, he was employed at first in painting upon glass, and settled at Saintes to pursue his calling. When there, he chanced to see, in 1539, a beautiful cup of enamelled pottery, and being assured in his own mind that if he could discover the secret of the enamel, he would not only make his own fortune, but elevate the art of pottery, he devoted the whole of his time, his energies, and his savings to the attempt. His savings soon went, he burnt his chairs and tables to feed his furnace, and he became so destitute that he paid his solitary workman out of his wardrobe. Sixteen years elapsed before success rewarded his unexampled perseverance; but when, in 1555, he did discover the secret of the enamel, his anticipations of fame and wealth were fully realised. More, than that, his renown saved his life, for as an ardent Protestant he must have fallen a victim to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, had not the king claimed him as his special servant and given him shelter in the Tuileries.

Palissy ware is remarkable chiefly for the beauty of its ornamentation, and this is especially the case in what the artist himself called his "*rustic pieces*," or *figulines*. His figures and ornaments are always in coloured relief,—yellow, blue, and grey prevailing, and the backs of his pieces are never of uniform colour. As a rule they are shaded, or mottled, with blue, yellow, and brown. Most of his productions were meant for ornament, not for use. His natural objects, such as fish, plants, reptiles and shells, were all moulded from nature, and are wonderfully true in form, but notwithstanding the great quantity of this ware which must have been made, it is stated, on the authority of Mr. Marryat, that but thirty varieties exist which can be separately characterised by their forms, subjects, and other ornaments. Imitations of Palissy ware were made after his death, which can be easily distinguished on account of the inferiority displayed in the moulding of the ornamentation. Large collections of the ware exist in the Louvre and other museums in Paris, and both the British and South Kensington Museums possess excellent specimens. Mr. Marryat, writing in 1850, says that a large vase sold for 57*l.* 15*s.*, and a perforated candlestick for 20*l.*; but at the Pourtalès sale in 1865 a square salt-cellar realised the enormous price of 202*l.*, and other examples brought proportionately high prices.





GAVARNI



ONE OF THE LAST SKETCHES
BY GAVARNI

IN the biographical notices of modern French artists which have appeared from time to time in the pages of *ART AND LETTERS*, it has been found possible to combine admiration of the artist with some appreciation of the personal nature of the man. Even Horace Vernet, whose genius most nearly approaches that of the subject of the present notice, and who had almost as little solidity of character, possessed a genial disposition and a sympathetic temperament which endeared him to his friends, insured him a popularity apart from his art, and won for him a measure of respect beyond that inspired by his talents. It is not so with Gavarni. He was a libertine from the beginning to the end of his career, and, as a natural consequence selfish throughout. In his youth he seemed incapable of sustained effort, ever dreaming and never accomplishing, always conceiving some project or other merely to cast it aside in favour of something else equally destitute of realisation; in turn reckless and morose; with an infinite capacity for pleasing others, but too inconstant and too void of deep feeling to inspire them with a lasting regard. In manhood this want of fixity of purpose gave way, so far as art was concerned, to a feverish industry, but in all other things the boy was father to the man, and time brought with it neither reason, prudence, nor the most ordinary measure of self-denial. It is almost with a sense of relief that we read of his grief at the death of his parents, in the hope that at last there may be evidence of some symptom of genuine feeling, but even that is perforce succeeded, however unwillingly, by a sort of contemptuous

pity for the hysterical outpourings of the superficial nature which was neither influenced by their example while they were yet alive, nor by their memory when dead. We feel no surprise, therefore, when we read that in his old age he was a prey to moroseness, and almost entirely given up to the attempted solution of abstruse mathematical problems, of which the one salient and consistent feature was that under no possible circumstances could they benefit or profit any created being but himself. However, the unsatisfactory character of the man cannot annul the genius of the artist, nor can it materially diminish the admiration which must of necessity be aroused by the marvellous fecundity of his imagination, an imagination so inexhaustible that, though he left behind him no less than ten thousand examples of his skill, he may be said never to have repeated himself. Nor is this his only claim to recognition in the world of art, for to almost every one of his drawings he wedded some fanciful quip or witty sentence so apposite that we are at a loss to conjecture which was the earlier creation of his brain. In this union of talent,—in the combination of the artist and the writer,—he stands alone, and when to these faculties we add that of the mathematician, we can only wonder that in his feverish and restless life there should have been any time for that indulgence in dissipation which, as a matter of fact, absorbed so considerable a share of his attention.

Guillaume Sulpice Chevallier, or Chevalier, as he himself appears to have written it, was born on the 13th of January, 1804, and was placed at a very early age, first of all with an architect, and subsequently with a mathematical instrument maker. There is nothing particularly worthy of record in connection either with his childish days or with his youth; in fact, his artistic life may be regarded as having commenced only from the period when, at the instance of his publisher, he adopted a pseudonym and selected the name of Gavarni, by which he was ever afterwards known. This date can be safely assigned to the latter half of the year 1829, because in June of that year he published two small drawings, *Les Blanchisseuses* and *Le Marchand de Lunettes*, the first edition of which bears the signature "Chevalier," and the second, a few months later, that of "Gavarni." The name was suggested by the Pont de Gavarnie:



ONE OF THE LAST SKETCHES BY GAVARNI

in the Pyrenees, where much of his youth was spent. At this time he was living with his parents at Montmartre, where he first commenced serious study after nature, and also first showed any sign of that capacity for work for which he soon became remarkable. His sketch-books at this time were by no means devoted to drawings of the surrounding scenery; on the contrary, there are pages and pages filled with studies of hands of all sorts and in all positions, for Gavarni resembled Watteau in his careful drawing of the hand, and fully as many covered with sketches of modern wearing apparel. In 1830 he sprang into notice as a *dessinateur des modes*, but even at that early stage of his career he gave proof of his capacity not only to endow his lay figures with life, but to stamp upon them the impress of his own individuality. This year was an important epoch in his life for other reasons—he appears to have laid



"SI MON PINCE-NEZ M'EMPÊCHE DE VOIR, ÇA NE REGARDE PERSONNE"

Engraved by Leveillé from the water colour drawing by Gavarni (collection of M. Alfred Le Ghaït)

up in his retentive memory such a stock of studies that towards the end of his life he was able to fall back upon them, and was no longer dependent upon nature for his ideas. But more important still, the *Mode* was started in 1830 by M. Émile de Girardin, who secured the services of Gavarni as draughtsman for that periodical. The engagement was important in more senses than one, because it not only gave the artist a lucrative engagement, but it also brought him into prominent notice, and into contact with the leading artistic and literary celebrities of the day, Eugène Sue, Alphonse Karr, and Balzac to wit, the latter of whom intrusted to Gavarni the illustration of his *Peau de Chagrin*, and subsequently gave him many other commissions. The Revolution of July allowed the artist an opportunity of dabbling



ONE OF THE LAST SKETCHES BY GAVARNI

in political caricature, an opportunity which he made use of freely in the *Ballon perdu*, and regretted ever afterwards. He had no political bias, and this was the solitary occasion on which he allowed himself, or his spirits, to lead him into turning political personages into ridicule.

In 1832 his reputation was considerably enhanced by the publication of two series of drawings, the *Travassements pour 1832*, and the *Physionomics de la Population de Paris*, which were equally successful in London and Paris. Each series consisted of six drawings, every one of which gave evidence of careful study after nature. In fact, Gavarni himself said that the most beautiful pictures he saw were those he found in the country, in the streets, and among the crowd. "I always come back

from a landscape by Ruysdael," he says, "to the mill of Montmartre, and from a portrait by Vandyck to the face of my *portier*; absurd ideas perhaps, but natural to me." At this time one of his ambitions appears to have been directed to effecting some improvement in theatrical costume. "The people," he says in another place, "have received from the theatre a taste for costume. Some day, perhaps, the theatre will receive it from me." Nor was his time occupied in drawing alone; he was an author and a poet as well, and several of his works both in prose and verse were given to the world between 1830 and 1833. Most of these were collected together and published in 1869 under the title, *Manières de voir et façons de penser*, with a prefatory notice from the pen of M. Yriarte. They do not possess any conspicuous literary merit, and are very inferior to the brilliant *jeux d'esprit* which appear at the foot of his drawings.



PORTRAIT OF GAVARNI, A YEAR BEFORE HIS DEATH

By his son, Pierre Gavarni

Towards the end of 1833 Gavarni began to grow weary of illustrating other people's newspapers, and determined, much against the advice of many of his friends, to launch one on his own account. This he eventually succeeded in doing, and on the 6th of December, 1833, appeared the first number of the *Journal des Gens du Monde*, with a fantastic preface and a still more fantastic sketch *Un Papillon Noir*, both by the artist. As Gavarni had surrounded himself with many of the most brilliant writers of the day, the new venture promised well. Unfortunately, this promise was not fulfilled, and despite all the efforts of the originator of the idea and his colleagues, the paper died a natural death in July, 1834, at its nineteenth number, and with it went some twenty thousand francs. Gavarni had borrowed the money; he could not repay it, and what with the interest and the innumerable expenses attending such misfortunes, the debt thus contracted was the origin of the embarrassment and poverty which haunted him throughout the remainder of his life, and dogged his footsteps everywhere. From his experiences at this juncture proceeded, no doubt, the subsequent spite displayed in his drawings against bailiffs and

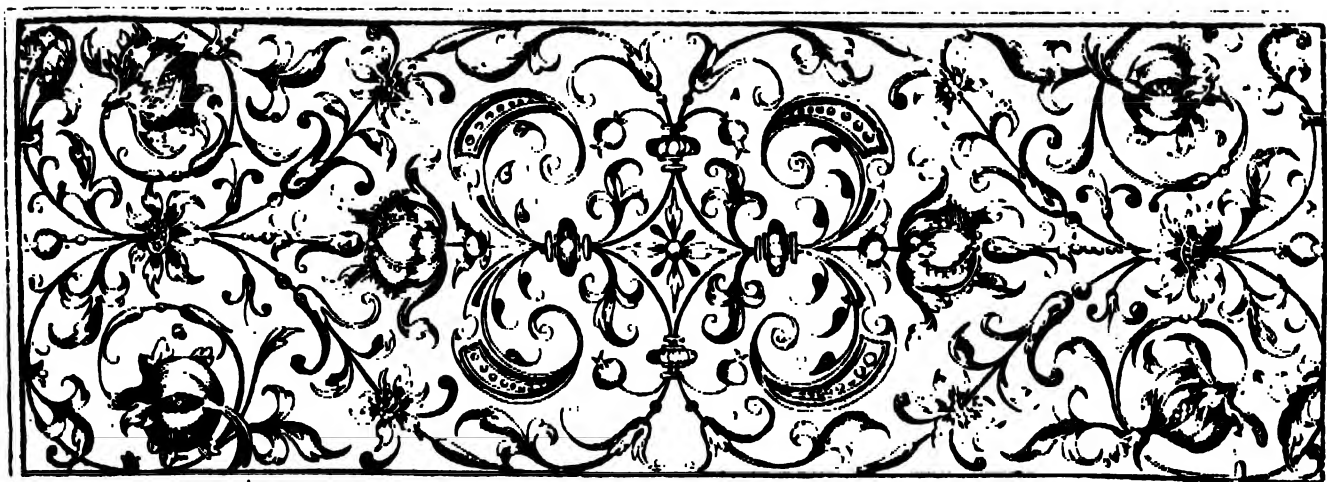
money-lenders, particularly in the two series called *M. Loyal* and *L'Argent*. Not that his difficulties caused him excessive anxiety; on the contrary, when he had docketed his bills and other liabilities, and had arranged them in alphabetical order—for he was always methodical, even in his *liaisons*—he slept as tranquilly as if care were unknown in the world. To this period also belong the series of sketches which he contributed to the *Charivari*—illustrative of the evils attendant upon imprisonment for debt—a series in which the pathetic side of the question is more conspicuous than usual.

He was by this time a member of the Institute and also bankrupt. In an invitation sent by him to one of his friends he signs himself, "Gavarni, Membre de L'Institut historique, brigadier de garde à cheval (2^e escadron, 13^e légion), ex-directeur du JOURNAL DES GENS DU MONDE, artiste peintre, lithographe, amoureux, lèveuseur, en état de faillite ouverte (il a reçu une médaille à l'Exposition du Louvre)." Much of his time was spent in society, and still more in the theatres, the result of his familiarity with the green-room being his well-known *Musée des Costumes*, a series of two hundred small drawings of modern theatrical costumes. This was followed, in 1837, by the *Fourberies des Femmes en Matière de Sentiment*, which showed that he had not neglected his many opportunities of studying the female character. This series appeared in the *Charivari*; it was in turn succeeded by another called *La Boîte aux Lettres*; and these mark the period when the artist first began systematically to attach to his drawings some witty sentence or conversation explanatory of them or explained by them, whichever may have been the true order of their sequence.

It would serve no useful purpose to follow closely in the footsteps of Gavarni throughout his daily life, monotonous even in its variety, except to note that, to the great surprise of his friends, he married, in December, 1844, Mademoiselle Jeanne de Bonabry. We pass on, therefore, to the end of the year 1847, when he left France for England, preceded by a great reputation both as an artist and a man of fashion. His drawings made at this time were published, some in London by the *Illustrated London News*, and some in Paris in the *Illustration Française*. They dealt with all sorts of scenes, high and low; but his principal work was, perhaps, his sketch of the prize-fight between Bendigo and Tom Paddock, which appeared in the French newspaper already mentioned. By degrees, however, he grew morose, and would only look upon the dark, the very dark side of London life; and even though he recovered himself somewhat during a short visit to Scotland in 1847, he speedily relapsed into gloomy captiousness, and a tendency to relinquish his art in favour of mathematics. He was by no means a success in England, and he himself put the finishing stroke to his unpopularity by his extraordinary conduct on the occasion of his receiving the royal command to paint a portrait of the Queen. The day was fixed, his water-colours were sent to the Palace, everything, in short, was ready, when just as he was about to set out to keep his appointment, he took it into his head that he would not go. He says himself that it was a caprice for which he could not account, but which he never ceased to regret. However that may be, the result was that he became an object of positive dislike, so much so that when, on his return to France, he was decorated with the Legion of Honour, the *Times* devoted a leading article to a protest against the nomination. In a somewhat similar fashion he offended Thackeray and Dickens; the only friend who really stood by him throughout being Mr. Ward, who subsequently introduced him to Professor Wheatstone, and took him to the Isle of Wight in order that he might enjoy and be benefited by such scientific intercourse. Wheatstone soon grew weary of Gavarni's pseudo-philosophical hallucinations, as Mr. Ward called them, and the sojourn in the Isle of Wight was by no means a success.

On his return to France he once more devoted himself to his art; he painted fans for M. Duvalier, and drew the illustrations for the first non-political paper ever published in France. This journal, called *Paris*, was brought out by the Comte du Villedieu, and only lived for a year.

Of the remaining years of his life—he died in November, 1866—there is but little to be said. It is obviously impossible, in the case of works such as those of Gavarni, to enter into any detail, nor would such detail be intelligible. His sketches are representations of manners, customs, and people current in his day, and must be studied in order to be understood. He himself stands out pre-eminent in his own particular branch of art; he certainly created a style, and in it he has assuredly had no successor worthy of comparison with him.



NOTES ON THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM



THE INFANT JESUS ST. JOHN BAPTIST

Florentine terra-cotta of the School of Donatello, fifteenth century. Drawn by John Watkins (South Kensington Museum)

BY no means the least interesting of the numerous sections into which the South Kensington Museum is of necessity divided, is the one devoted to musical instruments. The subject is of itself attractive, and the readiness with which the instruments of all countries lend themselves to beauty and variety of form naturally enhances this inherent attraction. The absence of a descriptive catalogue of the exhibits in this division is a drawback which will be remedied in time, but meanwhile it is unfortunate that the official handbook should, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, be chiefly embellished with representations of objects which are not in the Museum. Our remarks, however, are in no way intended to be exhaustive either in regard to the Museum itself or the treasures contained in it; their purpose, on the contrary, is rather to stimulate interest and to point out how infinitely useful South Kensington is to those who are anxious to acquire information on subjects connected with art.

As one of the Fine Arts, music may, from its extreme and universal popularity, lay claim to especial appreciation, and as it has ever been, throughout all ages and in all countries, a favourite mode of expression, reflecting in no slight degree the predominant tendencies of national character, the means, other than vocal, by which it is conveyed to the ear cannot fail to possess a great measure of information as well as of interest. The entire history of the art may be studied at South Kensington, from the primitive Indian *tom-tom* to almost the latest specimen of a grand piano. The mention of the *tom-tom* leads naturally to the consideration of Indian musical instruments generally, and especially their antiquity. One very remarkable circumstance in connection with them is that, as the ancient paintings and sculptures at Ajanta show, they have remained unchanged for fully two thousand years. The harp, called *chang*, is both in its triangular shape and its size identical with the Assyrian harp as represented on the Nineveh sculptures. This may be proved by reference to a bas-relief in the British Museum representing the return of a king from the chase, in which the monarch is depicted as surrounded with musicians celebrating his victories over the wild beasts of the desert. The *viola*, the principal national instrument

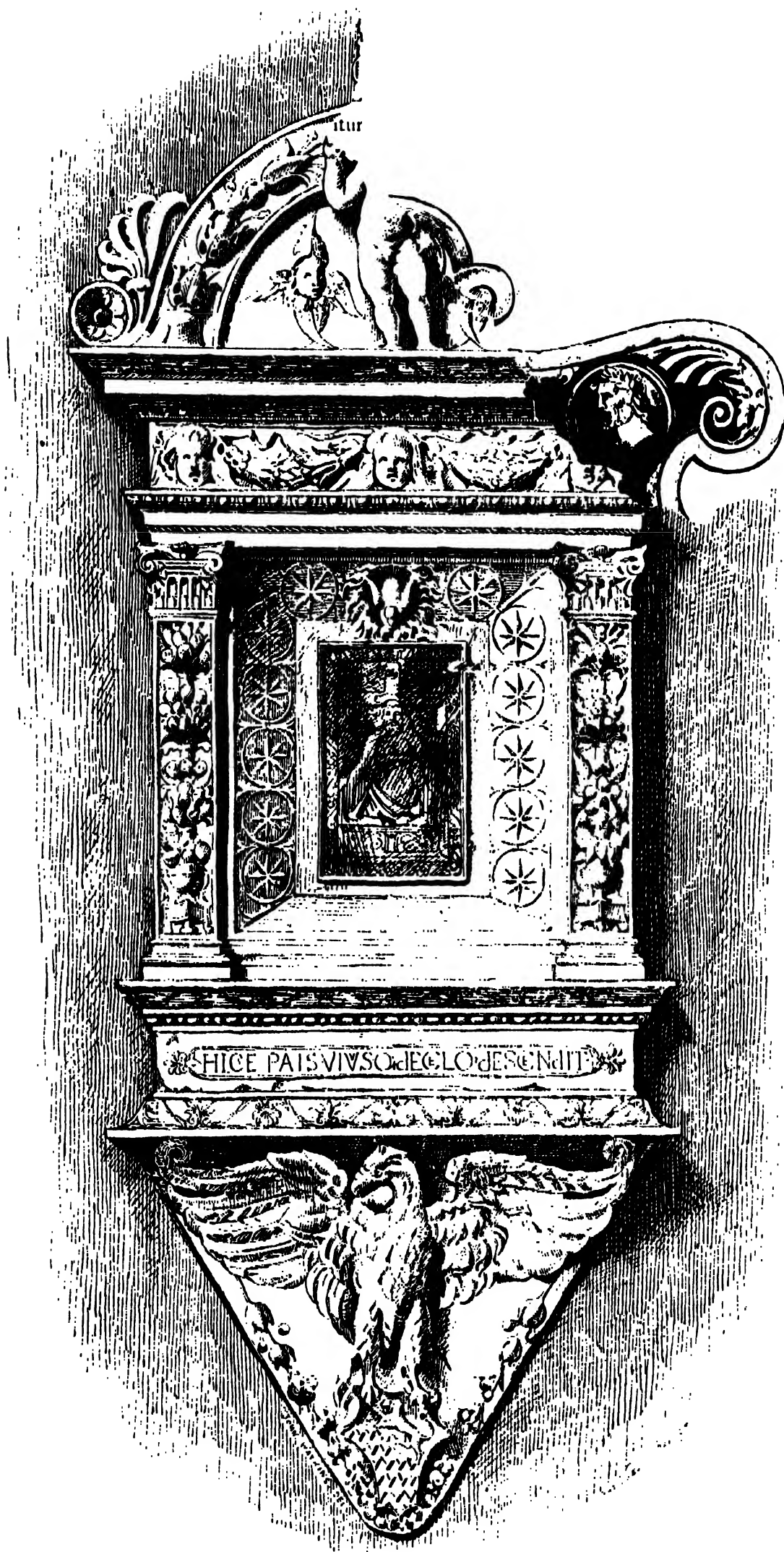
of Hindustan, is of equal antiquity, and in the Brahmin mythology the invention of it is attributed to the god Nareda. In form it somewhat resembles a bassoon, but it is a stringed instrument having seven strings, with movable frets, and two hollow gourds affixed to it in order to increase its sonorousness. The Hindus also claim to have invented the violin bow, and they assert that its origin dates as far back as five thousand years ago in the days of King Ravanon of Ceylon, from whom it takes its name, *ravanastron*. A number of Hindu instruments are included in the South Kensington Collection. The Persians and Arabs had a rude violin called the *rehab*, an example of which may also be seen in the Museum, as well as specimens of the old Chinese stringed instruments of the dulcimer type, called *kin* and *che*.



DIANE CHASSERESSE

Limoges enamel, sixteenth century. Drawn by John Watkins (South Kensington Museum)

Coming to the middle ages, there is at South Kensington a cast of a sculpture, representing an orchestra of twenty-four performers, taken from the Portico de la Gloria of the Church of San Iago de Compostella, at Santiago in Spain. Each of the twenty-four figures has an instrument of music, very carefully depicted, and forming what we may assume to be almost a complete collection of those in use in Spain in the twelfth century, the portal having been executed in 1188. Of still later date are the cithers, virginals, spinets, clavichords, harpsichords, and other instruments which were in use at the commencement of the present century. Especially noticeable is a virginal of the time of Queen Elizabeth. In appearance they are certainly superior to those of our own day, and in the matter of tone there are many which can well stand the test of comparison with their successors. As an example of a truly



MARBLE PULPIT

Sculptured in high relief by Andrea Ferucci da Fiesole, about 1490. From the Church of San Giacomo, Fiesole.
 Drawn by John Watkins (South Kensington Museum)



COVER IN LIMOGES ENAMEL, END OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Drawn by John Watkins (South Kensington Museum)

probably about 1050. It certainly was in vogue a century later, because there exists in the museum of Le Mans a plaque with the portrait of Geoffry Plantagenet, who died in 1151, which must undoubtedly be attributed to Limoges. Also, among the gifts of a Bishop of Rochester in 1200, mention is made of *coffres de Limoges*, and there are other proofs equally irrefutable. The process of preparing and applying the enamels is described by Benvenuto Cellini, who says, according to the account given in the South Kensington Handbook, that the colours were first to be pulverised and carefully washed, and then dried by pressure. The enamel was then to be laid on the surface of the relief very thinly, so that the colours should not run one into another. The piece was then fired carefully, and after being withdrawn, another layer of enamel was applied and the process

¹ See ART AND LETTERS, Vol. II. p. 169.

² *Ibid.* Vol. I. p. 161.

³ *Ibid.* p. 136.

repeated. Finally, when cool the enamel was reduced in thickness until sufficiently transparent, and then polished.

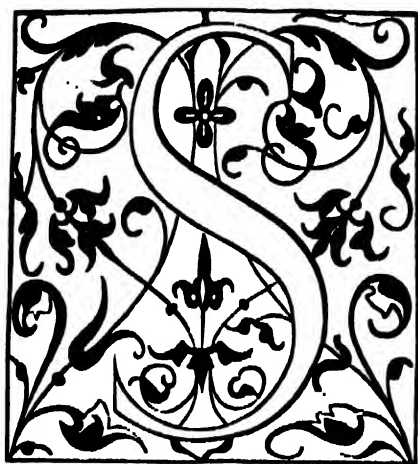
Painted enamels, which also originated at Limoges, attained a remarkably high degree of excellence at the commencement of the sixteenth century, Pénicaud and Courtois being the most renowned



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES DE GUISE, CARDINAL OF LORRAINE

Limoges enamel attributed to Léonard Limosin, latter half of sixteenth century. Drawn by John Watkins (South Kensington Museum)

among the artists of that period. Some years later even they were surpassed by Léonard, surnamed Limousin, and Pierre Raymond. Our illustrations represent three examples of sixteenth century manufacture, to be seen at South Kensington. In the middle of the seventeenth century the Limoges enamels showed signs of deterioration, and eventually they disappeared.

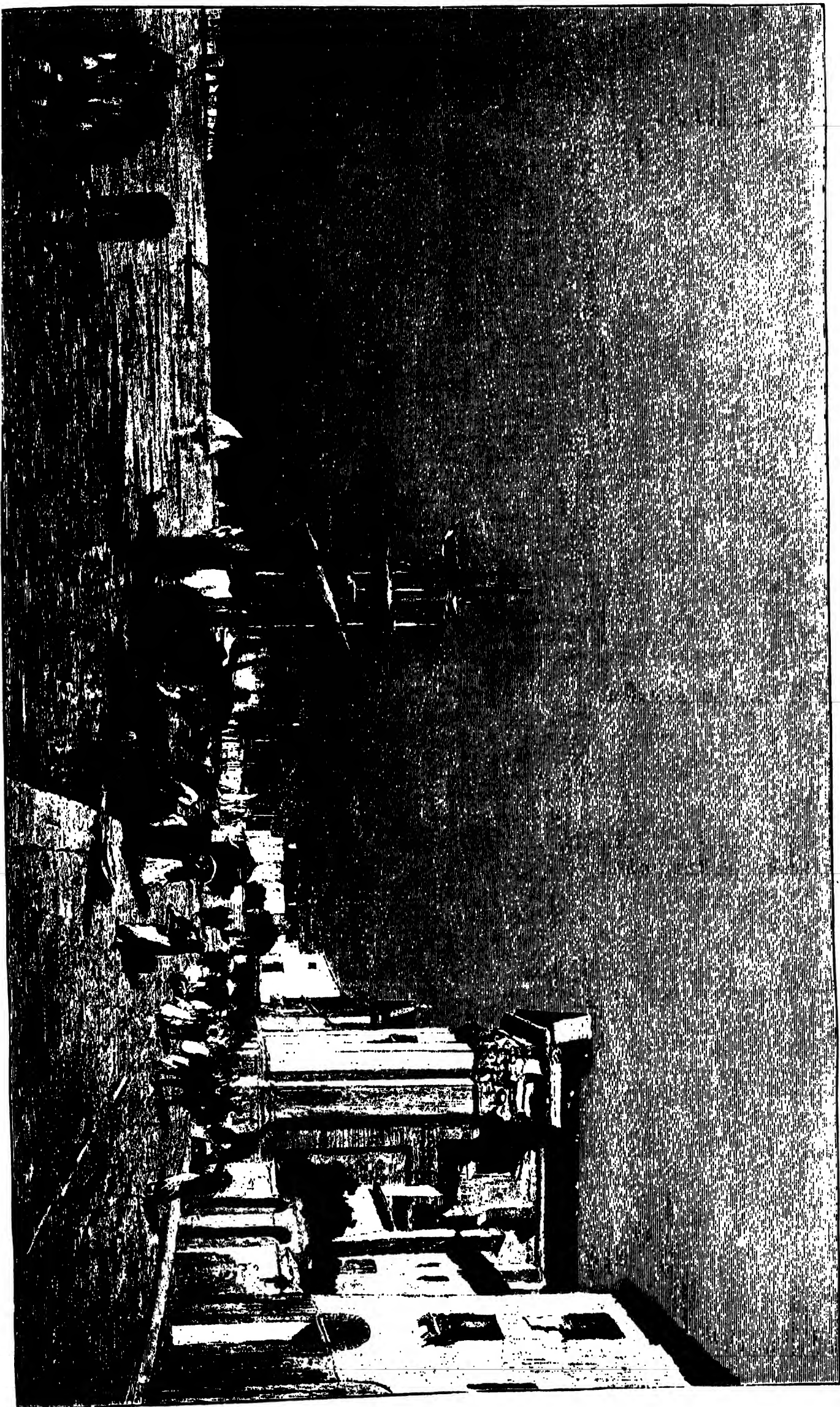


TEP from the Piazzetta into your gondola," writes M. Yriarte in his well-known work on Venice, "on some warm and transparent summer's night at eleven o'clock, when the sky is sprinkled with stars, and tell your gondolier to row you slowly down the canal of the Giudecca. The gondola enters the spangled track of light—you have left the *Dogana* on your right. A star puts a luminous tip on to the golden ball that bears the figure of Fortune on its summit, and the lighthouse—at the foot of the portico whose marble steps bathe themselves in the water—illuminates the white façade, so that it is reflected in the thousand gently moving ripples of the lagune. The quarter called the Giudecca lies to our left,—russet-brown in the day-time, black and

sombre at night; sometimes a solitary signal-light pierces the blackness here and there, like golden stars that appear and fade on a vacillating surface. La Giudecca is a long, low piece of land that seems to be longer than it is by becoming transparent—almost bluishly transparent—at the horizon. The black hulls, the masts and fine riggings of ships lying at anchor, are outlined with strong, precise strokes, upon the clear sky; the parish church of the *Redentore* rears its massive dome above the houses. To the right the shining quays of the *Zattere*, white beneath the rays of the moon, measure the length of their polished pavements with the even rows of noble palaces standing up behind them, the little deserted moles jutting out, and, here and there, a bridge opening back into the canals.

"Just as the Giudecca is dark, so the *Zattere* are luminous as in full daylight; but luminous with that veiled brightness that the moon casts over everything that she steepes in her glory. The silence is profound and the calm is immense; the distant echoes, the grave voice of the hour that strikes from the clock at St. Mark's; the song of a lonely boatman guarding his *felucca*, heavy with its cargo of Dalmatian wood; the voice of a benighted gondolier sitting lazily, with swinging legs, in that nocturnal reverie which is like the 'kief' of the East:—who shall render this wonderful impression of deep solemnity and sweet peace, the incomparable charm, the rest from all feverish longings which makes us never tire of our love for Venice?"

Mr. Lapostolet has not chosen to present the charm of La Giudecca in the romantic mystery of its evening garb. He has painted the scene in the common light of day or what would be common daylight elsewhere, for at Venice there is no hour of the twenty-four, and no passing phase of weather, that does not contain some fresh surprise of beauty. Very skilfully, and yet without exaggeration, have the painter and the engraver realised the effect of a southern sun beating down from a cloudless sky, and leaving the brightly illumined objects of earth and sea fairer in tone than the expanse of heaven itself. This is a form of truth that is more easily rendered in colour than by the limited resources of engraving, but even in the language of black and white its veracity appeals to all who are familiar with Venice and its magical sunlight.



THE LA GIEPECCA CANAL, VENICE
Engraved by Edmund Yon from the picture by Charles Lapworth



LA FORTUNINA

BY MRS. COMYNS CARR, AUTHOR OF 'NORTH ITALIAN FOLK,' 'A STORY OF AUTUMN,' ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHILE the secret of Fortunina's unknown parentage, which for five long years he had so zealously guarded from the prying of country gossip, was being roughly made the common property of any neighbour who might chance to be by, Pietro was prowling gloomily around the scene of all this busy movement, not venturing to show himself openly anywhere, and, for the first time in his existence, a prey to thoughts of revenge so dark and terrible that the innocent figure of the child, who was his life's only sunshine, could find no place in his heart. In two short hours his honest, kindly face had become grey with grief and morosely dark as with years of care; the crow's feet appeared clearly now about his brow, his lips were pale, and his hands trembled nervously. For the blow of discovery had fallen upon him since last night, and it had fallen with all the heavier and more bitter weight that, by force of spiritual wrestling beside little Fortunina's bed, he had overcome his suspicions, and had determined to do himself violence by proceeding with the arrangements for his marriage with Teresina. But, alas, he knew now that his doubts and fears had been all too well founded! The bitter truth had suddenly been made clear to him, and this was how it fell.

The grey dawn, stealing sadly across the clear sky and over the delicate summits of the Scrivia Mountains, found Pietro still beside the bed of the dreaming child, where he had fallen asleep at last, weary with many thoughts and perplexities. In spite of his fatigue it had awakened him with its cold, pitiless light, just as it had always awakened him these thirty years past and more, and he rose and shook off his drowsiness, and went out to the stable to prepare the new calf and the little heifer for the day's show. For this was the day of the fair—a day long looked forward to by many cattle owners in the village, to say nothing of many such little ones as the small maiden who lay sleeping up stairs. Fortunina was to go with her future stepmother a little later in the day, because such hours as Pietro was obliged to keep that he might secure a good place for the cattle in the market, were too severe for the little petted damsel. Teresina was to come and dress her, and fetch her away in a couple of hours' time. It had already been arranged some while ago, and Fortunina's consent had been won at last on the understanding that she would meet her dad without fail as soon as she reached the scene of the fair.

The beasts well fed and foddered, a *festa* suit of clothes exchanged for the work-a-day ones in which he had passed the night, and Pietro set out in the cool air of the dewy morning, driving his cattle before him down the silent lanes. In some of the homesteads along the way life was already stirring; country folk cannot afford to lie a-bed, and many had business to-day at the fair that chased sleep from their pillows even earlier than usual.

The roads, however, were solitary still, and lay cold and grey in the half-light. Pietro was the first wayfarer abroad. Used as he was to climb the shady sides of the mountains every week before the dawn had so much as shot the first of its purple tints across the rayless blackness of night, Pietro thought nothing of getting up before the cock crew, and would have watched the creeping lights slowly awakening trees and flowers into colour with the greatest delight had it not been for the darkness in his heart which was far deeper night to him than any that lack of sun or moon could make.

He walked morosely along, his back bent, his brows knit, his hands in his pockets, and it was only quite mechanically that he now and then uttered the strange sounds which the peasant uses to encourage his beasts on their way. Was it the want of sleep during the past night that weighed his eyelids down and brought strange dreams to his brain, or was his mind reeling beneath the strain of unaccustomed perplexities that had fallen upon it? He could not tell, but certain it was that, as in a dream, Fortunina's eager little face went before him on his road with that same dreadful, unaccountable likeness flashing in front of it and through it just as it had done last night. Yes—and even while he gazed, trying to fathom the mystery, the vague likeness would fade, and the little face resume its own living every-day form that he knew so well—only, alas, not in its gentlest aspect. The dark eyes seemed to be kindling with fiery scorn, and the rosy lips to be pouting, as he had seen them pout too often of late, when they had declared wilfully that Fortunina would have no new mother but Vittoria Vite to teach her what was right and good! Ay, and now in this eerie, waking dream, the baby lips opened as usual, and he fancied he heard the child tell him passionately, in her own impetuous manner, that Teresina della Fontana could not teach her what a good woman should be half so well as Vittoria Vite could do, even though she appeared to have deceived him. Nay, nor half so well as her own poor misguided and rejected mother could have done, if she could only have found her deserted child again, as she was, may be, searching the world to find her now. And though he shook himself, and tried to chase the drowsiness from his brain, still he seemed to hear the little voice insisting against his choice, still that glamour was before his eyes, terrifying him with the fear that much thinking had made him mad.

Presently other sounds mingled themselves together in his head. He thought he was listening once more to the sound of the whispered lover's talk that he had overheard that S. Giovanni night in the bed of the torrent by the church. He thought he heard that thin, light laugh float again to his ear; and then that other sound as of a kiss, in which he had assured himself he had been mistaken. Why should such a thing recur now to his memory? What had it to do with him? He stopped and looked about him to dispel all these illusions.

He had reached the very same spot where he had been standing that evening when he had overheard those unknown lovers two months ago. It was strange. Yes, there was the torrent—dwindled down to a mere rill in the summer droughts—rippling idly on its way; there were the overhanging rocks with their fringe of chestnut-trees above; there was the white Campanile towering up overhead; there was the winding path that led to the Prevosto's garden on the hillside, and to the vine-trellised terrace of the presbytery, with its gourds and walnuts ripening on the ledge of its low wall, and here was the little insecure wooden bridge upon which he was standing, and whence he could see it all. He took off his hat and let his thick black locks stir in the cool breeze of daybreak. For he *must* have been sleeping, and he had a day's work before him, which would need all his wits: he could not afford to be drowsy.

But the voices still continued in his ears. He ran his fingers angrily through his hair. Could it be that he was going mad in reality? What was the matter with him? Surely it could never be a case for the parish doctor? He ill, Pietro Paggi, who had never known what it was to ail for a day? The sound rose and fell quietly. The speakers seemed close at hand. The cattle had moved on. He ought to follow, lest they should come to mischief. But he could not—he was fascinated.

"Swear to marry me, and I give him up at once," he heard a woman say, caressingly, in even and measured tones. "I cannot say more. Thou knowest well 'tis not for love I take him! But a poor girl cannot afford to give up a profitable marriage only for her inclinations. Swear to me that thou wilt marry me, and I will put Pietro Paggi off, and when we are wed I will tell him the reason. Or, if thou preferrest, I will go back to Buenos Ayres with thee as soon as we are man and wife, and leave him to find out the reason for himself—why I left him. I care nought for him or for what he thinks. I only care to be well with the world, and for that he might have been of use to me. That is all I wanted him for. But if *thou* wilt do as well by me" and the sentence was finished once more by that unmistakable sound as of lips meeting.

Pietro's heart stood still. There had been no doubt in his mind after the first few seconds; the tones were those light low ones that belonged to his betrothed! He drew nearer. It was a man who replied, in brutal accents thickened by wine. And lo, the voice—there was no mistaking it either—belonged to the "Americano," to Carlo Strappa, the friend of his boyhood!

"Ay, and I also cannot afford to follow my inclinations," it laughed. "It is one thing to amuse oneself with a girl on a summer's night, and another to be pledged to her for ever. 'Thou art a *contadina*, and I now am a *signore*.'"

"A pretty *signore*!" laughed Teresina.

"Well, well, as good as many."

"Then, all I can say is, this must be the last time we meet, at least for the present!" declared she. But there was a lack of determined emphasis in the words.

The "Americano" laughed aloud. Pietro leant over the slender railing of the little bridge and strained his eyes in the dim light to see how he laughed. A walnut-tree hard by hid him from those below, and he peered down into the torrent bed and up under the shadow of the granite cliffs and of the overhanging trees, till he clearly made out two figures, and was soon able to distinguish that the arm of the man was passed around the slender waist of his companion, and that he had drawn her head down upon his bosom. Then Pietro clenched his fist and gnashed his teeth with fury; but he kept as still as a ghost that nothing might escape him. Carlo Strappa laughed loud and long.

"A likely story," sneered he at last. "What! wouldst make me believe that thou wilt keep thyself for that milksop? No no, *Teresina mia*, I know thee better. Thou mayst wed him for prudence, but thou canst not keep thyself for him. 'Thou

canst not do it, my lass! A kiss here and a jewel or two there, and thou wouldst be mine, spite of anything. Wed him and welcome. I am not afraid. Of what should I be afraid? Of that poor devil? Nay, thou canst twist him round thy little finger with thy gentle Madonna's face. Besides, he only wants thee to help him with the brat—thou art not the first with him, since the child is his bastard. No, nor the last either if he could purchase the smiles of that tall black wench, with his saintly snirk. So, why shouldst thou have any scruples? But I mock thee! Scruples! Thou art far too wise to have any. Not a hair of that saintly little head wouldst thou turn for sins more grievous than this! Nay, I know thee well, my pretty Madonna. Thy gentle eyes will droop none the less humbly to good Mother Church because of a little fun by the way. I respect thee for it. Thou art one after my own heart; though I, to be sure, would never trouble myself so much to stand well with the gabbling old priests. But there, every one has his own pet weakness, and that is thine. I owe thee no grudge for it, so long as thou art true to me. And *that thou* art forced to be. For if thou hadst a mind to turn saint in reality or to play me false in any way, there are things I could whisper would make the country side too hot for thee, wed or single, dear heart!"

"Nay, nay," cried the girl hastily, all her boasting scattered like smoke before the whirlwind of this evil passion, and turned into fear before these vile threats. "I will not play thee false. Even when I thought it was thou who hadst played *me* false, I would have forgiven thee. But since thou didst swear is was not thou who stoodst making love to another in the garden of the Acquasola at Genoa, I believed thee, upon my faith! All I say is, 'twere well to be prudent just till this marriage is complete. For, indeed, it is better it should be made, *Carle mio*," faltered Teresina with something of a sigh. A sigh, Pietro told himself, over the failure of her black scheme to catch the higher prize and be a lady. "So we shall both be more free and more secure. And if any scandal should ever creep out, it will harm nobody much, if I am a wedded woman and have my house safe. If it were another than Pietro Paggi I do not say. But he is too soft to have ideas of revenge and, to a clever wife who makes his brat happy, he could soon be made to forgive anything. That is why I prefer to make this good, honest marriage while I can!"

"Thou dost well," assented Carlo Strappa, with a peep of merriment. "Poor devil, he is well fooled. But he is of those poor-spirited saints who deserve no better!"

"Eh! in this world one must do as one can," smiled Teresina.

The bough of a slender ash above the bridge on which Pietro was leaning, snapped with the heavy weight which in his anguish he had put upon it. He started back upon the road with a slight exclamation, and the lovers flew asunder. They looked up to the bridge, they looked along the river bed and to the cliffs above. But no one was to be seen, and Teresina turned her first frightened exclamation into a laugh as she bade her lover good bye. Through the parted boughs of the little tree Pietro bent forward once more to watch her take a farewell kiss. He uttered no sound; the more proof the better now, he said to himself, for so he could feel that he was justified in that which he purposed to do.

Ay, for in that first horrible moment of conviction his resolve had been taken! Hiding behind the little oratory of baptism, he watched Teresina flit lightly up the path and climb the opposite hill and disappear behind the furze bushes. Then he turned back upon the road to follow the straying cattle. No one meeting him would have guessed aught amiss. He walked along quietly enough. But he knew what he had to do, and he knew that he should do it! The dream had vanished: Fortunina's proud little face no longer was needed to go before and show him the way to honour. He knew now wherein alone lay honour for him, and the way he could find out for himself.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE cattle had strayed on a long way. The little prize heifer was lowing, disconsolate, in the thick of a bramble hedge when her master came up. She had not been used to be so neglected. Mechanically, Pietro released her from her troubles, his mind returning, as by rote, to its usual train of thought, he began to think that they should miss their chance of a good position at the fair. For a golden light was already adorning the crown of Monte Maggio opposite, to herald the coming of the sun: the day had begun. Far below the road, the grey river flowed peaceably past the chapel among the oak trees that belonged to Savignone parish, and under the stone bridge of Ponte.

Pietro remembered the day when he had taken Teresina to the town to buy her gold. They had stopped just opposite this chapel on their walk. He had not been happy even then, but he had been content—content to leave his dream of impossible bliss behind and to be satisfied, for the child's sake, with respectability. Where was his respectability now? He would have revenge. He had been deceived in Vittoria, but she at least had promised him nothing. There, it was his ideal that he had worshipped, and that had proved false to him; that a man must expect. But here it was in his honour that he had been wounded and he had a right to revenge.

Yet it was his own fault. If he had not been blinded with that other misguiding phantom, he would have scented evil to his rights on that very day which he now called to him. The villain had been right when he had said to Teresina, that such a milksop deserved no better fate. But no matter: he would be a milksop no longer. Be it his own fault or no, he had a right to revenge and he would have it.

The fair was filling fast by the time Pietro reached it. The best places in the cattle booth were already appropriated, and strange to relate, in spite of his engrossing grievance Pietro was annoyed. Happily, however, the little heifer was pretty enough to stand upon her own merits. Though unlucky in all conscience, in affairs of the heart, Dame Fortune had not entirely deserted him yet. His prize calf was sold at the very beginning of the market, and he had an offer for the heifer as well.

Perhaps it was a misfortune for him. Until his business was done he had too much of the born trader and of the thrifty peasant about him, not to give all his mind to his work. But his bargain made and the money safe in his pocket, he had the more ample leisure to indulge his bitter feelings of hatred and revenge.

It was still early. Teresina had not yet arrived. He left the cattle market and took his stand in a little tavern by the side of the road along which she must pass.

He had no specific intention in this, but he wanted to see the false face go by. He wanted to gloat upon the wickedness that lay beneath that gentle loveliness. He ordered a bottle of wine. He had never drunk wine in the morning before. But his head was light and Teresina delayed. Ay, she had had to reach her home since he had seen her last, and then she had had to adorn herself for the eyes of the gallant for whom she was deceiving an honest man. And that took time! By all the furies! ay, that took time.

But she came at last: lifting her fine festa dress carefully in her hand out of the dust of the road, her trim little feet tripping in and out from beneath her starched, white petticoat, her white muslin veil lightly shrouding her dainty figure and small neat head, and leaving those refined and delicate features open to the gaze of man. Ay, what refined features they were. What chaste and drooping eyelids, what gently compressed and passionless lips, what an expression of quiet piety. Pietro noted it all as she passed unconsciously by. This was the girl for whom he was going to have done violence to his feelings! This was the pure, pious, modest woman, who was to have purged from Fortunina's nature the possible seeds of evil sown in a shameful birth. He

had meant well. He told himself that he had meant well. Only he had been a fool, and what more galling than to be forced to recognise that one has been a fool? His fury raged within him. He would have liked to spring out upon her then and there, and tear from her wicked side the innocent child for whose sake he had been cozened. But he would bide his time. And he only feasted his eyes silently on the sullen little baby face as it went by, that the sight of its infantine displeasure might add fuel, if that were possible, to the fire of his revenge.

For Fortunina—though she wore the new *bordato* frock and was going to Busalla fair—carried no tokens of happiness beneath her heavy, black eyebrows nor under the fringing lashes of her sleepy eyelids. She was not to be moved from her original repugnance of mood. She had come to the fair with Teresina because she could come no other way, and because she would rather come and be miserable than not come at all. But she hated her companion just as much as ever and was not going to be coaxed over.

Pietro smiled in the midst of his rage, for he could read her heart like a book. Ah, how right she had been in her unfounded aversion! Why had he not taken heed of her wishes and followed her baby instinct? But enough of regrets.

He watched the two well out of sight. The villain had not met them yet. But then they were probably afraid of the child.

He got up and followed. They made for the cattle booth, for that was where they had arranged to meet, and where he would have had perforce to remain if he had not sold the heifer so early in the market.

He crept up after the girl and her little charge, and watched them looking around for him among the other cattle drovers and farmers, surprised that he was not beside his beasts. The "Americano" was there, standing idly amid the buyers, and swaggering around with his hands in his pockets. He seemed but lately to have arrived, for he was examining the cattle as though for the first time. He must have passed in, Pietro said to himself, while he had been at the tavern yonder. Folks laughed at him for arriving late like a grand gentleman, but Pietro knew why he had arrived late, and he cursed a great curse in his heart as he watched him. Ay, watched him now with a fiery eye, for he could see that he was trying to make signs to his mistress. But Teresina—she was too discreet to betray herself; she was always too discreet. She looked another way—her eye still in search of her betrothed. She even looked a little angry—he could see it from here; perhaps with himself for being absent from the rendezvous, or perhaps with her lover for being so imprudent as to make signs to her in spite of her chilling manner to him.

For Carlo Strappa continued to make signs. He, no doubt, did not care whether he compromised the girl or no. And, when he found that the signs were no use, he made his way through the bystanders and came up to where the young woman and the child were standing and, taking the latter's little hand in his, began to talk to her. Ever since the day when he had witnessed the little one's grief in the meadow at home, and had promised her consoling comforts from the town, the American had had a fancy for Pietro's pretty little bastard. Fortunately the child had a proportionate hatred to the dandy *Signore*. For if it had not been so, if she had not turned of her own accord and shaken off the large caressing hand with a gesture of horror and disdain, Pietro could surely have scarce contained himself, but must have sprang forward to punish the violent palm that dared to rest upon the innocent head of his darling. But Fortunina was not to be won by fair words where she had no mind to be; and here it was pretty plain at once what her feelings were. She drew back with the fierce dignity that sat so strangely on her diminutive person, and with a sudden flow of bitter words, of which her foster-father could only overhear the retort that "la Teresina's friends were none of hers," she broke from her protectress and was soon lost from his sight in the dense

mass of people, while Teresina, with something of a frightened look for the first time on her face, eagerly followed in pursuit. Then Pietro came forward and mixed with the crowd. If he had needed anything to stir up his spirit afresh, little Fortunina's bold conduct would have done it. His heart glowed with satisfaction at the child's behaviour.

The "American" had entered the cattle pen again, and was busy looking at the beasts.

"Is this one sold?" asked he of the guardian, pointing to Pietro's little white heifer.

"I don't know. It belongs to Pietro Paggi," said the man.

Pietro was standing close by. At the mention of his cattle he had scented a possible opening to the quarrel which he sought, and he had entered the inclosure.

"Belongs to Pietro Paggi, does it!" sneered the buyer. "It won't be hard to obtain then."

He began fingering and examining the beast.

"Not hard to obtain? But how if Pietro Paggi has a mind not to sell?" said a voice behind. "To steal is not always safe. One sometimes has to pay after all."

Pietro Paggi stood at his elbow with lowering brow.

"What do you mean, you ill conditioned villain?" said the rich man roughly.

"If you will come round the corner with me I will tell you," answered Pietro.

Carlo Strappa laughed. "By Bacchus, here's insolence, neighbours!" cried he. "Is this the way we are to be treated when we come to buy of these farmers?"

"Come to buy, indeed!" retorted Pietro. "If you buy you must buy of those who have to sell!" His voice waxed louder and his eye gleamed brighter at each word that he spoke. "I have nothing to sell to you, and if you take from me that which is mine, I say—you must pay for it!"

"He has learned the tale at last," whispered some one in the crowd.

Pietro heard. The word was too much for his outraged feelings. All his peasant blood was up in a moment. He was a mild man, but he had the hot blood in his veins if it was provoked. *The tale!* Then the bystanders and the neighbours at home, everybody knew his shame! Every one had been making fun of him these two months past while he had been dreaming day-dreams! Bianca del Prelo's Tonino had not overstated the words of the parish gossips. Every one had thought him a milksop—a poor wretch who would stand any insult. Ay, even the man who had dishonoured him had thought so too. He had said that such a poor creature deserved to be cozened. The thoughts flew like sparks through his brain. They were too galling to be borne. He had not meant to take his revenge here where he knew that he would not be allowed to fight out his quarrel. But the provocation was too much. A sea of blood swam before his eyes. He felt for his knife and sprang towards his foe.

For a moment folks held their breath. It was easy enough to see that here was no mere drinking brawl that a couple of blows would make right. Even those who did not know the tale guessed that the wrong would only be wiped out by blood. The excitement was intense.

But so deadly a quarrel must not be allowed to begin here where the police would be down on them and spoil all the fun. Already a warning murmur of "*Carabinieri*" began to arise in the distance. Some one snatched Pietro's knife from his hand, and some one else held the arms of the "American," though, indeed, the latter appeared to have been far too much astonished to show any violent signs of fight. The foes were separated, and, for the time being, seemed—to all appearances—to go their several ways quietly enough.

But the lawful revenge of the offended was not so tamely to be satisfied. Pietro Paggi waited till he saw his enemy alone,

and then, walking boldly up to him, he said in a tone that there was no mistaking, "Signor Carlo Strappa, if you will meet me alone at Ave Maria, in the wood above the torrent of the Giove, we shall be able to discourse quietly of that affair of which you know."

One or two had seen the meeting, but, happily for Pietro's anger, they were of those who seek rather to advance than to retard the pursuit of just revenge. So Carlo Strappa knew that he had no choice but to answer, "I await your orders."

Then they shook one another by the hand, in token that neither would fail, and parted to prepare for the evening. Village folk, calling that day to mind afterwards, when all its troubles and trials, its joys and adventures, had slipped by into the list of the tales that are told, remembered that, whoever had met with Pietro Paggi in his rouds, had been terrified at the face of him, and had asked his neighbour if that could indeed be the docile, kindly peasant who did not even lose his temper over the hardest bargain, who had never been known to have a brawl, and in whose presence no one dared so much as kick a quarrelsome dog or spur a refractory steed.

Ay, and if they could have followed him, when shunning all comrades, he sought the most forsaken corners of the ground, the good neighbours might perhaps have been more astonished still. The birds flying overhead must have seen a face that was almost terrible in its fierceness, knitting its brows as the trembling fingers felt the keen edge of a good knife, and clenching its teeth with deathly determination as it waited for the waning of the light.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AT little Fortunina's piteous wail of grief, the crowd that had closed around the fainting woman parted like the waters of the Red Sea. The childish cry had struck every heart with pity, and instinctively every one had made way for the tiny figure that, by a vehement struggle, had freed itself from the strong arms of the townswoman, and now, with an almost theatrical impetuosity of gesture, was making known its rage and sorrow to the sympathising multitude. What could there be in this almost terrible-looking gipsy woman, that her misfortune should so deeply stir the fibres of this little innocent heart? The child's dark and wonderful eyes were full of a trouble that was too deep for tears, not unminged as it was with terror; her full and eager little mouth quivered with emotion, as she threw herself wildly upon the prostrate form and refused to listen to any words of comfort. Folk looked around for an explanation of so unusual an incident. The stout lady who had had the little girl in her arms when the stranger had fallen, pressed eagerly to the front, and, kneeling down on the ground, took the heavy, unconscious head in her lap, and began fanning it with her own fan and clamouring loudly for water. But she was far too much occupied with her kindly offices to give any heed to the curious questions of the bystanders, and as for the old priest, who had also appeared to know something of the parties concerned, he had hurried off immediately on hearing of the occurrence to procure such simple restoratives as might be at hand at one of the booths. Who could this child be? apparently the petted offspring of a well-to-do townswoman, and yet mourning as for a mother over a poor vagrant at a village fair.

"Is the pretty little maid your-, lady?" asked one, tapping old Marina imperatively on the shoulder.

"Is the poor soul her foster-mother?" asked another. "Well, she must have fallen away sadly since, or she could never have been foster mother to any child."

Marina preserved a discreet silence. Truth to tell she was puzzled herself and none the less curious than her neighbours. She could only imagine that this was the Vittoria whom Fortunina had spoken of as having saved her from drowning, and that her extravagant grief was born of gratitude. But she was not going

to confess her ignorance of the gist of the situation to a pack of inquisitive idlers, though she was astonished herself at the piteous attitude of the child, who had appeared hitherto as rather a matter-of-fact and self-contained little personage.

For the little maid still lay beside the prostrate body, her head resting on the inanimate bosom, and her little hands feverishly stroking the waven cheek.

"Vittoria; good Vittoria; dear Vittoria," she moaned. "Do look up; do get better; do not be dead! I am sorry I was angry with you because you went away and left me. I will not be angry any more. And I will never ask for conifits again. And I will even try to be obedient to la Teresina if you wish it. Only wake up and kiss me."

"Listen to the poor cherub," said Marrina with a sob in her voice. "Is it not enough to break a heart of steel? But do thee not take on so, my pretty," whispered she to the tiny woman. "Thy Vittoria is not dead, believe me. She will soon be well again and hearty."

Nevertheless, as neither fanning, nor loosening of strings, nor sprinkling of water, seemed to have any effect on the poor woman, Marrina began to be frightened herself and swore, in a whisper, to those nearest to her that she thought the creature was starved, for that her bones were nearly through her flesh and that she could feel no heat at her heart.

"Listen, little one," said she presently, as though taken with a sudden determination. "Do thou stay here and watch over thy Vittoria, and if that priest whom thou knowest returns, ask him to remain with thee till I come back or till she who is in charge of thee comes to find thee. I meanwhile will hasten and fetch a doctor who will make thy Vittoria well in a twinkling. What dost thou say?"

"Ay," replied the child, scarcely raising her head to look at her questioner, "that is well. I will not leave my dear Vittoria, but I should like you to fetch something to make her well. Yes, do go; do, please, go and bring a doctor. Do go quickly," added she feverishly.

Marrina rose with difficulty from her cramped posture and placed the heavy black tresses gently on the ground, folding up her own coloured kerchief first for them to rest on. But Fortunina would not let her friend remain thus, even apparently, neglected. Quickly, like the little woman that she was, she slid into Marrina's place and took the lifeless head into her own tiny lap. The soft-hearted old city dame wiped a tear from her eye as she turned back and saw them thus—the strong woman struck down and helpless, the child patiently watching over her. Then she gathered up her ample skirts and hastened forward upon her errand.

For a few minutes Fortunina sat quietly in the same position, making no sound and apparently quite unconscious of the people around who were commenting upon her strange behaviour. Then suddenly she uttered a low cry, and with a quick movement that was evidently quite uncontrollable by her will, she sprang to her feet, and let the heavy head fall back again upon the handkerchief which Marrina had spread in the dust to receive it. There had passed a faint shudder over the lifeless body, a shudder perceptible to the child alone, and which to her, who saw no other token of existence in the livid face of the sufferer, was like some terrible sign from another world. She burst into tears and crouched down frightened beside the dark figure, peering fearsomely beneath the closed eyes. But now another and very different cry—a cry of joy this time—gave place to her unwilling expression of alarm. For the waxen eyelids quivered—slightly at first and then more strongly—and presently they opened and unveiled two mournful dark eyes that rested, still with but imperfect consciousness, on the anxious face of the little nurse.

Fortunina clasped her hands together in an agony of thankfulness, and the tears flowed faster than ever from her loving eyes. Even yet she dare not be quite reassured. But the white

lips broke into a smile, and presently the mellow tones that she knew so well, murmured faintly: "Fortunina, my pretty one!"

There was no longer any room for fear. It was the same voice that she loved, and, with a passionate gesture of affection, Fortunina flung her little arms about the neck of the recumbent woman, and kissed her—many, many times.

"How they love one another, to be sure," murmured some one standing by. "Surely it is foster-mother and child!"

"Tell us, neighbour, is she your nurseling?" asked a woman close to Vittoria, as the latter raised herself into a sitting posture, and holding the little one as well as she could with one arm, feebly tried with the other to rearrange the heavy coils of her black hair.

It was Fortunina who replied. "No, no," she said almost savagely. "The foster-mother is not good, I do not love the foster-mother? This is my dear Vittoria who saved me from the water. Though indeed, I should have loved her just as much even if she had never been so brave!"

"What a grateful little heart," exclaimed the same woman! "It does her credit!" And Vittoria pressed the little head more fondly than ever to her breast.

But Fortunina disengaged herself, almost angrily in her excitement. "Ah, do not waste time, dear Vittoria; come away; come," she begged. "Let us go quickly, the foster mother is here and she might find me. And la Teresina is here too. She brought me to the fair, but she angered me, and I ran away from her, and now she is searching for me. And she might come upon me any minute, and take me away from thee. And I will not leave thee yet. I will stay with thee, and thou must come back this time to our home with us."

Vittoria needed no second bidding. She staggered to her feet, loosing the little one's hand for a moment, and holding on to the skirt of a woman beside her to steady herself. She was still so weak that she narrowly missed falling. "'Tis my belief you've had neither bite nor sup these twenty hours and more, my friend," said the woman who had assisted her. "Come with me to the tavern yonder and have a mouthful."

"Nay, I thank you, neighbour," answered Vittoria, with her usual proud, but courtly grace, and taking Fortunina's hand again as she spoke.

"God reward you for your kind intention. But I do not need charity. Will you let me pass?"

The countrywoman made way, but seeing that Vittoria was leading the child with her, she took the little one by the elbow and asked her if she did not intend to await the return of her mother.

Now Fortunina was pettish at this interference, and shook herself angrily free from the officious touch, and answered that she had no mother, that the lady had only been an acquaintance, that she had no one to whom she owed obedience but her father, and that of him she was going in search; but Vittoria—why did Vittoria smile so strangely at the word, and assure the good woman that the child was in rightful and safe keeping? Yes—assured her of it with such quiet and convincing dignity that the woman was ashamed of her suspicions about so majestic-looking a vagrant, and silently let the two pass out from among the stragglers immediately around them, and lose themselves in the big crowd.

Vittoria still walked feebly. The opinion of the *contadina* had not been ill founded. She had had nothing to eat since the day before. And she had walked all the way from town, across the mountains to be present at the fair, where—hiding herself in the throng—she hoped to get a glimpse of the child unperceived. No wonder that she was weary, and that her limbs dragged heavily after her. The wonder was rather that her wan face, usually so sad and dissatisfied, should wear to-day such a wrapt and glorious expression of happiness; that her deep eyes should shine so softly bright as they rested on the little eager upturned face; that her

long and slender throat should bear her head so proudly, and so straight.

Fortunina ran gaily alongside, her little brown hand clasped tightly by the long, thin fingers, and her little feet keeping pace merrily with the steps of her companion. For tired as she was, and wearily as dragged her limbs, Vittoria took her usual strides, and seemed anxious to get away from the crowds as fast as she could.

"Where are we going?" asked Fortunina presently, but without any anxiety, as when, earlier in this memorable day, she had been led through the multitude by her future stepmother. "Dost thou know where to find my dad?"

Vittoria did not reply at once. Perhaps she was thinking, for her lips moved as though she were talking to herself. Then she said with just a shade of pathetic appeal in her voice: "Thou art not afraid to go alone with Vittoria, art thou?"

"Afraid!" laughed the child. "No, indeed! Thou hast been good to me. I love thee. I was angry with thee when thou didst go away and leave me, but now I love thee as well as ever, and I will tell father that he shall give me nobody but thee for a mother." Vittoria smiled again—that strange, exultant, beautiful smile; but for a few moments she said nothing.

They had fought free of the throng. They had left the arid waste of the plain behind, and had reached a little hillock close to the road and away from the riot of the fair; away also from the neighbourhood of the town. It was a little scantily wooded hill that sloped down into a copse through which the branch road cut its way. Vittoria sat down on a moss-covered stone beneath one of the chestnut trees and drew the child towards her.

"My pretty treasure, my beauty, my own little heart!" she murmured with passionate fondness. "How I love thee, how I love thee!" The child gazed at her half frightened. Vittoria's face was as it had been that day on the balcony at home; only more strange, more tender, more satisfied in its longing expression. The wondering little child's heart was perplexed.

"How thou art grown!" continued the woman holding her at arm's length and looking at her proudly. "How tall thou art become, and how strong! Thou wilt soon no longer be a little child. Thou dost not believe, perhaps, even now, that once thou wert a little babe in swaddling clothes! Oh, God, what a piteous little babe thou wert!" Vittoria shuddered as though at some vivid and terrible picture called up in the mind, and Fortunina looked at her wonderingly.

"How canst thou know what I was like when I was a babe?" asked she. But, without pausing for a reply, added quickly, in that curious matter-of-fact voice of hers, that came so strangely from those deep, wistful eyes, and that eager, quivering mouth: "Ay, ay, to be sure! Dad says I was a piteous babe, and half starved. Though all babes are piteous, I think, and cry for naught. 'Tis only their mothers that can still them."

Vittoria smiled at the quaint, little womanly way, though a minute afterwards she said, with the same refrain as ever, "Ay, 'tis only their mothers that can still them. Blessed are the babes that have mothers, Fortunina! And blessed are the mothers who forget their woes in hushing their babes to sleep upon their breasts. But blessed, a hundred times more blessed than any, are the mothers whose darlings have died and come to life again in their arms! Think, little one, think! How wild must be the joy of such!" murmured the woman with trembling voice as she snatched the child to her bosom once more.

"Yes, folk say mothers love their children," replied the little girl in a kind of doubtful tone. "As for me, I never had a mother, so I cannot tell. All that I can tell is that I love thee, and that if Teresina della Fontana is my mother to-morrow, I cannot love her so well. Ay, I love thee better than Tonino loves Bianca del Prelo, though she is his real mother," added the child confidently. "For he does not like to obey her, and I am pleased to do as thou bidst."

"Treasure of my soul!" murmured Vittoria, furtively wiping away a tear from her eye. And then, holding the child's face in her hands and looking into the big, soft eyes with her own all a glow, she said imperatively: "Listen, Fortunina. Thou sayest that it pleases thee to do as I bid. Thou must do it to-day. Thou must come with me a long way, whither I lead thee. And even shouldst thou chance to meet thy dad, thou must not leave me, whatever happens. Thou must obey no one but me. Some day I will tell thee why; now there is not time, for la Teresina will be seeking thee as thou saidst. But only do all I bid thee, and do not be afraid, and I promise thee faithfully that Teresina della Fortunina shall never be thy mother, but that thou shalt find thine own mother, who will love thee as thou hast never been loved yet. Wilt do as I say?"

"Yes," answered the child, contentedly. "I will go where thou wilt. Only my mother—will she be like thee, if I find her? Tell me that."

"Ay, cheery, ay," smiled the woman with the wonderful light in her face. "Like thy Vittoria who saved thee from the water. Just like her."

"Then I will love her," said the child, rising at her friend's sign, and trustfully locking her little hand once more within the long fingers. "Only, I cannot love her *more* than I love thee! Even though I would be glad to have a mother, so that the village children should not be able to laugh at me, still I cannot love her *more* than thee!"

Something like a sob rose, stifled, from the breast of the woman as she led the child at her side; but she smiled the next minute as she looked at her again. Fortunina thought Vittoria seemed never to weary of looking at her to-day, nor ever to weary of smiling.

They came down the hill into the little copse, and out into the high road. Turning to the left, down the road, and crossing a brook into a branch pathway, would have led them back again towards la Vallecada; but Fortunina was surprised to see that Vittoria did not choose this direction, but crossed the highway and struck into the woods beyond, making by short cuts through the chestnut copses—for the steep road that crosses the Giove mountain, and finally reaches the great town by the sea. She said nothing: she had promised to obey, and to be silent. But she was perplexed, and spite of her implicit confidence in her guide, even a little troubled. Where was Vittoria going to take her? Why were they not returning to the village, since the sun was near to setting? Where was her dad? Had he forgotten her, or was he anxiously seeking her in the noisy crowds? She was sorry as she thought of her dad, even a little sorry as she thought of the good-natured old townswoman, returning with her restoratives to find both the child nurse and her patient fled. The only person for whom she was not at all sorry, and who yet would be seeking her far and wide, was la Teresina. Vicious little person that she was, she was even secretly a little *glad* to think of the bad half hour she had been able to give her future stepmother!

She need not have troubled her head about any of these folks had she but known how little they were troubling themselves about her. For if she could have flown as the birds fly, she would have seen that when Marrina left her in search of the doctor for Vittoria and plunged into the crowd, she came presently upon a group wherein matter of stirring interest was evidently being discussed; and that this matter, whatever it was, was such as to hinder her in her purpose, just as it was hindering every one else. For in the centre of this group stood Bianca del Prelo, and Bianca del Prelo was in her element, for she was telling a tale at which every one was listening aghast. The old priest was there, taking snuff more vehemently than ever, and quite forgetting the charitable errand on which he also was bent, as he vainly tried to fight free of the bystanders and get away. Cries of "Where are they taking it out?"—"One must interfere!"—"Who knows the

place?" and so on, mingled faintly with the hum of the people. And not far behind—but, by reason of her small stature, concealed in the multitude from the chief actors in the scene—was a dainty damsel in gala dress and fresh muslin veil, whose drooping eyes wore an unusual expression of intentness, whose delicate cheek was blanched of its pretty flush, and whose slender lips trembled almost as though in alarm.

All this Fortunina would have beheld if she could have hovered aloft as the birds do. And presently, as if by magic, she would have seen the crowd melt away again, and would have

been suddenly aware that Marrina had disappeared in one direction and the priest in another, and that Teresina della Fontana was left standing alone, glancing around her almost as though she were frightened, and apparently undecided which way she should go, until, after a while, she picked up her dainty petticoats and fled away into the town. Of all the people who had been with her at the fair, Fortunina would have seen none return peaceably to the village. No, not even her dad. For him she would have looked in vain, even though she had been able to hunt the great crowd through.

(To be continued.)

THE EDUCATION OF THE EYE



ON one of those interesting occasions, the distribution of prizes at a School of Art, the presiding Royal Academician addressed the great body of pupils in three imagined divisions of unequal number. "There are a very few among you," he said, "who will become artists in the generally understood sense of the term. A larger number will be art-workmen, bringing to their several departments of labour a knowledge of design and a trained appreciation of form, perhaps also of colour, which will greatly increase the value of their work, besides making it more a pleasure and a delight to them. There will then be a great residuum to whom this tuition will have imparted no trade, no definable faculty by which they will attempt to win a reputation or a livelihood, but who will have learned to be happier men and women, and even better citizens. For in all states and ages distinguished by pre-eminence of art, the citizens educated in the principles of beauty have been the great jury of taste empanelled to nominate the designer of public monuments and the beautifier of temples, halls, and public places." Writing from memory, I do not pretend to repeat the speaker's words; but their spirit was, I think, after this effect. At all events, if I have lost the eloquence of my text, I have retained the impression of its suggestiveness. It is with the third and last division of our typical Art School, with the "residuum" of scholars whose eyes have been opened to beauties of nature and art, else but dimly perceptible, that I here concern myself.

The education of the eye, till within the past thirty-five years, had, in this country, been altogether neglected. The proportions indicated by the prize-giver, in his address to the three imaginary or prophetic divisions of scholars, were, at that no very distant period, exactly reversed. If only a few children, in those days prior to 1851, when the Prince Consort gave the great work its first start, were trained to be artists, fewer yet were taught the principles of art in their technical application; and as for the æsthetic residuum of happier life and better citizenship, we may just as well strike it out of the calculation, as an unknown quantity. The "drawing-lesson," usually given at boarding-schools by some unfortunate exile, who pretended to teach children how to copy the chalk heads by Julien because he really could not pretend to teach them anything else, never awakened in boy or girl a passion for the beautiful, or led to knowledge of nature or love of art. Even now, the happiness to be gained through a cultivated sense of just proportions, through skill in delineating, for the instruction of others, or for the aid of our own memory, all objects whatsoever, is not nearly estimated at its proper worth. James Nasmyth, in his entrancing *Auto-*

biography, finds repeated occasion to show us his great indebtedness, as a mechanic, as an astronomer, as a traveller, and as a man of thought, imagination, and fancy, to handiness with the pencil. By such study and practice as were his, from early life, we acquire and increase the powers of perception, description, independent judgment, and that admiration which feeds the poetry of the human heart. I say it with humiliation as an Englishman and as a lover of my country, we lack independence of judgment in matters of taste—we lack the frankness and honesty of admiring more, I think, than any other people in the world. To take an illustration from the grossest of the senses, that of the palate, we are the worst *gustators* in Europe. This, indeed, would be small reproach or none, were it unaccompanied by any pretence of epicureanism. But with us the worst tastes are the vainest. Abroad you will find our countrymen the most difficult to please, even where the art of pleasing is constantly studied. Unable to defend themselves by their knowledge and judgment, they are suspicious when no ground for suspicion exists, and indulge everywhere most unreasonably their national privilege of grumbling. At home it is the same. I remember once, at a great old-fashioned English hotel, famous for its historic vintages, seeing a wealthy gourmand dine by himself, and gloomily finish a bottle of port, Lafite or Chambertin, at his solitary table. After the sad feast, which in his heavy way he had solemnly enjoyed, his eyes fell suddenly on the *cork* which the attendant had laid on the table beside him. Then this distinguished epicure found, or fancied he had found, that he had not been drinking the same expensive wine which he had ordered. Shameful imposition! Waiter, head-waiter, deputy-manager, manager, proprietor, head cellar-man, all were summoned in turn to be the receptacles of his wrath, poured out in volumes of British energy.

Fancy a Frenchman consulting a cork, to ascertain the validity or fraudulence of the wine in which his palate had detected nothing amiss! It is even a saying among the wine-growers of France, that the English drink corks and labels. And so they do: not merely in the matter of high priced wine, but also in the matter of high priced art—high-priced music, high-priced painting. Not till a singing-woman has "made a name," not till she has ruined two or three managers by her cupidity, and as many simpletons by her insatiable love of jewels, will we look at the label which tells us that her voice, irrecoverably gone, is diviner than the music of the spheres. Here, again, is a picture that Titian might have painted. But did he paint it? Is it "genuine"? Genuine enough, if we will put the cork out of the question, and taste the wine. I have, and have had from

early boyhood, a more affectionate admiration for the poetry of Rogers, than some critics would approve. There is a line in his story of "Ginevra," a line that comes after a beautiful description of the portrait by Domenichino, hanging above the scripture-carven chest. That line might be gracefully inscribed on the frame of a doubtful picture—doubtful in name, not in merit:

"Done by Zampieri, but I care not whom."

I would not say, and far from me be the thought, that it is wrong to care who painted a picture. But with all my strength I affirm that it is right, and doubly right, to admire a picture without caring very much who painted it. "How am I to know," asked a man of wealth, hesitating before a grand landscape in water-colours, which he coveted but had not courage to buy, "that it's a true David Cox?" To him answered a friend, "By looking at it." The replication came clumsily: "That's all very fine; I'm not a judge; I don't pretend to be." The friend rejoined, "Then, if the picture pleases you, and pleases others in whose judgments you have faith, what does it matter who painted it?" This was too much for the rich gentleman, who was ambitious to furnish his side-board with a David Cox of unquestionable authenticity; and he could only answer with a stare of puzzled disgust.

It is by education of the eye that mortifications of this kind are averted. I do not mean that the study and knowledge afforded by a School of Art will inevitably make every pupil a connoisseur to the extent of enabling him to certify a David Cox. But it will surely heighten his enjoyment of David Cox's work, and engender a true love of such work, to the exclusion of all fidgety misgivings in the question whether it may be identified with the hand of David Cox or not. The more, in short, we admire the work, the more liberal will be our views of its personal authenticity. The drinker of corks and labels, the "poor rich man," to borrow a phrase of Leigh Hunt's, can never bring his imagination to this wise indifference. He can never regard a picture as he would regard a gem, merely for its unnamed merit, and with reliance on its intrinsic value. Look at a sapphire or an emerald. The stone is estimable by its lustre and depth, by its quality of colour, by its shape, weight, size, proportion. If it be pale and poor and lustreless, ill-cut, unsread, misshapen, blemished, what will its pedigree count in the merchants' valuation? A work of art should be estimable by virtues not dissimilar from those of a precious stone. If your picture be fine in colour, true in tone, deep and harmonious in all well-proportioned qualities, if it shine with the inner light of the opal, or glow with the rich soft warmth of the ruby, it imports little, in comparison with these endowments of real merit, what painter's hand laid on the speaking, glorious tints. But in claiming universal benefit as a result of educating the eye let me not omit a qualifying consideration. Colour like music is a divine gift. Where it is withheld by the All-Wise, every endeavour to impart it by human means must fail. The function of art, after all, is to bring us nearer to nature, nearer to truth, nearer to God. Skill in art fills a void in our imperfect being, a void which, we may suppose, would be naturally and much more gloriously filled in a state of absolute perfectibility. Now, in the education of the eye the first steps must be the simplest, precisely as in all other education; and it will be a question of expediency how many steps are to follow, and how far the education can be carried. You will carry it far indeed if you teach anything of colour beyond the

sense that is in the pupil's own pleasurable perceptions. There are, I have been told, schools of painting in Paris, where *tone* is imparted with positive and definite certainty in a given time; but, beyond a few general hints of composition and distribution, the preceptors will no more dream of teaching *colour* than of imparting by any scholastic method the advantages of big heads and broad shoulders. That the natural gift and capacity of colour can be developed, as a voice can be developed, I do not intend to deny; though it is impossible to communicate or to change either.

But all children not physically disabled can be taught to draw, whether or not the childish delight in colour indicate any true capacity promising that, in after years, they may be taught to paint. In learning to draw, this nation itself is a child. I know not if it is more hopeful to glance at what has been done, in so few years, for the education of the eye, in England, than it is humiliating to think that we owe all to strangers. The arts of design in damask, linen, and carpet weaving, on which our first drawing-schools were based a hundred and fifty years ago or more, were introduced into England, Scotland and Ireland by French Protestants driven from their native country to seek refuge in these islands. In one of such schools, the Edinburgh Drawing Academy, Alexander Nasmyth, the painter, devoted all the spare evenings of his apprenticeship in coach building to the study of art. His son, the great engineer, has never wearied of repeating the elder man's earnest and eloquent expatiations on the felicity of pencil drawing. "The language of the breath," says he, "is often used to disguise our thoughts, whereas the language of the pencil is clear and explicit. Who that possesses this language can fail to look back with pleasure on the course of a journey illustrated by pencil-drawings? They bring back to you the landscapes you have seen, the old streets, the pointed gables, the entrances to the old churches, even the bits of tracery, with a vividness of association, such as mere words could never convey." His *Autobiography*¹ is dotted with the happiest phrases in reference to his beloved art of sketching. For example "The truth is that the eyes and the fingers—the *bare fingers*—are the two principal inlets to sound practical instruction. They are the chief sources of trustworthy knowledge in all the materials and operations which the engineer has to deal with. No *book* knowledge can avail for that purpose. The nature and properties of the materials must come in through the fingers' ends. Hence I have no faith in young engineers who are addicted to wearing gloves. Gloves, especially kid gloves, are perfect non-conductors to technical knowledge." Those who think that James Nasmyth, being an engineer, must be dry and mechanical in all his drawing, are much mistaken. His delicate, fanciful sketches, whether the tracery be natural foliage or the intricacies of architectural detail, have the certainty of Prout. Invention, in the case of this notable draughtsman, means imagination, and is not bound up in cylinders, cranks, and piston rods. A copy of any one of Mr. Nasmyth's dainty etchings with a pen and lithographic ink, printed by Mr. Macure, but never published—such, for instance, as "Everybody for ever," with its thousands of figures and heads, as "The Castle of Udolpho," "The Fairies are Out," "The Alchemist," and "Old Mortality"—would be a good "find," in a hunt over old folios. There are, in his *Autobiography*, many encouraging examples of the good results to be expected from educating the eye.

GODFREY TURNER.

¹ *James Nasmyth's, Engineer; an Autobiography.* Edited by Samuel Smiles, LL.D. John Murray.

NOTES

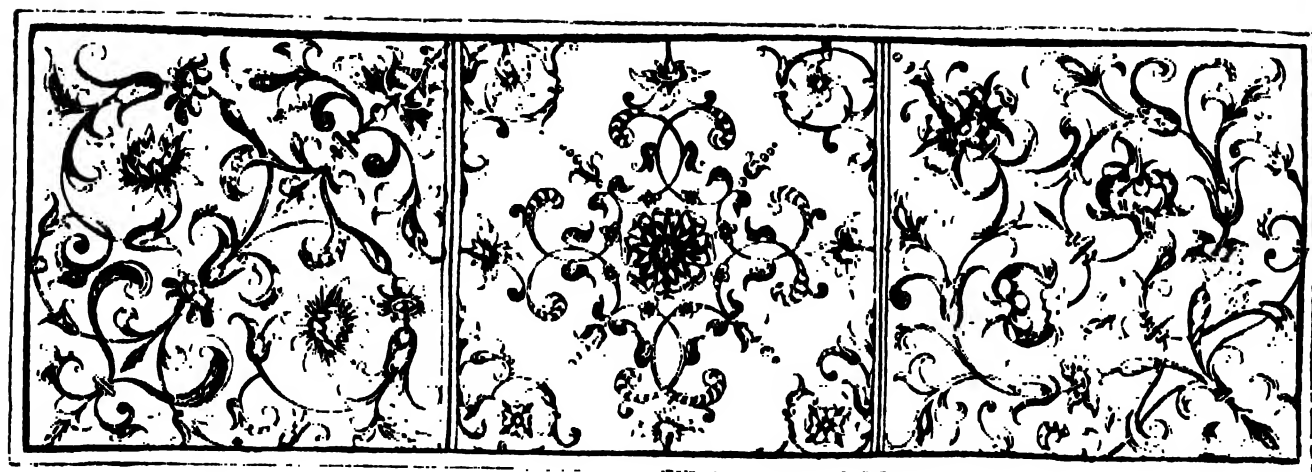
THE Bartolozzi Exhibition has been replaced at the Windsor Gallery, in Savile Row, by a very ordinary display of etchings, entitled the *Second Annual Exhibition of the Society of Painter-Etchers*, and if the display is to be considered representative of the art in England, etching must be in a very unsatisfactory state among us. In reality, this is the third exhibition of the kind held in London, but the first, which found a home in the Hanover Gallery, was merely tentative, and was anterior to the formation of the Society. In considering the exceedingly unsatisfactory result of this third attempt, one of two conclusions becomes inevitable. Either our English Painter-Etchers are at a very low ebb in point of talent, or they do not deem their own Society worthy of their best work. If the former conclusion be correct, the periodical outcry against the prevalence of French work in this country has no justification; if the latter, then the present exhibition betrays a lamentable want of judgment. As Mr. Seymour Haden, who is the President of the Society, has only thought fit to contribute two very insignificant examples of his work, and other prominent names among the members are conspicuous by their absence, we must perforce assume that the Society does not take any special interest in justifying its existence. In regard to the President, however, the circumstance that his etchings are marked in the catalogue as "not for sale," proves that though the examples of his work are weak, his sense of humour is at all events undeniably strong. Mr. Otto Webber's *A Quiet Corner on the Thames—Stratford*, is more satisfactory; and there is good work in Mr. Walter Buggess's *Cathedral of Limburg-on-the-Lahn*; Mr. H. R. Robertson's *A Thames-side Farm*; Mr. Ned Swain's *Bridges on the Thames, No. 1, Hammersmith*; and Mr. R. S. Chattock's *Chagford Bridge, Devon*; but the execution in each and all of them is very unequal. Nor is Mr. Macbeth's *Flora*, after his picture, a success; it is harsh, and not to be compared with his etching of *The Harvest Moon*, to which allusion was made in the last number of ART AND LETTERS. One of the best bits of drawing in the exhibition is the figure of the girl in *Sea Shells*, by Mr. M. L. Menpes, and this etching also possesses an amount of delicacy in strong contrast with many of its surroundings, Mr. Benwell Clark's *Cupid Asleep*, for instance. Altogether, it is impossible to do otherwise than commiserate the Society of Painter-Etchers on their display this year. The exhibition will be short-lived, as in May the collection of Bartolozzi's engravings will be again on view, strengthened by the addition of many of the artist's original works.

The pictures intended for exhibition at the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery are now rapidly approaching completion, although, owing to the Easter Holidays, the days for sending in to Burlington House are nearly a week later than usual. Considerable anxiety is felt, about this time of the year, as to the constitution of the Hanging Committee, whose responsibility for the conduct and arrangement of the Exhibition is even greater than that which devolves upon the Council of Selection. Mr. Arncliffe, Mr. Horsley, and Mr. Peter Graham, three of the gentlemen who have this year been appointed to discharge these arduous functions, can scarcely be reckoned representative exponents of the highest aspects of Academic art, nor is it probable that the announcement of their appointment will be received with enthusiasm by the younger members of the profession. It is also doubtful whether the Exhibition this year will be very richly furnished with the work of the more eminent of the titled painters. Mr. Alma

Tadema's principal picture of the year—*The Meeting of Cleopatra and Antony*—has already been made known to the public in the collected exhibition of his works at the Grosvenor Gallery, but he has found time, nevertheless, to complete a charming little composition of two lovers, in which a diffident youth is shyly placing an offering of flowers in the lap of a young girl, whose laughing face, half hidden by her hand, reveals the nature of a coquette. Mr. Tadema has also finished a *Portrait of the Dowager Duchess of Cleveland*, which, with another head, will find its way to the Grosvenor Gallery. For the Exhibition of Paintings of Children, to be opened at the Fine Art Society, he has executed a design of a Greek child holding in her arms a small ivory statue, which she nurses as a doll. The painting of the nude flesh, the yellow sand, and the blue sea make up a brilliant scheme of colours. It is as yet doubtful whether Sir F. Leighton's most important composition will be finished in time for this year; and it is matter for regret that Mr. Poynter has likewise been compelled to abandon for the present the large and elaborate picture of the Queen of Sheba. Mr. Poynter, however, will be worthily represented by a picture illustrating an incident in Shakespeare's play of *Julius Cæsar*, and giving scope for the display of the artist's command over the forms of classic architecture. Mr. Millais, who has already planned a subject-picture introducing a number of half-length figures of the scale of nature, will be represented at the Academy by several characteristic portraits. Mr. Holl and Mr. Herkomer will also contribute largely in this kind, both to Burlington House and to the Grosvenor Gallery. To the latter institution Mr. Burne Jones will send this year three pictures, the most important being an enlarged rendering of *Fortune's Wheel*, the design for which has been for some time in his studio. The second contribution represents *The Hours*, and to this will be added a portrait head of a child. Mr. Orchardson, whose admirable picture of *Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon* has now taken a permanent place among the works purchased by the Chantrey Fund, has once more turned to French history, choosing for the subject of this year's picture a passage from the life of Voltaire.

Much interest and curiosity will naturally be attracted by the performances of the newly elected associates, Mr. R. W. Macbeth and Mr. E. J. Gregory, and it may be safely predicted that in neither case will expectation be disappointed. Besides a portrait painted with characteristic vigour and refinement, Mr. Gregory has painted a scene from the every-day life of modern London. It is entitled *The Return from the Drawing-room*, and presents a glimpse of the top of St. James's Street at the moment when the band of the Life Guards are returning from the Palace, making their way slowly through the crowded thoroughfare. Mr. Gregory will also contribute to the Grosvenor Gallery some studies of Venice.

Mr. Macbeth's largest picture introduces us to the interior of a hair-dresser's shop in the last century, where a young girl with splendid golden tresses is bargaining for their sale. He has also been engaged in repainting the large picture of *Sheep Shearing* executed two or three years ago. One of the interesting features of the year's display at Burlington House will be Mr. Fildes's realistic presentment of a *Rustic Wedding* as it actually occurs, and not as it is commonly fancied. Mr. North, one of the most original of our living landscape painters, sends to the Grosvenor two scenes from Somersetshire, marked by that peculiar delicacy of treatment always characteristic of his work. Mr. Keeley Haleswelle will also be represented by several landscapes.



THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS: POTTERY AND PORCELAIN

III



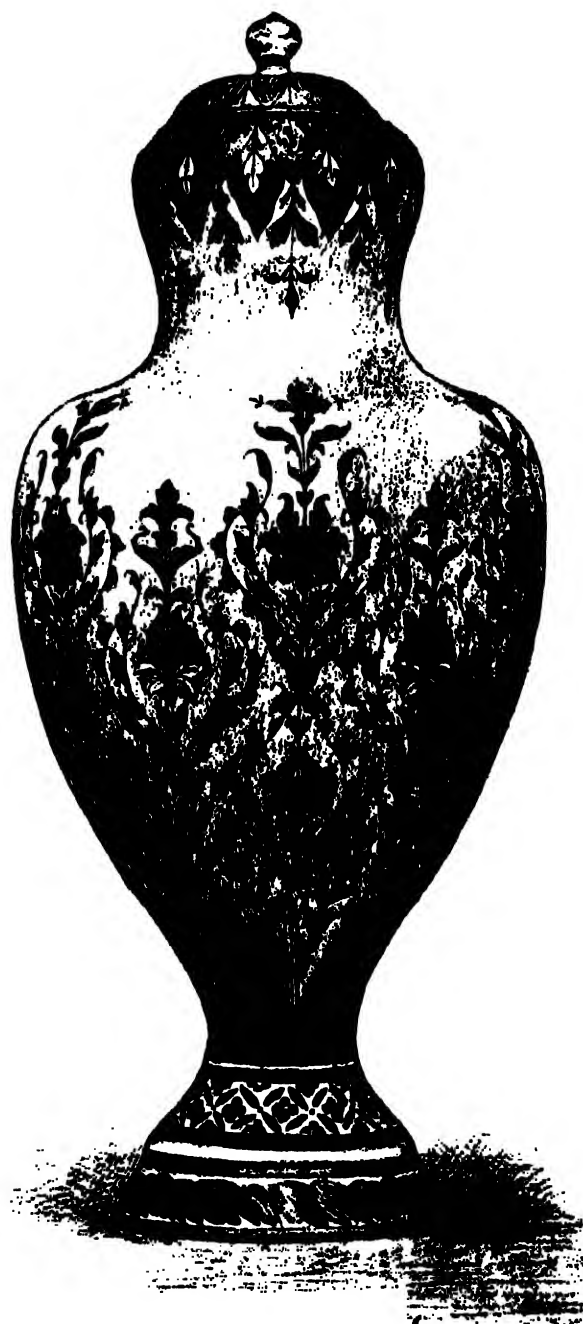
COFFEE-POT. DÜTCHER WARE.
End of seventeenth century (Museum of Sèvres)

SOFT pottery was manufactured in Germany as early as the thirteenth century by a potter whose name has not been handed down to posterity, but whose death is recorded as having taken place at Schelestad, in Alsace, in the year 1283. He discovered a fine glaze, and this was the secret of his success. The manufacture of German pottery was subsequently carried on at Ratisbon, Landshutt, and Nuremberg, the last mentioned town, the birthplace of Albert Dürer, being by far the most celebrated. The perfection of its fine green glaze and the variety of its colouring and ornamentation are the salient characteristics of Nuremberg ware, and one of the best specimens is to be seen in the Royal Museum at Dresden, in the shape of a pitcher of green glaze, bearing the date 1473, with a medallion containing a Scripture subject in relief.

The Dutch ware made at Delft is, however, the most famous of all soft pottery, and it is especially interesting to us because it led to the introduction of the manufacture into England. The actual date of the origin of the Delft manufactory is still in doubt, but pottery is said to have been successfully produced there in the year 1310. The ware had certainly acquired a reputation in the commencement of the

sixteenth century, because in 1506, when Philip and Joan, King and Queen of Castille, were driven into Weymouth by stress of weather during their voyage from the Netherlands to Spain, and accepted the hospitality of Sir Thomas Trenchard at Wolverton, they bestowed some specimens of it upon their host. "When the King took his leave," according to Hutchins's *History of Dorset*, "he presented his host with some immense Delft ware dishes, and some bowls of oriental china, one of which was inclosed in massive silver-gilt. The latter of these were great rarities, as they must have passed the Desert on the backs of camels, the Cape of Good Hope not having been colonised at that time." The manufactory attained the height of its celebrity in the seventeenth century, and it would seem to have owed its success in a great measure to the influence of old Japanese porcelain, many specimens of which were introduced into Holland long before it found its way to the rest of Europe, in consequence of communication with Japan having been for a very lengthened period confined to the Dutch. The Delft ware was made

from clay obtained in the neighbourhood of Maestricht, mixed with marl and sand, and was coated with an opaque stanniferous glaze or enamel, generally presenting a slight greenish or bluish tint. The mixture of marl and sand with the clay lessened the contraction in baking, and so gave to the ware a peculiar lightness and hardness combined. The peculiarity of the enamel was its smooth and even surface, which afforded special facilities for ornamentation. Lambeth was the first site of this manufacture in England, a Dutch potter, encouraged by the British Ambassador at the Hague, having settled there in 1676 for the purpose, as his patent shows, of pursuing his "art of makeinge tiles and porcelane and other earthenwares after the way practised in Holland." The pupil soon outstripped her master, for



ENAMELLED VASE IN SOFT PASTE WITH GOLD ORNAMENTATION
In imitation of Haviland Porcelain

the excellence to which the English potters speedily attained, combined with the introduction of oriental porcelain into Europe generally, led to the downfall and ultimate extinction of the famous Delft ware.

The manufacture of enameled soft pottery ceased in the seventeenth century, and was succeeded by hard pottery. As its name implies, the new ware was distinguished from its predecessor by its hardness, just as its opacity distinguishes it from porcelain. Its simplest characteristic, and that by which it can always be readily recognised, is the impossibility of scratching it with a knife. In technical language it is described as opaque, argilo-siliceous, and infusible, and it is divided into two classes, fine earthenware



CH. GOUTZWILLER,

DESIGN BY BERNARD PALISSY

PRO. TYPES OF BARNET

(*faïence fine*), and stone ware. Of the first class the most famous descriptions are, in France, the Henri Deux ware; in England, the Elizabethan, Fulham, Staffordshire, Crouch, Place, and Wedgwood wares; in Germany, the productions of Hubertsberg and Gotha; in Holland, pipe manufacture; and in Italy, the *terraglia* of Doccia.

The unique ware known as Henri Deux has been the subject of more discussion than any other description of pottery. For a long time its origin and the place of its manufacture were alike shrouded in mystery, and the fact of its sudden disappearance was by some authorities accounted for on the supposition that it was the work of one hand, or at all events, the conception of one artist, presumably Hélène de Hangest-Genlis, who was also its patroness. Others conjectured that it was of Florentine manufacture, and that it was sent by some of the relations of Catherine de' Medici as a present to Henri II. This latter conjecture was clearly untenable for two reasons; first of all, because the paste of which it is composed differs essentially from that which forms the basis of majolica; and secondly, because not a single piece of the ware has been found in Italy. Twenty-seven specimens were at



PLATE
Designed by Th. Deck

length traced as having come from Touraine and La Vendée, and this led to the supposition that the manufacture was carried on by some Italian artist at Thouars, in Touraine, but recently all doubts on the point have been set at rest by M. Riocreux, of the Imperial Ceramic Museum at Sèvres, who has collected a quantity of evidence which conclusively proves that the pottery was made at Oiron, in Poitou, and that it was the work of two artists, François Cherpentier, an architect, and Jean Bernard. Even now there is a considerable difference of opinion in regard to the number of pieces of this ware in existence. Mr. Marryat, writing in 1850, puts the number down at thirty-seven; the South Kensington Handbook says "about eighty"; and Mr. Moncreux Conway, in his recent work on South Kensington, mentions fifty-five. Whatever the total number may be, the South Kensington Museum possesses five—two tazzas, a salver, a candlestick, and a salt-cellar; the Louvre has a similar number, and the various branches of the Rothschild family can boast of no less than fourteen. Mr. Conway recounts the following curious anecdote of the discovery of some of this ware: "Three very beautiful specimens (candlestick, ewer, and large salt-cellar) were found some years ago very carefully wrapped up in a

blanket, placed in a wicker clothes-basket, under a bed in a garret of Narford Hall. The pieces were no doubt collected by Sir Andrew Fountaine in France, in the last century and, put away perhaps by some provident housekeeper, now turn up as a more valuable bequest to the old connoisseur's descendants than he could have imagined, but which is highly appreciated by the present owner of the pieces, Mr. Andrew Fountaine."

The date of this manufacture is very clearly defined, the earlier pieces being marked with the insignia of Francis I., and the later, and more perfect specimens, with the arms of Henri II. and his device, the three crescents, or the initial H interlaced with the two D's of his mistress, Diane de Poitiers, Duchesse de Valentinois. The paste of which this pottery is composed is very fine and very white pipe-clay, and the glaze covering the decorations is thin, yellowish, and transparent. The ornamentation is after the manner of niello-work, consisting of arabesques impressed upon the paste, the indentations being afterwards filled in with coloured pastes so as to present a perfectly even surface. The ware is also embellished with raised ornaments in bold relief, such as shells, masks, wreaths, &c.,



PAINTED PLATE, PERSIAN TYPE.

By Torquato Castellani, of Rome (Universal Exhibition of 1878)

all of them conspicuous for purity of outline and exquisite finish. In fact this *faïence* has been justly compared to the chased and damascened metal work of the sixteenth century.

The English pottery known as Elizabethan ware is supposed to have been manufactured at Stratford-le-Bow, but there is in reality no evidence to prove that it is English work except that the mode of making it differed from that usually employed in the production of pottery. It was shaped by pressing the paste when moist, in that state called "slip," in metal or plaster of Paris moulds, a very sharp relief being thus given to the ornaments, and the ware becoming exceedingly light. One remarkable specimen of this pottery has a truly historic interest, because it once belonged to Shakespeare and is at the present time in the possession of one of his descendants. "Shakespeare's Jug," as it is always called, has been exhibited on several occasions, and the interest attaching to it warrants us in quoting the detailed description of it given by Mr. Bennett, the author of the *Twickenbury History and Register*. "This jug," says Mr. Bennett, "is of cream coloured earthenware, about nine inches in height, and sixteen round in the largest part, and somewhat in the shape of a modern coffee-pot. It

is divided longitudinally into eight compartments, each horizontally subdivided; and within these the principal deities of the Grecian Mythology are represented in rather bold relief. Jupiter and Juno, Bacchus, Diana, Mercury, Apollo, Mars, &c., are all plainly distinguishable by their thrones, chariots, or characteristic animal attendants. To preserve the interior from dust, and the rim from accident, a silver top and edging were added about forty years ago, with a small medallion of Shakespeare upon it, inscribed 'William Shakespeare at the age of 40.' The precious relic is kept beneath a carved covering."

The Fulham pottery owes its origin to John Dwight, of Oxford, who, in 1671, established a manufactory which after his death was carried on by his daughter. Miss Dwight married a Mr. White, and the works remained for a long time in the possession of his descendants. The materials used by Dwight are not



Decorative composition by François Ehrmann. Executed in pottery by Th. Deck and Boulenger



GOLDSMITH'S WORK

Decorative composition by François Ehrmann. Executed in pottery by Th. Deck and Boulenger

specified in his patent, and the only information we have in regard to them comes from Dr. Plot, who says that the Fulham potter made "stone bottles of a clay in appearance like to tobacco-pipe clay, which will not make tobacco pipes, although the tobacco-pipe clay will make bottles."

Staffordshire, or that district known as "The Potteries," has manufactured pottery since the fifteenth century, but a coarse ware was produced in the district earlier still. The oldest specimens in existence are butter-pots, and their production had assumed such considerable proportions in 1661 that an Act of Parliament was passed to compel the Burslem potters to make these pots sufficiently large to hold fourteen pounds of butter, and sufficiently hard to prevent the absorption of moisture so that the butter might not appear of greater weight than was actually the case. "Crouch ware" was first made in Burslem in 1690, its distinguishing characteristic being the salt-glaze with which it was coated; this glaze is still used for



ENGRAVING

Decorative composition by François Ehrmann. Executed in pottery by Th. Deck

vessels required to contain acids. Among other celebrated Staffordshire potters are the two brothers, John Philip and David Elers, of Nuremberg, who came over to England in 1688, and discovered a bed of fine red clay at Bradwell Wood, about two miles from Burslem, and manufactured a red ware in imitation of that of Japan. The salt-glaze already mentioned was invented by them; and in addition to the introduction of this great improvement in the art of pottery, there is also due to them the credit of having produced the finest ware manufactured in England up to the date of their settlement at Burslem.

"Place ware" derives its name from Mr. Francis Place, who manufactured it at the Manor House, York, towards the end of the seventeenth century. Only one specimen of this ware can be identified; it is a coffee-cup, once the property of Horace Walpole, who describes it as of "grey earthenware, with streaks of black, and not superior to common earthenware." It was bought at the Strawberry Hill sale by Mr. A. W. Franks, who presented it to the Museum of Practical Geology.



DECORATIVE JAR

Italian Majolica, sixteenth century (Collection of the Comte Aldo Amore)

Meritorious as the productions of the Staffordshire potteries were, both in design and execution, it was to Josiah Wedgwood that they owed the perfection to which they were eventually brought. This most famous of all English potters was the son of Thomas and Mary Wedgwood, and was born at Burslem in July, 1730. The manufacture of Wedgwood ware had been carried on by his father's family for many years, but it had never reached any remarkable standard of excellence. Josiah Wedgwood was taken from school when only nine years of age and placed as a "thrower" under his brother Thomas, who had succeeded to the management of the Churchyard Works at Burslem. In 1744 he was apprenticed to his brother as a potter for five years, and at the expiration of that term he entered into partnership, first of all with Mr. Harrison, of the Cliff Bank Pottery, at Stoke, and afterwards with Mr. Wheildon, of Fenton. During this latter connection he manufactured a green ware with a brilliant glaze, but his partner being unwilling to embark in any new branches of the potter's art, Wedgwood returned to Burslem in 1758 and commenced business for himself in the Ivy Works, belonging to his cousins. His success speedily warranted him in removing to larger premises, known as the Brick House or Bell Works, where he produced the celebrated cream-coloured ware which subsequently gained for him the patronage of Queen Charlotte, and was called

"Queen's ware" at her desire. Apart from this beautiful production, the finer examples of Wedgwood ware come under the head of the second class of "hard pottery—fine stoneware," and will there be dealt with. Suffice it now to say that in the matter of hard pottery, the great improvement effected by him was due to his success in imparting to it the vivid colours and brilliant glaze associated up to this time with porcelain alone. He died at Etruria in 1795, having made for himself a great reputation, due to no accident of fortune, but to his own untiring industry and patient research in the regions of science.

The manufacture of hard pottery in Germany and Holland was confined to the production of tobacco-pipes, a source of constant employment, and the imitation of English wares. In regard to the *terraglia* made at Doccia, near Florence, about 1740, we need only remark that it was a species of hybrid porcelain, very beautiful in form, but falling short of the excellence of the porcelain produced at the same place.

We now come to stoneware (*grès cérame*), the second class of hard pottery. Of this there are two kinds, common and fine, but as the former merely comprises domestic utensils, it hardly comes within the scope of artistic industry. The most celebrated productions of fine stoneware are the Jacobus Kanneetje of the Lower Rhine, and the Böttcher ware of Weissen, in Saxony; the Flemish ware, called *Grès de Flandres*; the Beauvais ware of France; and the various productions due to Wedgwood.

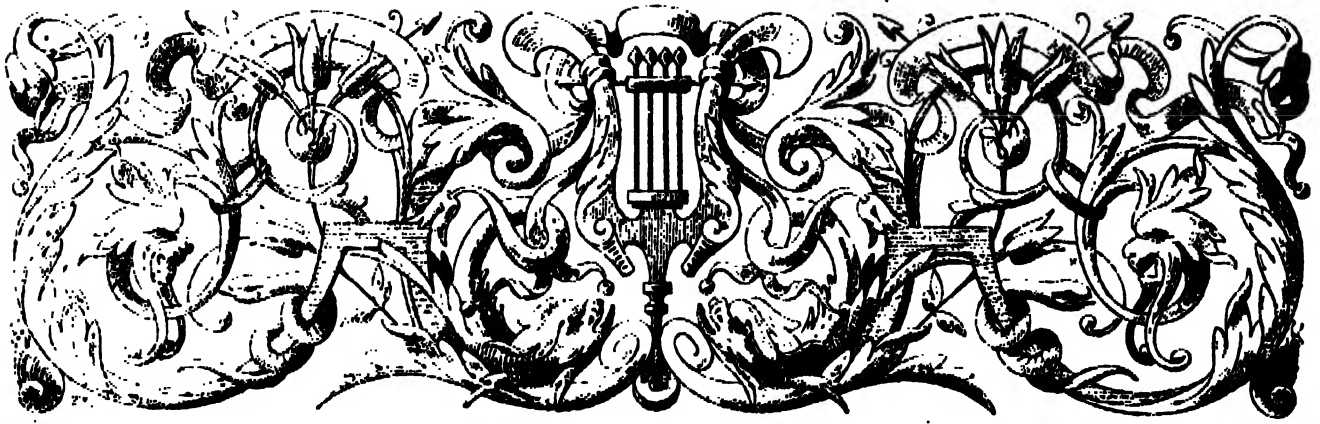
The Jacobus Kanneetje jugs, of a yellowish-white pottery, finely sculptured with scriptural subjects, are said to have been manufactured under the special superintendence of the famous Jacqueline, Countess of Hainault and Holland, who thus employed her leisure time after her abdication in 1433. According to Brongniart, the ornamental portions of these jugs were either made in relief by the impression of copper moulds or graved with the point of a diamond. The German pieces, called "Apostles' Mugs" were manufactured in Franconia about 1540. The reddish-brown ware, known as Böttcher ware, was produced at a manufactory established at Weissen in 1715, under the patronage of Augustus II., Elector of Saxony. Böttcher was the first director of this establishment, and by a mere chance discovered that a white earth which, when ground, was used as a substitute for wheat-flour in the preparation of hair-powder, was in reality a substance technically called *Kaolin*, the principal basis of Chinese porcelain. From this circumstance the Böttcher ware was erroneously called "red porcelain," whereas it was in reality a fine stoneware, possessing the opacity and toughness of pottery. The drinking-vessels known as "greybeards" were also imported from Germany into England.

The Flemish ware, *Grès de Flandres* or *Grès Flamand*, was held in high esteem in England from the year 1540 to 1620. It is doubtful whether it was actually made in Flanders, some authorities holding it to have come from Germany. It certainly belongs to the first period of German manufacture, and is as remarkable for the purity of its blue colour as for the quaintness of its forms and the richness of its ornamentation.

The finest stoneware of France was made at Saveignies, near Beauvais, from which latter place it takes its name. The manufacture dates from before the sixteenth century, probably much earlier, because Rabelais, in 1500, alluded to the celebrity of these *poteries azurées*. M. Brongniart ascribes a specimen of this ware in the museum of Sèvres to the reign of Charles VIII. of France.

English fine stoneware may be said to be almost entirely confined to the pottery of Wedgwood, and of these, the most beautiful were the objects produced in the black body, called Egyptian ware or basaltes, and his beautiful "jasper" or "onyx" ware. He had previously discovered the secret of painting on vases, &c., without the gloss of ordinary painting on porcelain, or, as it is called in his patent, encaustic painting "in imitation of the ancient Etruscan earthenware." His patent for the jasper ware was taken out in 1773 for "a fine white terra-cotta, proper for cameos, portraits, and bas-reliefs," and the fact still remains that no porcelain or earthenware, either before or after it, can compare with it in regard to its adaptability to such ornamentation. The ground could be made of any colour by the presence of certain metallic oxides, while the figures are of pure white. In the production of these figures Wedgwood was especially fortunate in having obtained the co-operation of Mr. Thomas Bentley, who managed the London branch of his business, and was as remarkable for his classical acquirements as for his knowledge of art. With his assistance, Wedgwood was enabled to secure the best models, and the result was the production of those exquisite cameos, medallions, and other ornamental pieces which have made the name of Wedgwood famous throughout the civilized world.

This brings to a conclusion our notes on the subject of pottery. Next month we shall treat of the history and progress of the sister manufacture, porcelain.



NOTES ON THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

III



ITALIAN TERRACOTTA OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
Attributed to Alessandro Algardi. Drawn by John Watkin
(South Kensington Museum)

IN Italian sculpture the South Kensington Museum is particularly rich, owing to the acquisition of the Gherardini collection in 1854, and the Gigli and Campana collections in 1860. The first consisted of thirty specimens of original models by great Italian artists, and belonged to a member of the Gherardini family of Florence by inheritance from a priest, who had for a long time kept both the models and a quantity of ancient drawings in concealment. The drawings were purchased by the Austrian Government, but the models, after having been declined by both Austria and France, were offered to this country for the sum of 3,000*l*. In order to test the feeling of the public in regard to the purchase, the collection was exhibited at Marlborough House, and after a month had elapsed, the verdict being favourable, they were secured for 2,110*l*. This acquisition formed the nucleus of the collection of Italian sculpture now in the South Kensington Museum. Additional specimens were purchased from time to time until 1860, when the opportunity of procuring the Gigli and Campana treasures was taken advantage of in order to complete the collection. Of the numerous works of art amassed by the Marchese Campana, Director of the Monte di Pietà, or national pawnbroking establishment of the Papal Government, and subsequently sequestered by the State, the sections of Renaissance sculpture and majolica wares were alone desired by the South Kensington authorities.

The principal agent employed by the Marchese Campana in procuring his specimens was Signor Ottavio Gigli, who at the same time made a collection of his own. This was eventually pledged to the Monte di Pietà and became merged in the Campana collection on the imprisonment of the Marchese and the sequestration of his property, both of them coming into the market simultaneously. After a lengthy inspection and much preliminary negotiation, Mr. Robinson, who was deputed by the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education to visit the Museum in Rome, selected eighty-four specimens, sixty-nine of the Gigli, and fifteen of the Campana sections, as being most desirable acquisitions. The necessary authority for the purchase was conveyed to him, and in December, 1860, he secured the



THE MADONNA

Italian terra-cotta of the fifteenth century, attributed to Antonio Rossellino. Drawn by John Watkins
(South Kensington Museum)

coveted treasures for the sum of 5,836*l.*, a very great bargain. Of the remaining objects, the Russian Government acquired 767 for the sum of 26,000*l.*, and the residue of both collections, 11,835 pieces in all, was purchased by France for 174,417*l.*

The sculpture of Michael Angelo has been dealt with in ART AND LETTERS so recently as to render any further reference to the South Kensington examples of his work superfluous, and these remarks on the section will therefore be confined to the earlier sculptors of Italy.

Foremost among these stands Niccola Pisano, the first of a school who contributed in so conspicuous a degree to the advancement of architecture and sculpture in Italy during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Niccola was born between 1204 and 1207, and died at Pisa in 1278. The development of his talent was so rapid that he was appointed architect to Frederick II. when only fifteen years of age. His earliest important work was an alto relief of the *Deposition from the Cross*, which is still to be seen



CHILDREN QUARRELLING OVER THE POSSESSION OF A RAG

Terra-cotta of the School of Donatello. Italian, fifteenth century. Drawn by John Watkins
(South Kensington Museum)

in the lunette over one of the side doors of the Cathedral of San Martino at Lucca, and with that and a few other minor exceptions he would seem to have worked as an architect only until he began the marble pulpit in San Giovanni in the baptistery near the cathedral of Pisa. This pulpit is adorned with five bas-reliefs—the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, the Circumcision, the Crucifixion, and the Last Judgment—and was completed in 1260. The South Kensington Museum possesses two statues of Archangels and a group of three Saints, originally the angle piers of a marble pulpit which came from a church in the neighbourhood of Pisa and in their details closely resembling the famous San Giovanni masterpiece. The Museum also possesses a group, from the same church, of an angel with the symbols of the Evangelists, formerly the pedestal of a reading-desk. A precisely similar pedestal is to be seen now in the Church of San Giovanni (*fuor-civita*) at Pistoia. These fragments are ascribed to Niccola Pisani, or his son Giovanni, who was born about 1250, and was the sculptor of the elaborate fountain

in the piazza near the Cathedral of Perugia. Andrea Pisano, the son of a Pisan notary named Ugolino di Nino, was a pupil of Giovanni, and his genius was perpetuated in his son, Nino, and his pupils, Bonino da Campione, Matteo da Campione, and Andrea Orgagna, who were the last of the Pisani. In all, the South Kensington Museum possesses five examples of this school (to which Arnolfo di Cambio also belonged) of great interest as marking the revival of the art of sculpture in Italy. Niccola Pisano



THE VIRGIN AND THE INFANT JESUS

Bas-relief in Donatello marble. Drawn by John Watkins
(South Kensington Museum)

was indeed the first of the mediæval sculptors, and although his works are not stamped with any character of individuality, but are rather an attempt to amalgamate several distinct styles, no greater tribute could be paid to his genius than is to be found in the fact that the lapse of centuries has not diminished aught of his celebrity. He was born at a critical period, when the Imperial and Papal powers were struggling hard for the mastery, and a consequent impulse was given to both civil and ecclesiastical

architecture, and his works testify to his ability not only to fulfil those requirements, but, in addition, to guide the destinies of sculpture.

Next in order of date to the Pisani comes Giacomo (or Jacopo, as the South Kensington catalogue calls him) della Quercia, who was born at Siena in 1374, and is regarded as the greatest Italian sculptor of the fifteenth century outside Florence. Vasari says that he was the first after the Pisani who, "working in the art of sculpture with more earnest study, showed what a much nearer approach could be made to Nature than had before been achieved; so that it was by his example that others were taught to turn their attention towards rivalling her works." South Kensington possesses four undoubted examples of this master, all of which were included in the Gigli-Campana collections; they are numbered 7572, 7573 and 7574, and 7613, the last being the front of a chest in gilt wood, inlaid with three octagonal panels in glazed terra-cotta, containing three reliefs.

We come now to the period of the Early Renaissance, and are confronted by the famous names, Ghiberti and Donatello, who, with Lucca della Robbia and others, founded the Florentine school of sculpture in the fifteenth century, as Michelozzo Michelozzi, Brunelleschi, and Alberti founded that of architecture. Florence was at this time not only enjoying an era of comparative peace, but was also especially fortunate in possessing in the person of Cosmo de' Medici a patron conspicuous for taste and erudition, and bent upon using his vast wealth in furtherance of both. The genius of Lorenzo di Cione Ghiberti, who was born in 1378, and, as was the case with every sculptor of his day, obtained his earliest knowledge of art in a goldsmith's workshop, was very early in life submitted to the ordeal of a public competition. The Signory and the Merchants' Guild of Florence invited all Italian artists to compete for a bronze door for the Baptistery, and the jury empanelled to decide upon the merits of the competitors selected seven who were allowed one year to model and cast a bas-relief representing the sacrifice of Isaac. The seven were Ghiberti and Brunelleschi, Florentines; Quercia and Valdambrini, Siennese; Niccolò di Luca Spinelli and Niccolò Lamberti, Aretines; and Simone, a native of Colle, who, but for this competition, would have remained unknown. The final choice rested upon Ghiberti and Brunelleschi, and as the latter magnanimously recognized his rival's superiority, the prize was awarded to Ghiberti. The principal productions of this great artist were executed in bronze, and are remarkable for the close acquaintance with the art of composition displayed in them. In a work which he has left behind him he says that his aim was to imitate nature to the utmost, and alluding particularly to the plan pursued by him in carrying out a commission for a second gate to the Baptistery, he adds: "I sought to understand how forms strike upon the eye, and how the theoretic part of graphic and pictorial art should be managed. Working with the utmost diligence and care, I introduced into some of my compositions as many as a hundred figures, which I modelled upon different planes, so that those nearest the eye might appear larger, and those more remote smaller, in proportion." It would be impossible to describe in more intelligible terms the method by which he produced those marvels of skill and ingenuity which no other artist has been able to achieve. South Kensington only possesses two terra-cotta reliefs by Ghiberti, and these are not of absolute authenticity, though there seems to be no reason to doubt their being genuine examples of his work. There are, however, several works by contemporary artists whose names are unknown, and the Museum is, happily, especially rich in examples of the great Tuscan sculptor, Donatello, and his pupils.

Donatello was born in Florence in 1386, and was the son of Niccolò di Betto Bardi, a wool merchant. He, too, was apprenticed to a goldsmith, and he was doubly fortunate in having been able to visit Rome when young, and in having Brunelleschi for his friend and adviser. Great as had been the revival in sculpture during the period immediately anterior to his appearance, its style had nevertheless been restricted to purely structural decoration, and to him belongs the credit of having restored it to independence by the production of individual statues, that is to say, statues which, if removed from the structural positions where they were placed, would be complete in themselves. As an example of our meaning, we may refer to the life-sized bust of a female saint, supposed to be St. Cecilia, at South Kensington, and described as probably an essay for the head of a great statue. At the same time he brought bas-relief to an extraordinary pitch of perfection. "To obtain perfect gradation of tone," says a writer on this subject, "is comparatively easy with the brush, but with a chisel it is so difficult that it has only been successfully done by Donatello and his followers. The skilful use made of bas-relief by them is such that within any range of vision the design is clear and significant."

At South Kensington there is a frieze (No. 7629) by Donatello in very low relief, representing Christ

seated on clouds and giving the keys to St. Peter in the presence of the Virgin and the Apostles, which formed part of the Campana collection. It possesses a peculiar interest because, so far back as 1591, it was mentioned by Francesco Bocchi, the author of *Le Bellezze della Citta di Fiorenza*, as being the property of the Salviati family and one of the principal and most familiar works of art then adorning the city of Florence. Bocchi describes it as a "picture in marble in bas-relief, by the hand of Donatello, in which is portrayed the giving of the keys to Peter by our Saviour. This work is highly esteemed by the artists the which is of rare composition and marvellous design. The figure of Christ is greatly commended, as well as the eagerness and energy which is apparent in the St. Peter. Likewise the Madonna on her knees in an affectionate and devout attitude, whose expression is admirable." In this description the writer, whether by accident or design, has brought out into just prominence the salient characteristic of the genius of Donatello—his apprehension of character. To this, as well as to his undoubted mastery over the technicalities of the art of sculpture, the fame of Donatello among his contemporaries is due, and though in Michael Angelo there arose a greater artist than he was, more imaginative and gifted with more power of thought, there are not wanting those who award him the palm as a sculptor.

Of Lucca della Robbia, a contemporary of Ghiberti and Donatello, we need not speak, as his works have already been dealt with in the majolica portion of the notes on "Pottery and Porcelain," now appearing in *ART AND LETTERS*.¹ Admirable examples of the Robbia ware are to be seen at South Kensington, but though they come, in a certain sense, within the category of sculpture, they find a more appropriate place among examples of pottery.

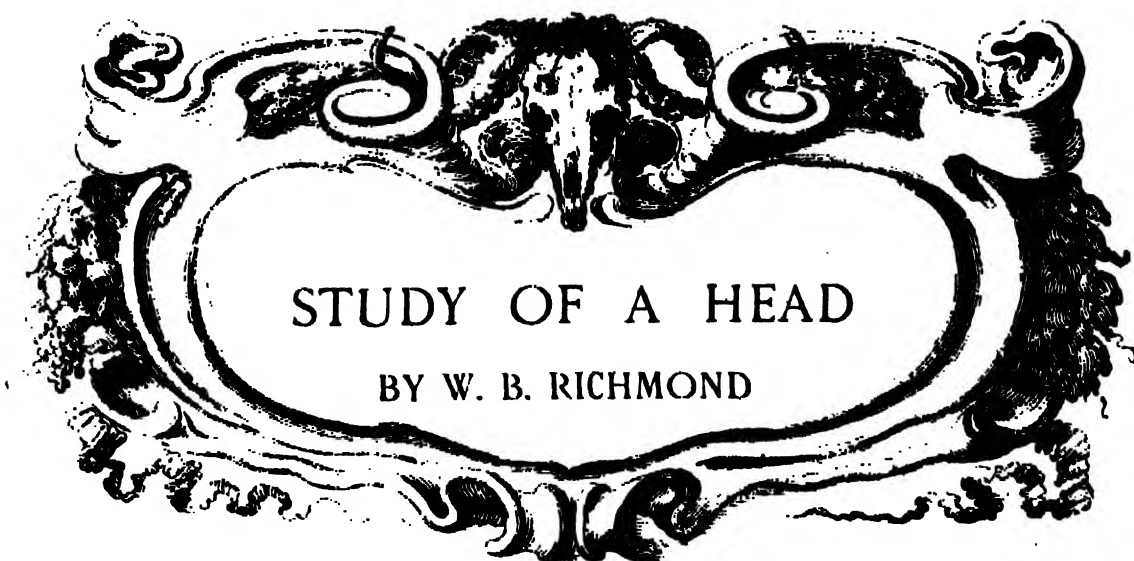
Of the four pupils of Donatello—Bertoldo, Nanni di Banco, Vellano of Padua, Desiderio da Settignano, and the brothers Bernardo and Antonio Rossellino—the South Kensington Museum possesses specimens of Desiderio da Settignano and Antonio Rossellino. Our full-page illustration represents one of the works of the last-named artist, which is thus described in the catalogue of the Museum: "The Virgin is fondly contemplating the Child, whose countenance is full of joyous animation; with one hand he lifts up a bandage which passes round his body. The freedom of style, especially visible in the exquisitely truthful rendering of the drapery and the wonderful life and animation of the entire composition, would seem, at first sight, to refer the work to a more recent period than that of Rossellino. That it is, however, a beautiful work of his more advanced period, there can be little doubt. The drapery, although singularly realistic and destitute of all trace of the ancient manner, is perhaps not more advanced in style than that of the simulated curtains of the tomb of the Cardinal di Portogallo at San Miniato."

¹ See *ART AND LETTERS*, Vol. II. p. 183.



BRONZE EWER

French Workmanship, about 1570. Drawn by John Watkins
(South Kensington Museum)



THE drawing which we are enabled to present this month, to the readers of "ART AND LETTERS," is one of a series of preliminary studies executed by Mr. Richmond for his well-known picture of *The Song of Miriam*. This important work, which was exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery in the summer of 1880, represented the procession of the Israelites after the passage of the Red Sea. In the centre of the composition Miriam with uplifted arms led a train of maidens, who accompanied her triumphant song with the music of harp and lutes and timbrels. At her right hand was the standing figure of Moses, turned to watch the onward movement of the throng, and behind him was to be seen the corpse of Joseph borne aloft upon a stretcher and followed by a troop

of followers carrying the baggage of the camp. The study is for the head of one of the youthful followers of Miriam, and the beauty and precision of the drawing affords a fair index of the careful principles of design employed by the artist in the treatment of the elaborate and intricate composition of his picture.

Mr. Richmond's art, whether in portraiture or in the illustration of subjects of imagination, is founded upon precise and careful draughtsmanship, and his colouring is so regulated as to leave to this motive principle of his work a clear predominance. It is sometimes forgotten in the consideration of colour as an element of beauty in painting that there are, and have always been, two wholly distinct senses in which the word may be applied. The kind of colouring appropriate to work that is animated by the spirit of realism and which reached its earliest and perhaps its highest triumph in the art of Venice, is essentially different in motive and practice from the colouring that gave an added charm and force to the ideal design of Florence, and it is from the principles of Venice that all later realistic art has chiefly drawn its inspiration. In portraiture especially the modern schools have for the most part founded themselves upon the splendid achievements of the Venetians, and for this reason the position occupied by Mr. Richmond as a painter of portraits is somewhat exceptional. Though he is obviously strongly attracted to the study of individual character, he has always preserved in his portraits precisely the same qualities of design and colour as he employs upon the representation of ideal themes. The ultimate effect of his work in this kind depends, in a degree unusual among portrait painters of our day, upon arrangement of line and precision of draughtsmanship, and this fact endows them with a peculiar interest amid the mass of work that proceeds upon a different principle.

One of the earliest of Mr. Richmond's pictures to attract the notice of the public was a frieze-shaped composition of Greek youths playing at bowls, exhibited some years ago at the Royal Academy. At a later date followed the large composition of *Prometheus*, executed on a colossal scale, and this in turn was followed by the figure *Ariadne*, which was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. Since the establishment of the Grosvenor Gallery in the year 1877, Mr. Richmond has been a constant and prominent contributor. In the first year he exhibited a large design of *Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon*. In 1879 he was represented by *Sarpedon*, and by a colossal statue in bronze, and in 1881 his large picture of the *Wise and Foolish Virgins* occupied a place of honour in the large gallery.



LA FORTUNINA

BY MRS. COMYNS CARR, AUTHOR OF 'NORTH ITALIAN FOLK,' 'A STORY OF AUTUMN,' ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HARD by the great silk factory on the road from Busalla to Ponte, not far from the last houses of the town, a merry little rill comes tumbling down a rocky bed beneath the chestnut woods, and goes to empty itself across the meadows in the broad river. The Giove mountain rises behind it, and the cone of Monte Maggio lifts itself up opposite to it across the broader stream. There are no houses beside it, and the trees, fed by its kindly freshness, grow thick and strong about it.

Some few steps up the course of the little torrent, just far enough from the high road to be hidden between the trees from any wayfarers below, Pietro Paggi stood waiting on the evening of the fair at Busalla. He kept his hands in his pockets and his eyes fixed expectantly upon the road. His face was sickly-sallow, but his eyes shone like live coals, and his lips were pressed firmly together. He was alone. Through the tree-trunks behind his head the glow of the setting sun shone red; he did not turn towards the west, yet the blood-red glamour was before his eyes just the same as if he had. He waited motionless. There was no sound in the glade save the running murmur of the little brook, and now and then a thud upon the soft turf as an early chestnut fell ripe to earth. The wind had sunk; the evening was hot and heavy, and still.

Pietro paced up and down feverishly, grind-fag his teeth, and clenching his hand firmer than ever upon something at his girdle. He had waited half an hour already, and he was beginning to fear that his enemy would fail him. Solitary wayfarers passed now and then along the road—purchasers returning from the fair or merry-makers wending their way to the scene of the evening festivities that follow a day of business. There were women with new sieves and pans, and brooms packed upon their backs or balanced on their shoulders; there were men driving cows or mules before them—unsold or freshly purchased at the fair; there were comely maidens with clean, white, wooden pails poised on their heads, or swinging from their bare and rounded arms. Some of them were tired or disappointed, and grumbled and swore as they trudged along; others were pleased and merry, and laughed to one another across the road. But all were peacefully pursuing the even course of their daily life, walking to or from the red sunset that glowed calm behind the mountains of their home, and none guessed that, hidden behind the trees as they passed, stood a man whose life had hitherto been as peaceful as theirs, but who to-day had no thought but one of murder and revenge. Yes, his good-humoured face distorted to the shape and expression of a fierce determination, he stood there and cursed as each one who came in sight was not he whom he wanted, and glared along the white road into the distance. But at last, in a sound of wild laughter interspersed with ribald song that came floating on the quiet air, Pietro seemed to catch something that told that his foe

was at hand. His eyes fastened themselves more hungrily than ever upon the cape of rock round which the way turned into sight. The laughter stopped, then burst forth again more noisily than ever, and words that sounded something like: "Go to! Courage, man, he is but a poor creature," came indistinctly to where Pietro stood. His fingers closed convulsively on the handle of his knife, and he smiled to himself. Only let his enemy not delay too long! More words were spoken that he could not hear, and then the tall, bulky figure of the "Signor Americano" came swaggering round the corner. He walked unsteadily, and his hat was pushed back from his forehead as though it irked a burning brow. One, bolder than the rest of his comrades, bade him be quick with his work and return with them to the tavern, and swore that they would not wait longer than half an hour, not even for so merry a comrade! But the others hushed him up, for such talk was not safe within possible ear-shot of the police. And the Americano came on alone, and whistling an air as if nothing were the matter.

Pietro gave a grunt of satisfaction that his foe advanced alone. If he had dared to infringe the sacred rules of fighting by bringing comrades to back him up in his defence, he would have hewn him in pieces before their eyes! The road was clear of strangers and, as his antagonist approached, Pietro leapt down across the turf, and beckoned to him between the trees.

"This way," said he, shortly. He turned on his heel and, making sure that his companion was following him, he led the way up through the chestnut woods. Half a mile or more they climbed the mossy banks of the little torrent and at last, when they had reached a spot where there was a little clearing in the thick chestnut woods, Pietro turned round and faced his adversary. Neither had spoken a word as they had climbed the hill, but now Pietro looked his man well in the eyes and the bully quailed beneath the glance. He began to think that Pietro was not a milk-sop after all.

"You are a coward," said Pietro slowly. "You were a coward when we were boys, and you are a coward still. You can use big words when others are by to interfere, but if it had not been for shame of your comrades you would have failed me to-night. Oh yes, you see I know it, though I am but a 'poor creature.'"

This was true. The fellow would have done anything to avoid the meeting. But though he was a coward, and Pietro pitied him as he stood there with white lips, he was a bully still.

"You are an impertinent, uneducated peasant," stammered he, with a loud oath, as gathering strength for this last effort of insolence! "How dare you bandy words with your betters! I did not come here to *talk* with you. Hold your tongue and get to your business." But, in spite of his bold front and his stomach full of wine, his voice sank feebly at the last.

"With all my heart," answered Pietro! "I am willing enough. Perhaps *you* may not be so willing after five minutes."

Both men pulled off their coats and turned up their shirt sleeves

and stood with their knives ready for action. But there with his weapon in his hand Pietro paused.

"No doubt speech is needless between us, as you have told me, Carlo Strappa," said he. "You know well enough why we stand here face to face. You do not even care to ask—you know it so well. Nevertheless, there are half a dozen words that I would willingly speak to you, before we part for ever. So you will just have to hear them, even though I am but a wretched uneducated peasant." For it is my quarrel to-day, and I have the whip hand. They are words that have burned my tongue this many a day, and I do not see why I should deny myself the satisfaction of giving them voice."

He paused, but the "Americano" let fall no sound. Strange to say, all his bragging had melted, like wax at the fire, before the righteous wrath of a poor market gardener. Pietro resumed his say.

"I was your friend once, is it not true?" he continued. "When we were lads we were comrades. We were reared in the same village. Though you had a rich uncle in town, you were brought up just as I was brought up. We played the same games, we ate the same food, we learned at the same school. When we were old enough, we walked arm in arm along the streets of the town, and tasted the same Monferrato, and smoked the same cigars. It was I who paid for it all: I know that now. But *then* I did not guess it, and I loved you! Ay, when I was in the town the other day I went and had my mouthful at the tavern where we used to amuse ourselves so well, and I looked up at the old palace where you used to go a begging of your uncle, and tried to imagine it all again. Fool that I was! But, anyhow, in the old days we were friends in real earnest. Ass that I was, I thought you were a hero. And I loved you so well that I was even willing to bear your bad deeds for you and would let myself be punished for what I had not done. You called me a milksop for my pains. You were right, by Bacchus, you were right! Well, since then our destinies have separated. You have been fortunate. You have grown rich, while I have remained a poor striving peasant. You have come home with your pockets full of money, and you have thought it fine to forget your old friends—to seem as if they had never been aught to you. You planted your riches before our eyes, and played the fine gentleman there with them, over the comrades with whom you had grown up. Did you think we should like you the better for it? Well, I for one shall not pretend that I liked you the better for it. But even *that*—let it be. I would not wish you ill for that alone. After all, it is your own affair if you find it more agreeable to play the gentleman with a bad grace, than to be the simple and generous comrade who earns a little love wherever he goes. Anyhow, you must allow it, I have never till now put myself in your path to annoy you with recollections of our friendship that was past; perhaps I also was too proud for that. I left you alone. It would have been better for you if you had left *me* alone, too. But you have thought that you could scorn me, and slight me as a lad slight his serf, and that all the same you would be able to treat me as your equal in one thing. Ay; in this, that you thought you could come robbing me of what was mine as it is easy—so I am told—to rob men of the class to which you are so anxious to belong. But look you, Carlo Strappa, I am a peasant. I have different notions of honour. You ought to know our notions of honour since you were a peasant once yourself. You took me for a milksop, and thought I would bear even *this* because I had borne your insolence. You see you made a mistake. It is a different thing. Perhaps I have been a fool even to bear your insolence so long. But no matter. You will be punished for hot affairs. For *these* proofs of an insult which not even a milksop forgives, on the *other* side, Signor Americano! I would not credit rumours of he was trusted you a little, poor peasant that I was, sure of the *Wi*. you were too proud

to give me your hand, that our old friendship would count for something. Of course I was a twice-accurst simpleton, for now I have proofs. I know how a fiend repays old favours. I know how a gentleman gets his pleasures without paying for them, through the treachery of a vain and worldly-wise maiden and the betrayal of an old comrade! Ay," he stammered fiercely, his utterance becoming almost unintelligible in the heat of his passion, "at daybreak over the bridge of the torrent by the Church I heard—I saw it all. I know it was not the first time—*Dio Santo*, and that you promised yourselves it would not be the last *per Bucho*, you have more than one kiss to answer for, and so help me, the blessed saints, you *shall* answer for each one. We were comrades—did I not say it? I will pay you nobly—ay, as one does pay one's FRIEND."

Pietro placed himself in position and waited. The sockets of his eyes were as though full of blood, but his face was pale as death. All the while that he had been speaking his enemy had never once lifted his eyes from the ground, never once made a motion to resent all the insults levelled at him. Pietro had said well; he was a bully, but he was a coward. If he could have devised any plan by which it would have been honourable for him to shun this quarrel he would have done so. But he had found none. His comrades had been about him all day; he could invent no excuse of the failure of a bank or the death of a relative which could have taken him to town by the last train. And to be branded as a poltroon would not have suited him, for his home and his possessions were in the village. Live there he must, and if he lived there he must be able to play the prince. Pietro almost pitied him again as he stood thus. He was so unlike his usual blustering self. But the anger of an outraged man is too deep for pity and he only said again doggedly, "Come, to work." The light was waning, and darkness was bad for a job such as theirs; he could not afford to wait longer. So putting his knife in position he cried aloud, "On your guard, Carlo Strappa. For, as God hears me, I have vowed to kill you this night if I can." And, like a flash of lightning, he sprang upon his adversary as a tiger falls upon its prey. To him, as the offended party, belonged the right of attack, and he took advantage of it. The big man reeled beneath the blow, and for a moment seemed to lose his senses; it had caught him beneath the arm, and the blood trickled slowly from the wound on to his white *festa* shirt.

"By Bacchus, you mean to kill me indeed, then," groaned he.

"Yes," answered Pietro, "I have said it; I will do it if I can."

The two closed again in conflict, and no further word was spoken. Above the murmur of the pleasant little brook, the silent wood resounded with the panting breath of the combatants. For this fight was no idle affair—it was a matter of life and death.

In vain Carlo Strappa tried to wrench the knife from the grasp of his adversary. Pietro had fought but rarely in his life, for he had been a peaceable man, but now fury lent strength to his sinews and cunning to his brain. And he had the best of it. Yes, even with so practised a fighter as this man whom he had sworn to kill. The Americano was beginning to lose his nerve: the blood had been ebbing all the time from the wound at his side and his strength was nearly spent.

"What, are you not satisfied yet?" gasped he. "I am done. I give myself up—be generous."

"Generous? What, again!" thundered Pietro, his eyes dilating. "Not for the hope of Heaven! Keep your guard, for I come to give you good measure!"

Once more, and for the last time, they closed. Pietro was as one possessed, and surely it would have been all over with the false friend of his boyhood but for a piercing childish cry which now echoed through the glades, causing the revengeful arm to hang paralysed, and the white face to grow whiter than ever. Pietro's adversary fell, covered with blood, to the earth. One more stab would have finished him: but that stab he could not

give—a child's cry had frozen up all his courage! With the knife in his hand, and the glades swimming red before his eyes, he stood stupidly listening to that voice ringing wildly in his ears, and—while he listened—between him and the fading sunset, a tall woman's figure appeared sternly standing, and a woman's clear and thrilling tones said authoritatively: "Stop! You dare not kill him! I—Vittoria Vite forbid it!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE little fruit shop in the Salita Santa Caterina spread its gay front to the street. It was on a soft, mellow morning towards the end of September. The sun shone aslant between the tall houses, and shot its golden light across the dark portico opposite, and it laid its warm touch upon the good things piled up to view on Marrina's stall. The bright promise of the year was at its fulfilment now, and Marrina had many things to sell. In sacks and hampers and baskets on the ground were chestnuts of all prices and qualities; the little urchin round the corner was roasting them, and the passengers along the streets were munching them, and they had been plucked from their prickly shells by pretty girls and comely women, all along the Riviera, and up and down the Apennines. There, well to the front of the show, a huge pile of large, green figs, out of whose sides the luscious, pink sweetness oozed in streaks, made every mouth water where eyes beheld them; but, luckily, as they only cost about a farthing a piece there were few folk who could not indulge in half a dozen or so—excepting, indeed, those who had plucked them at dawn from their abundance upon the great broad-leaved trees that overhung the blue waters or basked against the white walls and thatched roofs of their homes, and these thought a farthing a-piece an exorbitant sum. The green figs were supported by huge golden gourds and red tomatoes, by white cauliflowers, purple egg-plants, mottled beans, fresh scarlet-runners, crisp lettuce, and every variety of vegetable that the season could produce; while dark blue plums, fresh walnuts, ripe blackberries as big as damsons, apples, and pears, and oranges, and even a dish of pomegranates with one cut open to show the beautiful blood-red meat within, completed the saleable property over which Marrina presided so proudly. She had been heard to say once that nothing in season or in reason was ever known to be wanting at her store; and certainly her walnuts seemed always to be fresh enough to stain the fingers, her figs always ripe enough to fall to pieces before they reached the mouth; and last, not least, her own happy, kindly face, always prompt enough to give the most casual of her acquaintances as jolly a smile as though he were her oldest friend.

On this day, however, though just as kindly, the face of the old fruitress wore a somewhat preoccupied expression. She scarcely even seemed to care to persuade a customer that melons were cheaper than chestnuts, or that green apples were good for dessert; and sat there, half absently, beside her brilliantly disposed fruit-border, beneath the top fringe of yellow maize cones that hung from the eaves of her shop, and the lower one of thickly-clustered white and purple grapes that stretched itself on a piece of twine just above the fruit baskets. She was looking down the street as usual. But not, however, with her usual expression of welcoming jollity. Her broad mouth was serious, for a wonder, and her eyes had an anxious look that was totally foreign to them. One might have thought she was expecting some one whom yet she feared to see.

And presently, jolting along with the even tread of one who carries a burthen, there appeared up one of the byways opposite, the figure of a man carrying his left arm bound to his side, and bearing on his shoulders a huge sack of potatoes, so heavy as to cause him to keep his eyes invariably bent on the ground as he walked. Marrina rose as she saw the man and, with a sigh as of

relief, disappeared into the mysterious darkness of the inner shop, without taking any further note of him. He, however, who had attracted her attention, approached the front of the booth, uttered the usual: "Is there no one within?" in a husky voice, and, receiving Marrina's affirmative reply, entered the narrow doorway and threw his load down on the hard bricks behind the counter. The light was dim, yet even here, and even when he was relieved of the burthen which of necessity had made him keep them low, the man scarcely raised his eyes. Though they had known him before, any one—especially any one entering from the bright sunlight without—would scarcely have recognised in the emaciated and mournful-eyed creature before them the good-humoured, happy-natured Pietro Paggi of la Vallecadda! His cheeks were sunken and scarred, his beard was of a week's growth, his usually so trim moustache was uncared for; his wounded arm, his tall figure wearily bent, gave him an appearance of hopeless lassitude and shuttleness, strangely at variance with his usual smart industry; and on his good, honest face there was an expression of morose care and bitter sorrow, sadly inharmonious with its rough and homely tenderness.

"Well?" asked he, almost savagely, but looking wistfully in the face of the fat fruitress.

"Well," replied she, with provoking calm. But she soon added with a very different intonation: "There, I'm right glad you're safe back again, Pietro Paggi! For it's not a single quiet minute I've had since I went against my reason and let you venture into the jaws of the police that you might have the pleasure of digging those potatoes!"

"Nonsense," answered Pietro, quite tartly for him. "The police have forgotten all about me long ago. Not that they would ever have thought of looking for me here in the town; they scoured the country side at home a bit no doubt. But they've left even that quiet this week past, I dare swear. They don't fatigue themselves. Besides, as I didn't kill my man after all, they couldn't harm me much. I shall go back to the valley in a few days, if no good news turns up. I'll be miserable enough there," added the poor fellow, with a sort of catch in his breath, "but it'll be better than staying here doing nothing anyhow. I can't stand it any longer. I should go mad!"

"And do you call it doing nothing when I let you go out to my nursery garden at Ruta and dig as long as ever you liked, you ungrateful lad," snarled old Marrina with a smile. "I should have thought that piece of work," pointing to the sack of potatoes, "would have been enough for a man with a wounded arm. It might have lasted you a day or two at least."

"Pooh," sneered the peasant, "mere child's play. Besides, I don't care to till other folk's ground. Not that I think I shall ever care to rear another plant," added poor Pietro, sinking down on to a sack of dried beans and resting his head upon the hard little counter. "But I shall go home; 'twill be better than here, and the police may take me if they like. May be 'twould be the best thing. 'Tis of no use working when one has nobody to work for."

"Nay, come," consoled the woman, but drying her eyes the while, for she was a very soft-hearted body. "Come, you take it too much to heart. I shall see you a married man yet with children around you. All the girls are not vicious like that wicked ruin. And then the child may be found yet, who knows? Take courage. I have *one* piece of good news for you."

"Blessed fool that you are, why did you not tell me that before?" cried Pietro, starting up and clutching the old dame feverishly by the arm. "Is she found? Speak, for the love of Heaven!"

"Nay, friend, you go too fast," muttered the woman, looking round to see that no curious grandchild had been listening at the door, and drawing her arm away with just the slightest possible

suspicion of offence. "Poor Marrina is not always 'a blessed fool,' or you would not have sought her out when you wanted to get nursed of your hurts and to save your skin. But there, I forgive you! The pretty little maid was a rare piece to lose. I regret her myself."

"The Saints give me patience," muttered Pietro. "Will she never tell me what it is she has heard? Good Marrina, you are not a fool. Nay, you are wise and excellent. But tell me if they have found my Fortunina!"

"Tut, man, you expect Rome to be built in a day," scolded the tormentor. "One must have patience. I know nothing myself!"

"Then, Heaven forgive you, what is your news?" sighed Pietro, "and why do you torment a poor devil with your woman's nonsense?"

"I'll tell you naught if you rail," grumbled the old soul. "What I was going to say is that this morning there came this letter for you. And perhaps it is from that old priest of your parish in whom you confided, and perhaps there is news of the babe in it." Still cautiously looking round, Marrina drew at last from the capacious dimensions of her blue, linen apron pocket a curiously folded and plentifully sanded letter, crumpled and greased by close contact with sewing-wax, onions, snuff, and other strange items contained in the said receptacle.

"Here it is," said she. "I kept it safe to give you when nobody should be by."

Pietro snatched it wildly from her hands. "Verily I believe you were born to send a fellow crazy," he muttered. And then he set himself down at the little counter, and tearing open the letter, placed it before him, smoothed out its many folds, planted his head well upon his hands, and began laboriously deciphering the cramped writing. There came a customer fingering the tomatoes outside and asking the price of blue plums, and Marrina had to leave her pleasure and attend to her business, which occupied no less than ten minutes; and then, with a noisy exclamation at her forgetfulness, she had to hasten into the still more hidden recesses of her dwelling, and see to the pot boiling for dinner; and yet, when she returned, drying her hands and her lips upon her blue apron, Pietro was still there, as engrossed in his task as ever! Nevertheless Pietro was quite a scholar; he could sign his own name instead of only making his cross at the foot of a document!

Marrina stood beside him, still munching something that she had been obliged to taste out of the pot, and, after about two minutes more, she said at last: "What is it about?"

Pietro looked up as though surprised at the question. He had quite a look of pained expostulation in his face.

"What a hurry the women are always in!" he said loftily. And returned to the problem as composedly as before.

The letter which so puzzled poor Pietro was, as the old dame had guessed, from his parish confessor, and it began as follows:—

"MY DEAR SON" (wrote the old man),

"The matters for which you besought my temporal assistance have been attended to. Your cottage is safely locked, and your cattle, with your faithful ass, have been removed to the neighbouring farm of the Venta until your return. But now it remains for me to endeavour to render you something more than temporal, that is to say, spiritual assistance. It behoves me to exhort you, although a merciful Providence has spared you the full horror of the crime with which your soul might have been stained—to exhort you, I say, not to neglect every effort, that you may obtain repentance and forgiveness of Heaven through the gracious intercession of the Mother of God."

(When Pietro had reached this point in the composition, he threw up his hands in despair.)

"What a preamble!" he moaned. "To make out all that and yet to get nothing that is of any importance!"

Nevertheless, after mopping his brow, as he did when he came up the hill with a load of wood, he returned bravely once more to the charge.

"You did well to confide in me, my son" (continued the letter), 'for you may be sure that I will never betray you. I am not a fool or a woman that I must needs be for ever tattling; and as for justice, God has said that vengeance belongs to Him alone, and He has punished you in His own way. Yes, for the child on whom you doted is taken from you, and I fear me you will find it hard to recover her.'"

With a groan Pietro struck his hand violently upon the table. "Why did you make me hope there was news of my Fortunina when there is none?" scolded he to the old fruiteress, with the unreasoning cry of one who suffers.

Luckily the kind soul was far too sympathetically affected herself to owe him any grudge for his injustice, and though she tried to blurt out something about its serving him right for deceiving her as he had about the babe, she was forced to dry her eyes with her apron even while she was speaking.

Pietro sat a few moments as though lacking the courage to proceed, but at last, after much drawing of the back of his hand across his eyes, he placed a trembling finger once more on the large and dirty page, and, carefully drawing it along to the place where he had left off, resumed his laborious perusal of the epistle.

"When I last beheld the pretty child," (continued the priest), 'it was on the breast of the woman Vittoria, for whose fainting condition I had hurried to procure relief.'"

"Ay, we know all about that," interposed Marrina. "Wasn't I there myself?"

"But hearing of your danger" (continued Pietro, reading) 'God forgive me, I forgot all about the babe alone with strangers, in seeking to save a son from crime.'"

"Strangers, indeed!" scoffed the listener, interrupting again. "As if I wouldn't have taken as good care of the brat as he. Only the same cause put her out of my head too."

"Hold your tongue, do," grumbled Pietro. "If you are for ever making me lose the place how can I read?"

"And now, I fear me, there is but little means of tracing the little one's whereabouts" (went on the priest); 'the daughter in whom I thought to perceive so much promise, but who has deceived us all by the cunning of the Evil One—I mean Teresina della Fontana—has fled, some say to hide herself in some low service at Milan—there, perchance, to await the betrayer of her honour. Of her, then, none can inquire as you bade me, and evidence, moreover, seems to teach that your treasure was never in her hands since her arrival at the fair. It would seem, indeed, that the woman Vittoria had stolen her, though for what purpose or to what end none can guess. The neighbour, Bianca del Prelo, testifies to having seen the child afar off in her company, and that apparently after the hour when the poor vagrant did one good deed, at least, in staying your arm from a criminal blow. But the woman Vittoria was always of a secret temperament, and whither to trace her steps God alone can direct you. May He assist and support you, and if a poor imperfect priest can help aught further, send word and it shall be done. Meanwhile, my son, take comfort, for he whose blood might be upon your head, but for the merciful interposition of Providence, lies, surely recovering, in the hospital of Busalla, where his comrades transported him on that luckless night. I have visited him in the hope of leading him to a repentance of his evil life, but he is of those who scoff at us poor priests, and methinks he will do well to return to the New World, as he desires to do. And now my son, farewell. God send you a heart of grace to repent your vengeful passions, and assist you in the search for the child of your adoption. We look soon to see you safely among us again. Your father in God,

ANTONIO BENESESE."

As Pietro spelt out the last word, and closed the broad sheet, old Marrina gave a sigh of satisfaction, and declared, with many protestations, that that was a priest as God made them Himself, who had a little charity in his body, and was not like those dogs of Jesuits. But Pietro had no mind to dwell on the holiness of the Signor Prevosto. He said that, of course, he was a good man, but that he was also a fool, and that there was nobody like a priest for saying a great deal about nothing at all! Hearing the expression of this dreadful sentiment the old fruiteress held up her hands in horror, and though she chuckled inwardly, she

vowed she could hold no more parley with such an infidel as Pietro, and must go about her business. And about her business she went, while poor Pietro remained in the same position as before, with his head sunk in his hands and his body bent in hopeless dejection, and spoke never a word. Even when Marrina bade him presently to dinner in the back kitchen, he sat there with his plate of *minestra* in his lap, and never even tasted the savoury mess. Yes, and for the first time since she had known him, he refused to laugh and cry shame at the pranks of the rosy checked grandchildren, whose good points she was so proud to show off to him.

When the children had gone out to play, and Marrina stood there washing up the dishes while the girl minded the shop—still he was just as disconsolate, and his brain harped ever on the same matter. It was in vain that his old friend strove to bring forward the brighter parts of the priest's letter—he would have none of it, it was not what he wanted.

"Come, now," she would say, "the other day you had reproaches enough to make to yourself because you thought you were to have a man's blood upon your conscience, and now you are not even glad the wretch will not die. At all events, even if the police come after you, you will be able to say: 'It was only a *festa* joke. I did my man no harm. Learn for yourselves.'"

"The police! The police," muttered Pietro. "Have I not told you that you talk as a woman, and that I do not even care if they should come? If I had not let myself be persuaded into running away that day from the police—coward that I was to fear for my poor skin—I should not have lost Fortunina now! But there—with my head upside down, and the blood swimming before my eyes, and that soul gone to its account by my hand, as I thought; and, more than that, with the terror of that child's scream, and of that terrible voice, like the angel of justice, bringing remorse to my heart—I lost my senses, you see, and I walked just as in a dream. And so, when la Vittoria said to me, 'Fly, Pietro Paggi, fly quickly for your life!—the Lord forgive me—I did as she bid.'"

"By Bacchus, and you did well," pronounced the mistress of the shop, planting her arms akimbo with a look of defiance. "I should like to know what a fellow is to go and risk his skin for when there is no need? You were in your right when you tried to kill your man. He had done you wrong enough, and why should you suffer for giving an enemy his due? Your Vittoria spoke well! Go to, with your silly self-reproaches, for doing a sensible thing for once."

"Nay, but I have lost my treasure by it," repeated Pietro. "Yes, I have lost everything that I had in this world," he added, with a sad sense that romance and love and home—ay, that even peace and honour and respectability—were all gone from him, and that his life was blank and void, so that he felt like an old man who has no more need but to die.

"To be sure," began Marrina again, disregarding his sorrowful mood, and speaking now in a quiet and unminuting tone, "tis strange that that Vittoria, as you call her, should have carried the child off like that. I can't think what she wanted to do it for. She didn't look as if she had enough to buy food to keep the flesh on her own bones, much less to nourish a growing child. I suppose she looks to making money out of the pretty thing some how. Those gipsy women generally do."

Pietro started up; his cheeks were red where they had been white and sallow, and his eyes were a-fire. "How *dare* you speak evil of one you do not know!" he thundered. "You women are all alike! You judge every one by your own mercenary notions."

Marrina turned round from the sink where she was scouring the last saucepan and gazed at him open-mouthed. She planted her hands on her broad hips and stood there, round eyed with astonishment at the sudden change.

"Well, to be sure," laughed she at last. "I thought you wanted to find the brat, that's all. And as I know gipsy women have a way of finding lost children when they are offered a good reward, I thought it might be a way out of your difficulty. But, since I am mistaken, I'm sorry I spoke."

She turned back to her work again, and Pietro sauntered out into the little bit of garden court beyond the kitchen, where, even beneath the smoky eaves of poor city dwellings, a luxuriant vine twined its tendrils upon the wooden palisade overhead, and roses and carnations bloomed against the brick wall, above which the tips of the acacia trees in the Acquasola Avenue waved gently in the breeze. There he smoked his pipe and gave himself up to thought.

He had been bold in defence of la Vittoria, because the suspicion entertained of her by Marrina was unjust. He felt, spite of all he had against her, that it was unjust. She had deceived him, she had played fast and loose with him, she had treated him as one does not treat a man of honour, but still she was no common creature who could plot for mere gain, as even this shrewd old city tradeswoman might plot, and think it no shame. No; however much he hated la Vittoria—and he told himself that his hate had not abated one jot—however bad she was, she was a queen still! After all there might be bad queens. But even if her wickedness had no element of sordid meanness, such as would enable her to steal a child for the sake of a reward, still she was wicked if she tried to keep Fortunina away from him, however good her motive might have been at the beginning, and he swore that he would find her out and tell her so. He would even allow that she might at first have meant to do a charity by taking charge of the little one, seeing that he himself was in trouble and obliged to fly for his life, and that there was no one by with whom to leave Fortunina in charge. But that was a fortnight ago now, and she might have found means to communicate with him since then if she had had a mind. Why was she playing him this worst trick of all? Was she a fiend in furest human shape that she should take a pleasure in tormenting him? Or did that strange love which she had always shown for the child whom she had saved from the river make her blind to his rights? For he had rights. For aught she knew Fortunina was his own bastard, and anyhow, did she not belong to him who had housed and fed her these five years rather than to any mere stranger? He puffed his pipe in angry whiffs as he thought of all this, and vowed that he would unearth Vittoria—yes, if he spent his life in it—and snatch his darling from her. Had she not ruined his life enough? And should she take from him the only thing that was left to him to live for, the only being for whom he should ever care to till the land and sow the grain once more?

Marrina came out on to the terrace to pluck a bunch of thyme and parsley for the omelette. Pietro rose and knocked out the ashes of his pipe against the stone parapet on which he had been sitting.

"I am going out now," he said. "I have affairs."

"Do as you will," replied the old woman curtly. "I have done what I could. I have given you my poor advice, and if you will not take it you must bear the consequences. Go; it is just the hour now, when it is still broad daylight, to be seen walking the streets with your arm in a sling and the police looking on!"

Pietro seemed to feel there was some justice in the taunt, for he said after a pause: "Maybe you are right. Anyhow I will wait till evening. La Vittoria is more likely to bring the little one out at nightfall than by daylight."

"Ah, so you have come to my way of thinking," said the old woman with a smile that was almost grim on her good-humoured face.

"Nay, that she is a common tramp who steals children for rewards, none could believe who had seen her once as a respectable girl in her own country," said Pietro with a certain dignity.

"But that she has my Fortunina I must think, since I saw the little one last in her care. She waits most likely till she hears of me safe at home again before she brings the child back. She is right."

"'Tis strange that she should have let no one in your village know to tell you that the brat was safe," declared the woman in a sceptical tone.

"Anyhow," repeated Pietro, anxious not to betray himself again, "Vittoria loves Fortunina as one would love a child whom one has saved from death, and I have no fear but that she took her from charity when she was deserted in that strange place, and that when it is safe she will bring her home."

"I am glad you are so well satisfied," grumbled the old woman, vexed at being thus put aside. "Though since you are so sure she will return to you safe and sound, I wonder you will trouble to search the streets at nightfall. Maybe," added she, with a wicked gleam of pleasure in tormenting, "maybe the poor cherub has fallen into some strange and evil hands and is being starved to death, as we sit here talking!"

Pietro started up at the bare idea of such a horrible possibility.

"Come, I will not wait for nightfall," said he. "I will go at once. Whoever it is that is keeping the brat from me they will be most likely to hide her in the town. And the good Madonna will help me to find her. I cannot rest so, doing nothing, so farewell good neighbour, and, God grant it, I will not return without something that will give me a merrier heart and a brighter face to reward your hospitality. If the child is in the town I shall find her, I vow. If she is not here, why then I must go back to my poor home and wait there till they bring her to me. They will surely bring her when they know that her home is safe again to receive her! But, meanwhile, I cannot rest idle. I must search where I can. And so *arrivederci*. I go at once!"

Even as he spoke he was gone - out into the busy streets. From her narrow doorway Marrina watched him down the hill into town; for though *she* did not guess but that he was merely wandering purposeless, Pietro had an idea and was bound for that old palace in the little square where he had seen Vittoria once before. Good-natured soul that she was, Marrina forgot all her momentary pique at Pietro's scorn of her suggestions, in sympathy for his broken life and his many misfortunes, and swore, as she turned back again into her shop, that, in spite of his bit of temper, there never lived a better soul, nor one who less deserved such a life as those above seemed disposed to lead him.

If she had known the many desponding hours that poor Pietro would have fruitlessly to spend in this weary quest - maybe her soft old heart would have been even tenderer than it was.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE slow September days wore away and still Pietro lingered in the little shop at the top of the Salita Santa Caterina. The priest of San Bartolomeo continued to send his snuffy and long-winded letters from time to time, and told the news of the village, but it was not such news as induced Pietro to return. He told how the donkey tared and the cattle, and how old Maso went every day to see to the crops on Pietro's lands. He told how the poor old mother of Teresina della Fontana had gone in sorrow and shame to her last home, and how the cottage on the hill that had always been so thrifty kept had now passed to strange hands. He told how the bad man, who had lain in the hospital at Basalla - no longer the "Signor Americano" now - had recovered of his hurts and had set sail from the port of Genoa, bound once more for the land of his ill-gotten riches; and he told how rumour affirmed that the bad man had not gone alone, but had taken with him a certain circumspect and prudent maiden, the very prudence of whose madonna's face and downcast eyes caused

her to overreach herself and get less than she bargained for. The neighbours were glad, said the priest, that the hypocritical and the arrogant had had a downfall, and thought none the less well of "that good fool, Pietro Paggi," because he had had to fly the police for giving an upstart coxcomb his due. They said he had not done a whit too much, though he had done it a day too late, reported the good man; and he reported it so emphatically that one might almost have thought he shared the opinion of the village. He told how the neighbours were all so sorry for Pietro, that they made themselves spies over the country-side to try and find his child for him. For, alas, the Prevosto had to tell also how every effort that he had made had proved fruitless, and how even the advertisements that he had caused to be inserted in the newspapers had not brought to light the slightest clue to the whereabouts of the little foundling!

Pietro was in despair. At first, when he heard that that enemy had recovered of his hurts and had sailed to another hemisphere where he could no longer molest old comrades, Pietro had thought it well to return to the village, since he would now be safe from the police, and had hoped that when he was back in his home those who were perhaps keeping his child from him for prudence would restore her to his arms. He returned then to the village and slept a night beneath the old roof whence he had never before missed seeing the dawn for more than thirty years. But the neglected garden, the cold fireside, the little kitchen, silent and desolate for lack of the baby-voice that had wakened its echoes for these five years past - all was too much for his broken spirit. He had a presentiment - foolish, superstitious - as he was - that his Fortunina would not come back to him unsought; and that she would not be found unless he was content to wait and wait and wait until, in the great town among the hum of men, he tracked the woman out who had been burning his life away ever since he had been a man at all, and who seemed to have a mind to burn it to ashes, indeed, by this last and most ruthless stroke. For he felt sure that the little maid was in Vittoria's keeping, and day by day he felt more sure also that she was not in her keeping only for charity's sake. At the first, Vittoria had taken the child out of kindness, perhaps, to shelter her until the storm which had gathered around himself should have blown over. Vittoria loved Fortunina; whatever else she had to answer for, she certainly doted strangely on his little foundling, and he could quite believe she might have taken the child to save her from the cruel charity of Bianca del Prelo while he was under a cloud. But he was no longer under a cloud now, and she had no right to keep her charge for charity when it was not charity but robbery to do so. He would not believe she was doing this for the hope of a reward, as Marrina would have had him think; but he believed she was doing it perhaps to annoy him, as women like to annoy, or perhaps out of her unwillingness to part from so sweet a companion, or perhaps again because she was making money out of his darling's pretty face. In any case her conduct was just as bad, and he swore that he would find her out and punish her for it.

And so that was why Pietro lingered on upon the hospitality of his good-natured old hostess, who - hard as she was in a bargain - never closed her hand to a friend, nor reflected, in her happy go-lucky philosophy, that another mouth cost extra to feed. To be sure, she did not resent it when, every morning long before daybreak, Pietro would trudge out to the vineyard on the hill and earn his board and lodging by half-a-dozen hours' hard labour on that little bit of land towards the south, where Marrina grew such garden stuff as she could not procure cheaper from the poor Apennine peasants. Pietro was a clever husbandman, and she did not mind having his advice about the cultivation of the land. A man was good company in the house too, and then there was that "youngest" who had not yet carried her fine head of hair and her sulky black eyes to any matrimonial market! Perhaps

Marrina had a hope in that direction, which made her the more hospitable to the man who had his likely bit of land up the hills, though, indeed, she had been heard to tell a neighbour that she could not grumble at any fellow not fancying her "youngest," for that she had as nasty a temper as any parrot. At all events, whatever was her reason, Marrina gave Pietro a constant welcome beneath her lowly roof, and there he stayed and stayed, until the figs were nearly over and all the chestnuts had been gathered in and the Day of the Dead was near at hand.

Marrina would often swear to him with tears in her eyes that, if he asked *her* advice, she would tell him he was wasting his time on a useless search, and that he had better make up his mind to take steps for gathering other children around him, for that his Fortunina was lost for ever. But he did not ask Marrina's advice and held doggedly to his purpose in spite of her. Fortunina was no stupid, helpless brat; if strangers had picked her up she would use her tongue, ay, and her fists too, and somehow get

taken back to her home if she had a mind to! No; peasant-like, he was obstinate in his conviction and would listen to no reason. He would not believe but that with all his searching in all these weeks, and with the rewards he had offered, and the advertisements he had paid for, he had come at every gipsy's and mountebank's company in the kingdom. And what other strangers would care to feed an extra child merely because she had a pretty face? He held to his superstitious presentiment, and his presentiment was that no stranger was detaining his darling, that she was not being detained against her will! And if not against her will, who else could be detaining her excepting Vittoria Vite?

So that was why he paced the Acquasola Gardens nightly after dark, in their most secret alleys; that was why he crept about the squares and alleys round that old palace where he had once seen his cruel love; that was why he took his patience in both his hands and waited so persistently and so long.

(To be continued.)

NOTES



ONE of the most interesting Art Exhibitions now open in London is that of a *Collection of Works in Terra-Cotta*, by George Tinworth, at the Conduit Street Galleries, under the auspices of Messrs. Doulton.

In one sense it may be said to be absolutely the most interesting, because it is an epitome of the gradual progress to excellence of a thoroughly English artist who, despite the disadvantages incident upon humble birth and adverse circumstances in early life, has succeeded in compelling the recognition of his genius, and has lent no mean aid to the improvement of one of the artistic industries of this country. The history of George Tinworth's life is narrated graphically and concisely by Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, in the introduction to the Catalogue of the Exhibition, and we have no desire, by drawing upon it for extracts, to forestall the interest which it cannot fail to possess for all who may peruse it. Nor have we space at our command to enter into anything approaching detailed criticism of the numerous items in the Catalogue, though they are worthy of the closest study, and in the main fully justify Mr. Ruskin's description of such as were exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1875 "full of fire, and zealous faculty breaking its way through all conventionalism to such truth as it can conceive." Apart from the artist's skill in handling his plastic material, the most remarkable feature of these panels in terra-cotta—all illustrative of scenes from Scripture history—is the wealth of invention displayed in them, and the mastery of the art of composition displayed by the sculptor. To take the largest and most notable examples of these powers we must instance the four large panels, *Going to Calvary* (57); the *Entry into Jerusalem* (59); *Preparing for the Crucifixion* (66); and the *Release of Barabbas* (67). The two latter, in particular, are remarkable alike for the truthfulness in the attitudes of the numerous figures, and the life and movement with which they are instinct; and they moreover convey, in a very marked degree, the religious sentiment which is the chief characteristic of Mr. Tinworth's works. The Exhibition deserves and should command a signal success. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales honoured the artist with a visit prior to the opening day.

In addition to the *Exhibition of Pictures of Children by English Artists*, the FINE ART SOCIETY has now on view four pictures

illustrative of the recent Egyptian war—*Til-el-Kebir*, by M. De Neuville; *Kassassin*, by Mr. Woodville; and two episodes of the *Bombardment of Alexandria*, by Mr. W. C. Wyllie—the silencing of the Ras-el-Tin and other forts by H.M. Ships "Alexandra," "Sultan," and "Superb"; and the attack on the Marabout fort by H.M.S. "Condor." Mr. Wyllie has entirely caught the spirit of these stirring scenes, and his treatment of the water is particularly happy. Those who remember Mr. Woodville's picture of the battle of Maiwand, in the Academy last year, will trace considerable resemblance between his conception of the sergeant's horse in it and of Colonel Ewart's charger in *Kassassin*. The animal seems literally to be charging out of the canvas, at the expense, however, of somewhat overbalancing the remainder of the composition. This picture is not, as a whole, equal to the *Til-el-Kebir* of M. De Neuville, who is undoubtedly the foremost military painter of the day. Notwithstanding the short space of time—thirty days—he was able to give to this work, the artist has produced a singularly vivid realisation of the storming of a portion of the intrenchments by the Highland Brigade, under General Sir Edward Hamley, the exact point of sight selected being the extreme left of the Black Watch. The incidents of the fight are reproduced with equal accuracy and effect, and in its composition the picture is worthy to rank with the most successful of M. De Neuville's works.

MESSRS. LIBERTY & Co. have undertaken the agency, hitherto confined to Messrs. Lewis and Allenby, for the sale of the Turkish Embroidery, the work of the women employed at the establishment founded in Constantinople, in connection with the Turkish Compassionate Fund, by Lady Layard and Mrs. Hanson, aided in England by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Lady Charlotte Schreiber. Many of the elaborate and artistic patterns of these embroideries, known only to Turkish women, who, in many instances, lived in remote districts, would have been lost had it not been for this Establishment. And how great a loss that would have been may be easily estimated by the specimens of their beautiful handiwork which Messrs. Liberty & Co. now have on view. A history of the working and results of this Women's Work Establishment among them of the Turkish Compassionate Fund is now in the press, and will shortly be published by Messrs. Remington & Co., of New Bond Street.



ART BOOKS

HIGHWAYS and Byways ; or, Saunterings in New England, by William Hamilton Gibson, author of *Pastoral Days* (New York : Harper and Brothers). This is another of the exquisitely illustrated American books with which the reading public on this side the Atlantic have of late become so familiar. In artistic works of this class there is but little danger of familiarity being attended with its proverbial consequence, but there assuredly appears to be a certain risk of overproduction and a resulting glut in the market. There is also a tendency to subordinate the text to the illustrations, and a mere cursory glance over the pages of Mr. Gibson's volume *de luxe* would lead to that conclusion, so fanciful occasionally is the arrangement of the letter-press. But a closer acquaintance with the latter induces the satisfactory opinion that however eccentric it may be in form, it is in substance free from any such drawback. In all his saunterings, "Along the Road," by "The Squirrel's Highway," "Across Lots," or "Among our Footprints," Mr. Gibson gives evidence of his love of nature, and his keen appreciation of her beauties. More than this, he also betrays a knowledge of natural history, and a more than casual acquaintance with the haunts and habits of animal, bird, and insect life. He is also evidently gifted with an innate grasp of the picturesque, and an enthusiast in his art, as may be gathered from the following commentary on a passage from *Modern Painters*, wherein Mr. Ruskin dwells upon the "exquisite finish and fulness" of nature. "I would but add," says Mr. Gibson, "my faint echo in an entreaty for a deeper sense of the infinity of nature's living tone and palpitating echo—a plea for the more intelligent recognition of the elements that yield the tint which we vainly strive to imitate upon the canvas. Such knowledge will give a voice to every pigment on the palette, and to the brush an answering consciousness ; for, whether disciple of a school or not, whether artist, poet, or layman, who can deny that such an attitude toward nature shall yield a harvest of deeper knowledge and increased delight, not merely in the contemplation of the foot-print, but even as truly in the study of the limitless panorama?" The imprint of Messrs. Harper and Brothers is a sufficient guarantee of the delicacy and refinement with which the numerous drawings embellishing the book are reproduced, and when we have said that the work, under whatever aspect it may be considered, does even then credit, we may be held to have sufficiently emphasized the opinion that *Highways and Byways* is a production of no common excellence.

Every-Day Art: Short Essays on the Arts not Fine, by Lewis Foreman Day, author of *Instances of Accessory Art*, &c. (London : B. T. Batsford). In the preface to this book Mr. Day says, "Writings on art divide themselves mainly into two kinds—the technical and the readable," and he describes his object to be that of steering a middle course between the two. In this he has been entirely successful ; the results of his labours are sufficiently technical to be instructive, and at the same time they are placed before the reader in a form which render the perusal of them both interesting and pleasurable. Some of Mr. Day's opinions will not

meet, possibly, with wide acceptance, and exception is sure to be taken in more than one instance to his conclusions, but, be that as it may, his book is one from which all who read it must learn something of art in ornament, while those who read it carefully will learn very much. Mr. Day is desperately at issue with the opinions of the learned judge who presided at the Belt trial, and as he puts the case very fairly, and what he has to say was written before the *cause célèbre* was heard, we will quote them as they stand, merely remarking that the text which Mr. Day takes for his sermon is, that there is no more common pretence than that of a knowledge of art. "The expression of a man's honest preference," he goes on to say, "without prejudice and without affectation, is valuable in proportion to his experience and character ; and there is no particular reason why he should keep it to himself ; but the cool way in which those who never held a brush since the days of their childhood pretend to determine what is good and bad, 'well painted,' or 'out of drawing,' would be amusing, if it did not stand in the way of all true appreciation of what they are talking about. Lookers-on see the best of the game, it is true, but not unless they know its rules. For every fault that the mere *dilettante* really discovers in a work of art, there are possibly a dozen merits that he fails to detect ; and if he flatters himself that he has detected precious qualities in a work unrecognised by the profession, the probable reason for its neglect (if it have indeed the merit he sees) is that it is marred by grave faults of execution of which he has no suspicion. It would be only decently modest in him to assume that whenever he differs from an artist as to a matter of art which he has himself not particularly studied, he is in the wrong ; for the artist probably has studied it. Directly we go beyond the expression of personal opinion, and venture to say what is good or bad, we assume the function of a critic, an assumption which can only be justified by the knowledge and experience that come of diligent and earnest study." But it is not to the controversial portions of the book that we would direct attention, nor are they the most valuable. Others have held the same views and have expressed them with equal force. But when Mr. Day ceases to argue and begins to advise, there are few indeed who would not do well to follow his counsel. In his ideas of decorating a room, for instance, he does not deal with an apartment imagined for the purpose, but with an ordinary room ; and instead of dogmatically asserting that this or that accessory must be done away with, he boldly grasps the fact that very often a man's eye will rest with pleasure upon some object, or set of objects, which may not be in harmony with a perfect room, but without which the occupant would scarcely feel himself at home. Accept the things, whatever they may be, says Mr. Day, and let them be the starting-point of your decoration. That is practical common sense, and it is a very good sample of the tone which pervades this admirable and most interesting book. We hope that the title *Every-Day Art* will not induce people to think that it is an every-day book, for it belongs to a type of honest work as welcome as it is rare ; but in one sense it is aptly named, seeing that it cannot fail to be useful at all times.



POULTRY MARKET, PARIS

ENGRAVED BY MAURAND FROM THE PICTURE BY

VICTOR GABRIEL GILBERT



THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS: POTTERY AND PORCELAIN

IV



THE manufacture of porcelain is undoubtedly one of the oldest of the industrial arts, for although, as is always the case in productions of Chinese origin, there is no possibility of arriving at the absolute date when the manufacture first began, we do know that it was in vogue in the second century before the Christian era. This has been ascertained from a source of exceptional trustworthiness, a work published in the early part of the present century by a learned Chinese magistrate, who derived his information from national archives of great antiquity. This work was translated into French in 1856 by M. Stanislas Julien under the title, *Histoire et Fabrication de la porcelaine Chinoise*, and it still maintains its position as the most learned and precise work on the subject.

According to this authority, the art of manufacturing porcelain was first invented in the country of Sin-p'ing, in the province of Ho-nan, under the dynasty of Han, and consequently at some period between B.C. 185 and B.C. 87. Other writers are of opinion that, as it is evident that the manufacture was characterised at that period by a degree of excellence far beyond the measure ordinarily attained in the initiatory stages of any invention, it is only reasonable to infer that specimens of a rougher kind were produced at an even earlier period. D'Entrecolles says "that the Chinese paid large prices for pieces of the time of Yao and Chun, two of their most ancient emperors, who reigned, according to the Chinese chronology, 2,600 years before the Christian era!" Sir Gardiner Wilkinson mentions the discovery of bottles of Chinese manufacture in a tomb assigned to a Pharaonic period corresponding with the eighteenth dynasty, or between B.C. 1575 and B.C. 1289. It is, however, now generally believed that these bottles were fraudulently placed in the tombs by the Arabs. We may, consequently, accept the date given by the Chinese authority as being sufficiently exact, and in confirmation of his statement we have the fact that but little progress was made in the art for five or six hundred years subsequently. From A.D. 583 it advanced so rapidly that at the commencement of the seventh century porcelain was in common use in China, and the production of it is considered to have reached its highest degree of perfection in A.D. 1000. Marco Polo, the first European who penetrated into China, mentions the manufacture as being carried on during his residence in the country, in the thirteenth century. "The river," he says, "which enters the port of Zayton is great and wide, running with great velocity, and is a branch of that which flows by the city of Kinsay. And at the place where it quits the main channel is the city of Tengin, of which all that is to be said is that there they make porcelain basins and dishes. They make it nowhere but in that city, and thence it is exported all over the world. They excavate a certain kind of earth, as it were from a mine, and this they heap into great piles, and then leave it undisturbed and exposed to wind, rain, and sun for thirty or forty years. In this space of time the earth becomes sufficiently refined for the manufacture of porcelain; they then colour it at their discretion, and bake it in a furnace. Those who excavate the clay do so always therefore for their sons and grandsons. The articles are so cheap in that city that you get eight bowls for a Venice groat." The town of Tengin is supposed to be really King-te-ching, in the district of Fauling, and province of Kiang-si.

We are also indebted to the Venetian traveller for the word porcelain. In speaking of his journey through the province of Carajan he mentions that the inhabitants used for the purpose of money certain white *porcellani*, or shells now known as cowries, "such as are sometimes put on dog's collars." In another place he says that in the kingdom of Locai "are gathered all the *porcellani* which are used for small change in all those regions." It is curious to note that, according to Yule, the term "pig-shells," a literal translation of *porcellani*, is applied to certain shells in some parts of England, and that, just as the name *porcellana* has been transferred from these shells to China-ware, so the word *pig* has been applied in Scotland to pottery.

Adhering to the arrangement of M. Brongniart, porcelain is divided into three classes :—

1. Hard Paste ; 2. Naturally Soft Paste (*tendre naturelle*) ; 3. Artificially Soft Paste (*tendre artificielle*).

To the first class belongs all Oriental porcelain, and the European productions of Saxony, Austria, Germany, Russia, Holland, Denmark, and Switzerland.



PLATE

Designed by Th. Deck

The chief ingredients in Chinese porcelain are *kaolin*, or decomposed felspar, so called after Kaouling, a hill to the east of King-te-ching, whence some of it is obtained ; and *pe-tun-tse*, a disintegrated granitic rock resembling what is technically known as pegmatite. As every trade in China has its particular deity, so Pousa, who is also the God of Contentment, is the potter's god. The legend accounting for his being elevated to that position says that the then reigning Emperor insisted upon porcelain being made for him, although he was told that its manufacture was an impossibility. The only result of this was to strengthen the determination of the Emperor to get what he wanted, and after innumerable and futile attempts one of the potters, Pousa by name, threw himself in despair into the fiery furnace. When the contents of the kiln were taken out, it was found that the admixture of a human body had produced the desired result, and Pousa was made a god, and his effigy, a corpulent being leaning on a wine-skin, appears frequently on specimens of the art over which he is supposed to preside. In fact, almost every ornament in Chinese work has a special signification and is a portion of the symbolism which has so great a hold upon the people. Colour, too, is valuable as fixing the date of the manufacture of particular



CENTRE-PIECE IN WHITE PORCELAIN
Manufactured at Limoges

pieces. For instance, the Tsin dynasty, A.D. 265, took blue as its imperial colour; the Soui, 581-618, green; the Thang, 618-907, white, and so on. The points of the compass and the elements are also represented by colours, red symbolising the fire and the south; black, water and the north; green, wood and the east; white, metal and the west. The disadvantage of this multiplication of meanings attached to colours is that it is occasionally difficult to distinguish the dynastic from the symbolical meaning, but of the various descriptions of Chinese porcelain the date of which can be absolutely fixed, the most highly prized are the azure, or "blue of the sky after rain," adopted by the Tcheou dynasty; the Jou-yao, a very fine blue; the Kouan-yao, of two shades of blue with a slightly reddish tint; the Tchang, of pale blue and rice-coloured crackle; and the Ting-yao, of red, white, brown, and black. The four last-mentioned wares were produced under the Song dynasty. The yellow porcelain, designed for and restricted to the use of the Imperial family, was not allowed to be exported, and is consequently unknown in Europe. To these must be added the white porcelain of Tokien, so highly-prized by the Chinese that fragments of it are held to be as precious as jewels, and the blue-and-white Nankin manufacture, which is comparatively modern. Briefly, it may be said that the purity of the white and the clearness of the blue are the best



PLATE

Designed by Th. Deck

indications of Chinese porcelain, whether ancient or modern. The introduction of Chinese wares into Europe ceased, however, to a very great extent because of the fraudulent specimens which were palmed off by the natives in large quantities, and also because, as time wore on, the secret of its manufacture was discovered in Europe. The durability of Chinese porcelain is instanced in the most unmistakable manner by the existence of the celebrated tower near Nankin, which is covered with porcelain of the finest description. It was first constructed B.C. 833, and after having been demolished on more than one occasion, was finally rebuilt in A.D. 1431, from which time it lasted, without showing any signs of deterioration, until it was finally destroyed during the Taiping insurrection in 1853.

Japanese porcelain, and also that produced by the Coreans, very closely resembles the Chinese-ware, so closely, indeed, that very frequently only a practised eye can detect the difference. The Japanese undoubtedly obtained their knowledge of the art from China, but, as is the case with every invention they adopt, they surpassed their masters, and succeeded in producing a ware which is superior to the Chinese both in the quality of their paste and the brilliancy of their white. A still more notable difference is to be found in the greater delicacy and chasteness of design in the method of Japanese

ornamentation and its close adherence to nature. The Chinese have but little regard for perspective, and delight in monstrosities, whereas the Japanese, though their perspective may not be very remarkable, still admit it, and their dragons are certainly not so hideous. In short, the Chinese subordinate artistic ornamentation to perfection of finish, while the Japanese pay fully as much attention to the one as to the other. At the same time it must be admitted that Japanese porcelain does not stand the heat of the fire as well as Chinese.

In regard to the introduction of Oriental porcelain into Europe, it is certain that Venice must have possessed several specimens of it before the year 1470, because at that date an architect of that city had actually succeeded in producing an imitation of it. We also know from indisputable authority that Lorenzo de' Medici, "the Magnificent," received from the Soldan of Egypt, in 1487, some porcelain vases of remarkable beauty, which were sent to him by the hand of an ambassador in recognition of his efforts to encourage commerce between Florence and Egypt. These and other specimens of the same manufacture appear in the inventories of the house of Este subsequent to the year 1493. But Oriental porcelain only became well known in Europe after the Portuguese had doubled the Cape of Good Hope in 1497. The actual date of the importation by them was 1520, when they appear to have instituted a considerable trade in this particular merchandise, a traffic which was subsequently carried on by the Dutch. The earliest specimens known to have been introduced into England are the bowls given by Philip of Austria to Sir Thomas Trenchard in 1506, which have already been referred to in the course of these articles,¹ and a pale sea-green basin at New College, Oxford, said to have belonged to Archbishop Warham, about 1520. There is also at the South Kensington Museum a very rare and important specimen in the shape of a ewer, which is ornamented with a silver mounting bearing the hall-mark of 1585. The history of this ewer is a matter of conjecture, but the care which the original possessor bestowed upon having it mounted proves that he attached great value to it. It is octagonal in form, and resembles the blue and white porcelain of Nankin. In the *Progresses of Elizabeth*, by Nichol, it is mentioned that among the New Year's gifts to Queen Elizabeth, 1587-8, Lord Treasurer Burghley offered one "porrynger of white porselyn" garnished with gold, and Mr. Robert Cecil "a cup of green porselyne." Finally, in order to complete the proof that china, as all Oriental porcelain was originally called, was known in England at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, Shakespeare makes the clown in *Measure for Measure*, which was written in 1603, describe a dish as "a fruit dish, a dish of some threepence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes."

¹ See "ART AND LETTERS," Vol. II. p. 213.



PORCELAIN PLATE

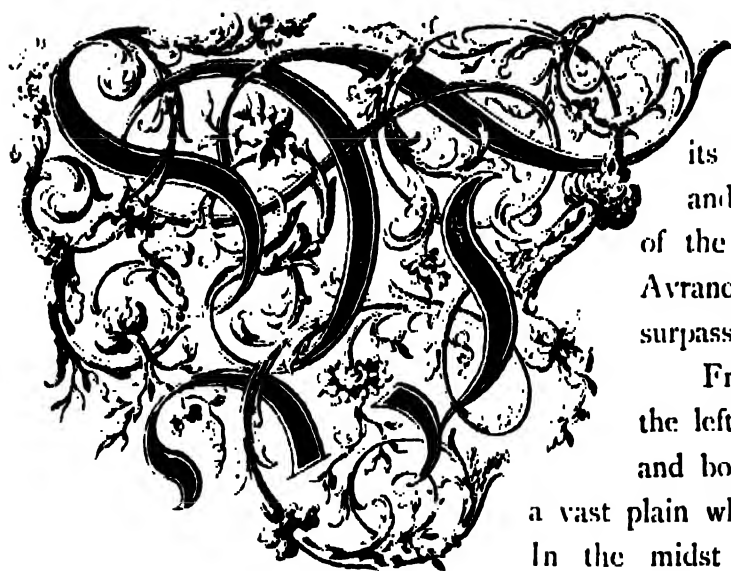
By Albert Dammouse



MONT SAINT MICHEL, FROM AVRANCHES

Engraved by Puyplat from a drawing by L. Gaucherel

MONT SAINT MICHEL



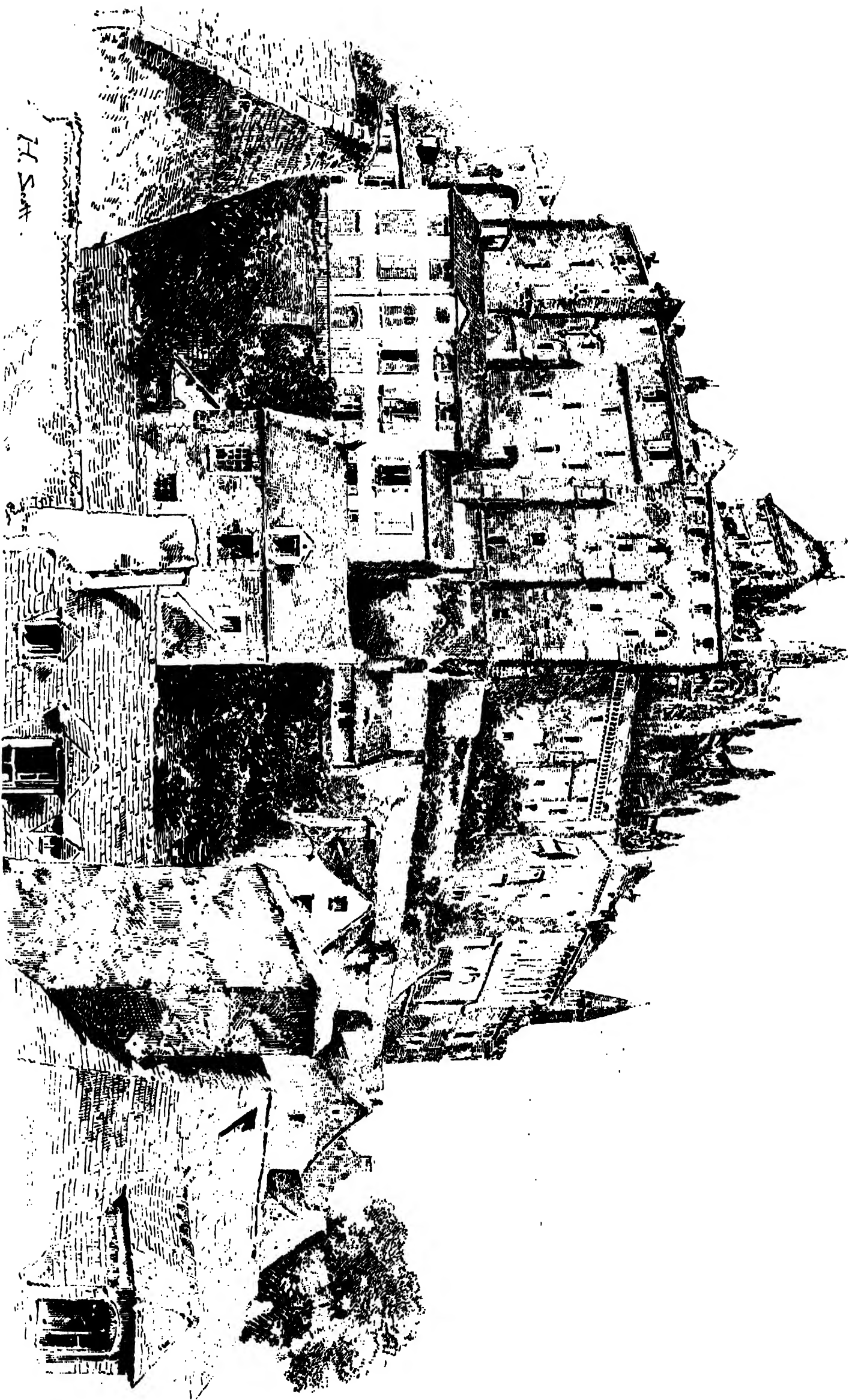
HEN, after having journeyed through some twenty miles of Norman scenery, so picturesque with its clumps of trees, its quickset hedges, and its fertile and cultivated fields, the traveller reaches the extremity of the headland which is crowned by the pretty town of Avranches, he has spread out before his eyes a scene of surpassing grandeur and beauty.

From the right, the shores of the Channel, and from the left those of Brittany, join hands to form an immense and boundless bay, by turns a waste of sand and water, a vast plain which twice in twenty-four hours becomes an ocean. In the midst of this solitude, between three and four miles distant from the town, where our traveller must be supposed to have taken his stand, a mountain springs up from out the depth of the sand or the abyss of waters—a granite rock which looks as if it had had its summit abruptly cut off, and as if it were crushed beneath the weight of the monumental pyramid of which it forms the base, but gaining an aspect of grandeur and imposing majesty by reason of the surrounding solitude. This is Mont Saint Michel, a marvel of art and a miracle of nature, celebrated alike in the annals of history and the legends of tradition. It is, in fact, a perfect nest of legends; it has been an asylum of religious thought, of prayer and meditation; the seat of science; the studio of art; a monastery, a cathedral, and a fortress. Mont Saint Michel has been all these, and it thus held within its walls an epitome of the life of France during the stormy but romantic period known as the Middle Ages.

To any one who cares to study its appearance, Mont Saint Michel presents itself under three widely different aspects, affording striking and clearly defined contrasts. Here it is a rugged and naked rock, gloomy and deserted; from another point of view it is a gigantic wall emerging from the depths of ocean and striking upwards to the sky, to which a collection of varied structures lends a strange and picturesque effect; from a third point it is a town suspended in mid air; and over all it is an abbey. It possesses a twofold character, also, in consequence of its having been a fortress as

H. S. A.

THE SUMMIT OF MONT SAINT MICHEL AS SEEN FROM THE BASTARDS (SOUTH SIDE)



well as a religious establishment, for where the escarpments of the rock do not afford sufficient protection to the mountain, it is surrounded by strong and well-built walls, flanked by formidable towers, furnished with powerful redoubts, and commanded here and there by loop-holed bastions.

The military *enceinte* of Mont Saint Michel, just as we see it to-day, dates from the early years of the fifteenth century. The abbey at first was merely protected by irregular ramparts and



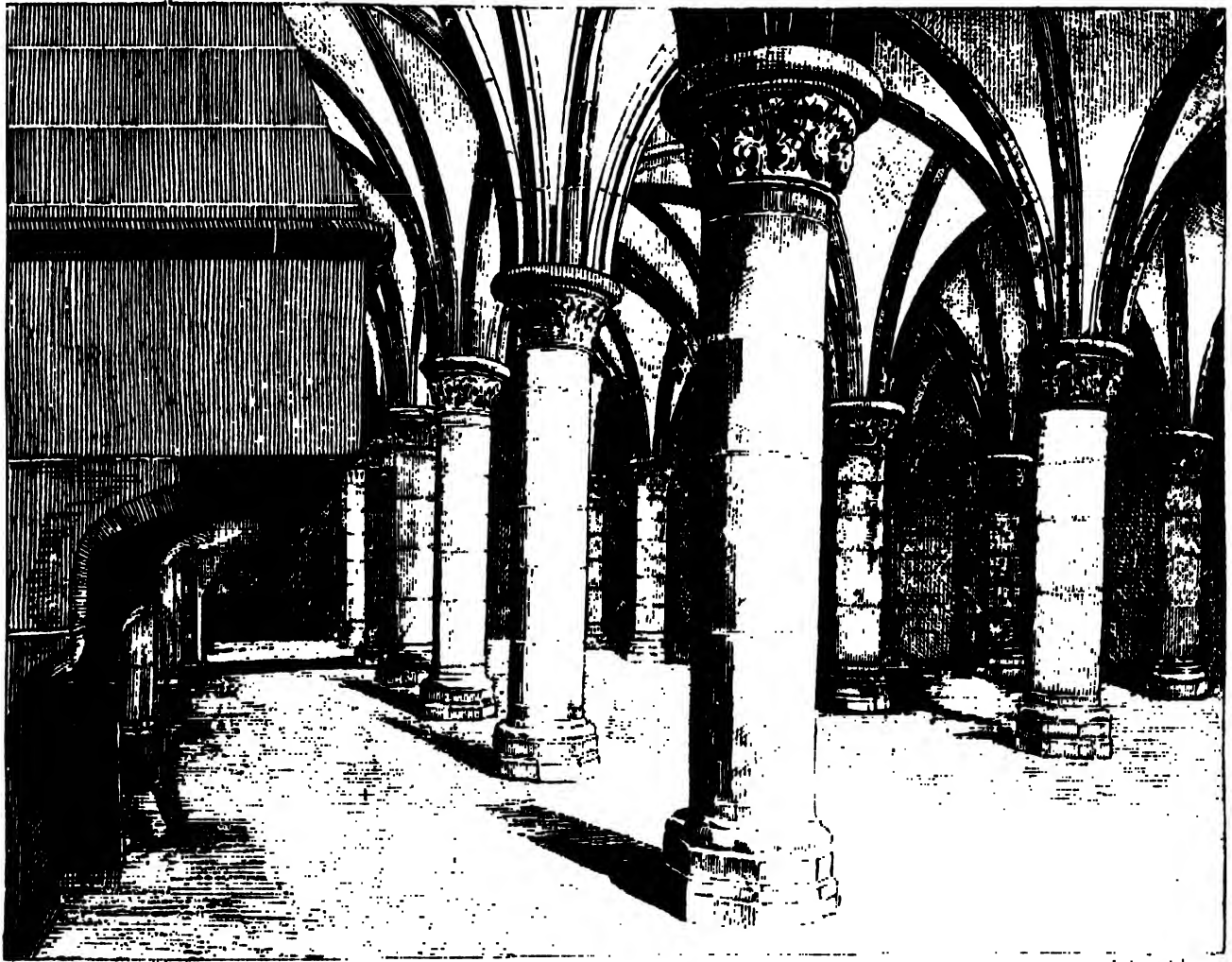
THE ABBEY OF MONT SAINT MICHEL, GENERAL VIEW OF THE NORTH-EAST SIDE

Drawn by Henry Scott

fortifications of wood. The resistance was proportionate to the means of attack in those primitive days of military art. In obedience to the thousand and one caprices of the rock, rising or falling with it, and with a diversity of lines and forms and a singular wealth of unexpected details, these ramparts present an imposing spectacle when the incoming tide brings the waves to dash themselves in clouds of spray at their feet. This portion of the Mont was called *La Merveille*, and few will

be found to dispute the accuracy of the title. The wall, which is 230 feet long, and 100 feet high, supported on a foundation of rock double that height, is flanked by twenty-five buttresses, surmounted by an arcade of Moorish character, and stands out against the blue sky in bold and elegant relief. Nature, too, here adds to the attractions of art that of rich colouring. In the clefts and cavities of the mountain, wherever there is a handful of earth, vegetation of a dark green hue asserts itself and mingles with the clear yellow and reddish brown tints of the hardy lichens which cover the rocks.

In order to reach the abbey of Mont Saint Michel it is necessary to pass through the town of that name, and this town, small and squalid as it is, is one of the most original and curious places in the world. To enter it one must pass through a narrow gateway, defended by a tower called the Tour de la Barde, into the first detached fortification, or place of arms, which goes by the name of



THE HALL OF THE KNIGHTS

Drawn by C. Gilbert

the Cour du Lion. On the wall is sculptured a lion rampant, with one paw on a shield which he certainly has contrived to defend valiantly and well. This leads to an inner fortification called the Boulevard; its gateway retains its ancient name of *herse* and remnants of its old iron barrier still remains. On the left it rests on the rock, on the right upon the Tour du Roi, and a pediment bears the arms of the town—fish *argent* in water *azure*. This in turn leads to the open space, paved with broken shells, and here you find yourself in the midst of the fishermen of the Mont, whose monkish costume adds to the curious aspect of the place.

Before entering the town the eye is attracted by the numerous small gardens dotted here and there, wherever the vast structures of the abbey protect them against wind and storm. In these sheltered gardens fig trees, laurels, almond trees, and other southern trees flourish exceedingly, and lend beauty to the landscape and charm to the town. A few paces farther on, and we are in the one street of the town, a species of tortuous staircase, lined on either

side with small, narrow, low houses, leaning against each other like so many decrepid inhabitants. They are nearly all inns or shops, and they still retain their ancient names—the *Licorne Bleue*, the *Tête d'Or*, the *Soleil Royal*, the *Trois Mages*, the *Sirène*, and the *Trine qui File*. In front of their doors are suspended sacred relics, silver crosses, miniature virgins, views of the Mont, and leaden Saint Michels, similar to those worn in his velvet cap by Louis XI., the King of France, whose titles of honour included that of being the first Knight of the Archangel.

Before entering the Abbey, and at the top of the town, not far from a lofty tower called the Tour Morillaud, there is an imposing mass of ruins, amidst which a Roman portal can still be distinguished. These ruins are known both as the Convent de Sainte Catherine, and the Château de Dame Tiphaine, and they originally formed a vast and sumptuous habitation built, in 1366, by Bertrand



INSIDE THE CLOISTERS (WEST SIDE OF LA MERVEILLE)

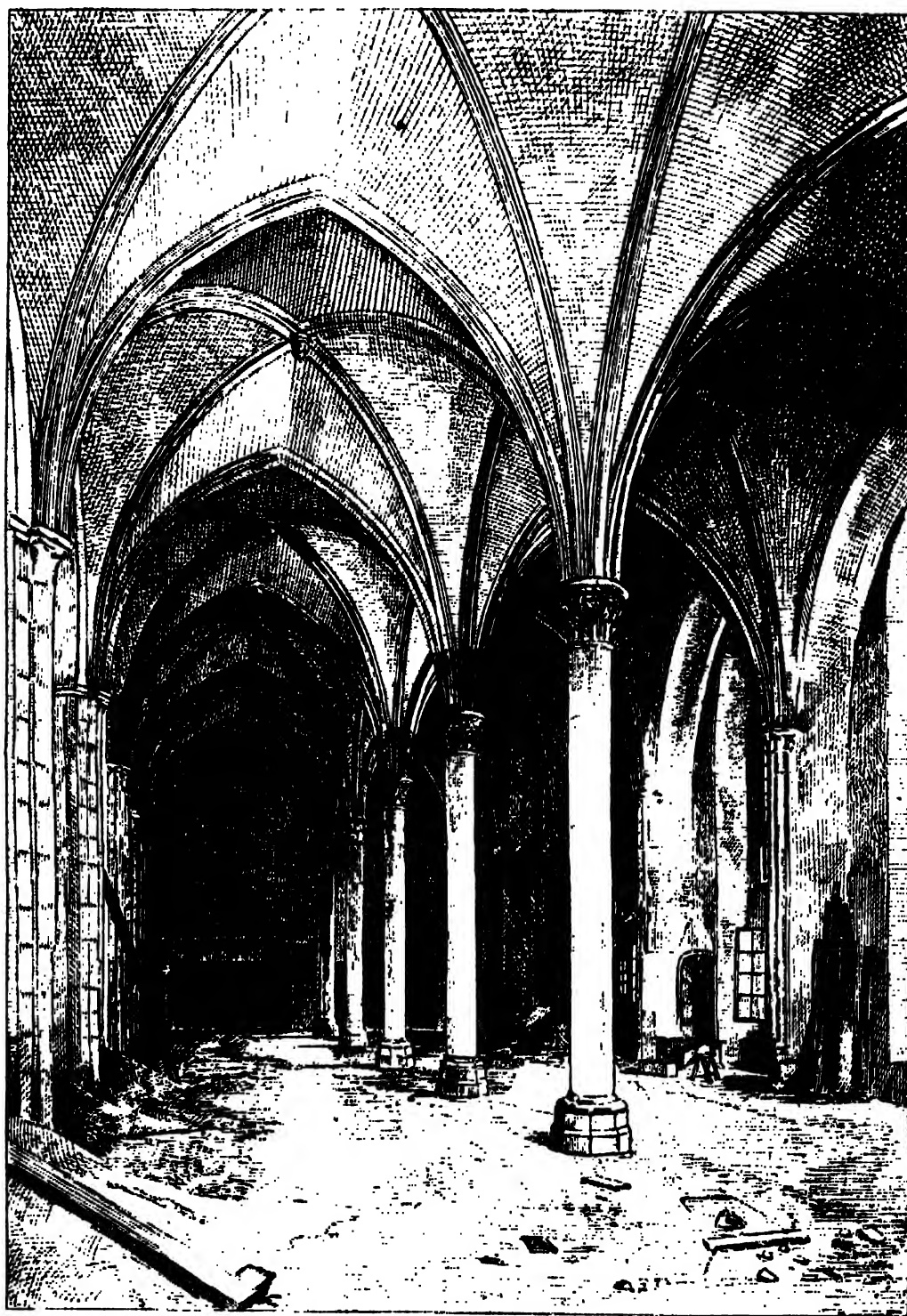
Engraved by Soupey

Duguesclin for his wife Tiphaine Ragueneel, called by the inhabitants *La Fée*. Here, too, may be seen the pieces of ordnance captured from the English, which have been proudly preserved since the early part of the fifteenth century, and are known as *Les Michelettes*. The inhabitants may well be proud of the spoil, for their fortress was the only one which held out for the French King after the battle of Agincourt. But this is anticipating the history of this interesting place. It was a sacred spot even in the time of the ancient Gauls, and when the Romans succeeded they dedicated the Mont to Jupiter and called it *Mons Jovis* in his honour. Christianity was equally alive to the importance of securing it, the earliest apostles of our creed having placed in it a number of hermits, who built a monastery there which they called the *Monasterium ad duas tumbas*, in reference to the twin rock, Mont Tombelaine. But the Mont did not gain its present name until the year 708, when Aubert, Bishop



ENTRANCE TO THE ABBEY
Engraved by Leveille.

of Avranches, built a small church and dedicated both it and its site to Saint Michael. Henceforward it became the resort of thousands of devotees, including royal pilgrims from far and near, all of whom contributed something towards the enrichment of its shrine. At this period also, a beginning appears to have been made in the construction of those fortifications which had assumed in 1090 proportions formidable enough to enable Henry I., the youngest son of William the Conqueror, to



THE REFECTORY OF THE ABBEY

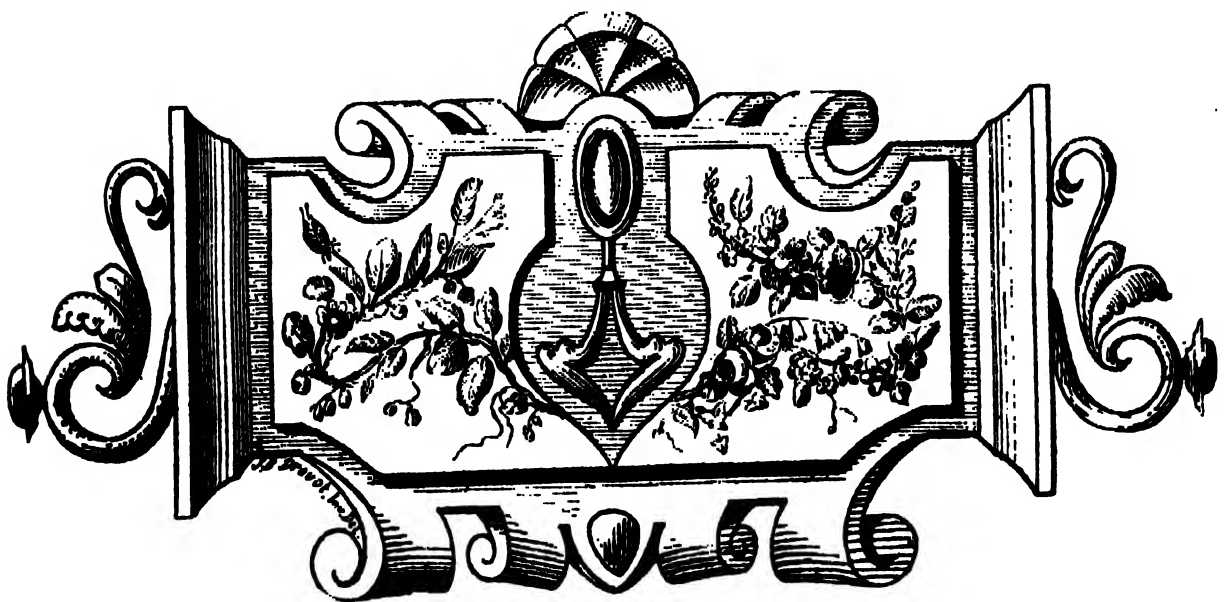
Drawn by C. Gilbert

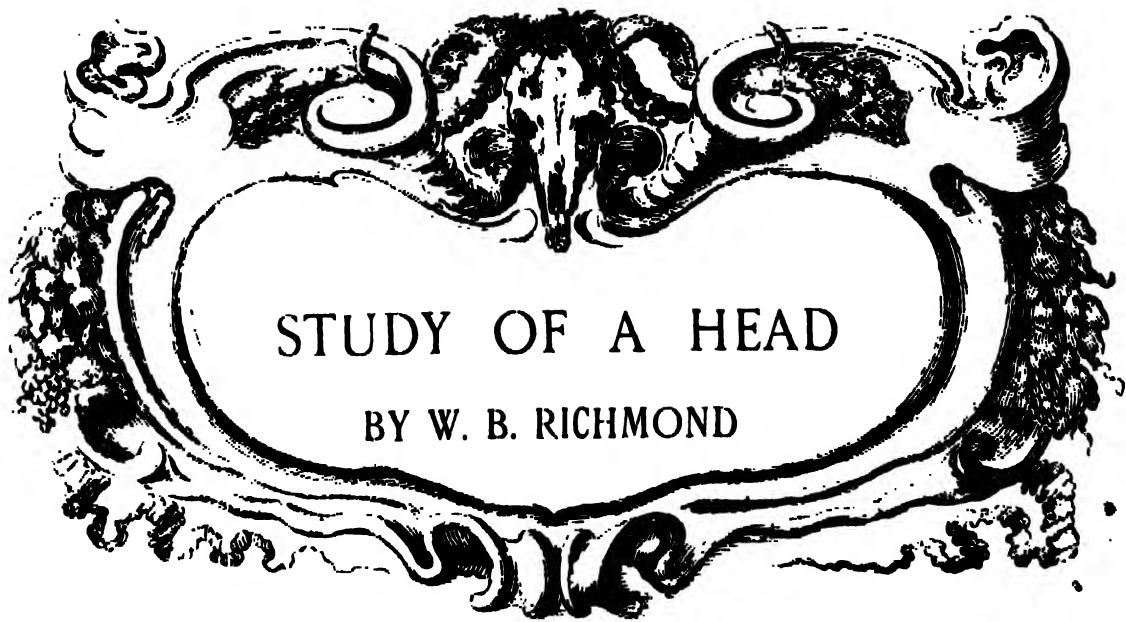
defend it so valiantly, and for so long a time, against his two brothers. Want of food and water at length compelled him to surrender and to retire to Brittany. In 1138 the inhabitants of Avranches set fire to a portion of the place and did it considerable damage, and sixty-five years afterwards it was again the scene of a conflagration, during an attack made upon it by Guy de Thouars, by whom it was unsuccessfully stormed. Guy de Thouars, however, succeeded in inflicting an amount of damage which

was not thoroughly made good for more than two centuries. In 1417 the English, who had reconquered Normandy, occupied Mont Tombelaine, and made a strenuous effort to capture Mont Saint Michel, but the natural strength of the place and the bravery of the garrison under Jean de Harcourt, Comte d'Aumale, frustrated the endeavour, and the besiegers were in the end compelled to retire. In 1423 they returned to the attack with a force of fifteen thousand men, a formidable amount of artillery, and several ships. The garrison, which was under the command of Louis d'Estouteville, the governor of the fortress, found itself completely surrounded and apparently beyond all hope of succour. The besieging force actually effected a lodgment on the lower level of the Mont, and placed several of their guns, notably the two *Michelettes* already referred to, in position there, but they were unable to get them any higher. The garrison, seeing the difficulty in which their assailants were placed, redoubled their efforts and finally succeeded, by dint of hurling down huge masses of rock, in compelling the investing force to retire. The retreat was a somewhat disordered one, and the French, under Jean de la Haye, Baron de Boulonnes, took advantage of the confusion to inflict a crushing defeat on their foes, and to capture the guns which are still shown to visitors with so much pride. Not until 1449 was the Mont free from all danger from England, but since that time its tranquillity has only been once seriously troubled. Saint Michael's Mount in Cornwall, after it was annexed by Robert, Earl of Morton, was made subject, in religious matters, to Mont Saint Michel, and so it remained until 1414, when the statute passed in 1380 for suppressing alien priories was put in force.

Of the royal pilgrims to this famous shrine the most memorable is Louis XI., who visited it with a numerous suite and, by way of recommending himself to the special protection of the Archangel, presented the Abbey with 600 crowns, a considerable sum in those days. More than this, he there on the 1st of August, 1469, instituted the order of Saint Michel, and thereby exercised a notable influence over its fortunes.

Mont Saint Michel was subsequently used as a prison, and among other unfortunates the poet Desfarges was there for three years, shut up in an iron cage and placed in a hole dug in the rock. At the commencement of the first Revolution, when the monks were dispersed, the Mont was converted into a state prison, no less than 300 priests having been in durance there at one time. Its next change was its conversion into a central House of Detention, a character which it still retains.





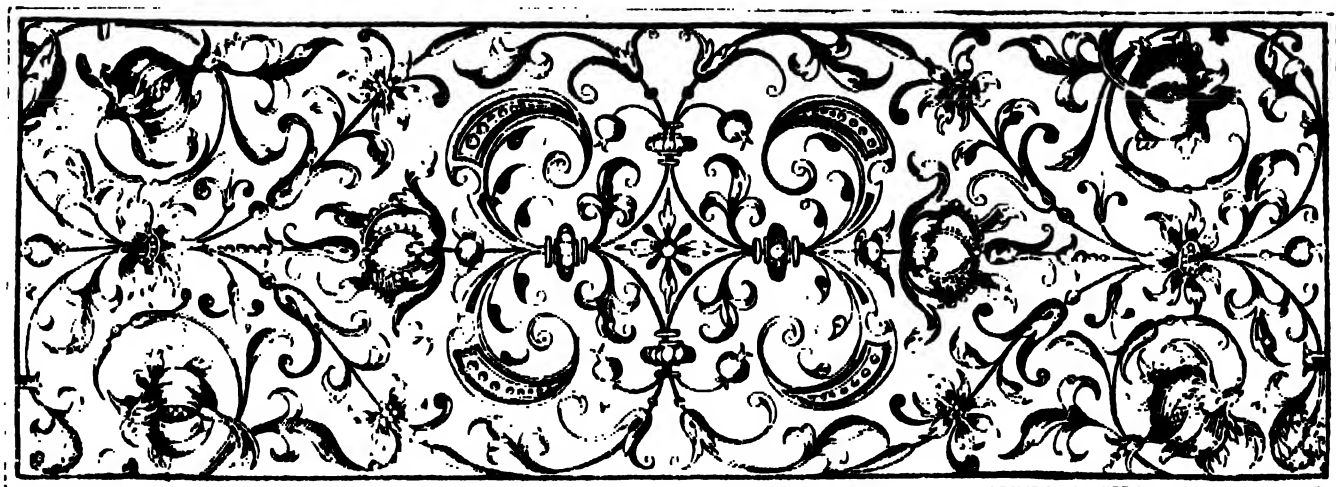
WE publish this month a second study by Mr. Richmond for the large picture *The Song of Miriam*, to which reference was made in our last number. The charm of these heads is certainly not less in their present form than as they afterwards appeared upon the canvas. There is indeed a peculiar fascination about the preparatory sketches and studies a painter makes for his work that is keenly felt by all who seek to appreciate the processes of artistic production. It is interesting to note the successive stages through which an idea passes before it takes final shape in pictorial design, to observe the degree in which the artist has been inspired by his model, and to distinguish what is added to the direct impression of nature

by the weight of his own personality. In the case of the older masters especially the evidence of their drawings is often of the highest value and significance, opening a way for the fuller enjoyment of the higher forms of imaginative invention. Without such evidence the complex expression of a great personality like Leonardo or Michael Angelo would to many persons remain a sealed volume. For what we all need in the contemplation of beauty is the conviction that the thing we are enjoined to admire has a firm basis of truth, and if we can trace the workings of the painter's mind back to their sources in nature, even the most abstract and idealised creations of genius assume new life and credibility. And from their drawings we learn, often for the first time, that the men who have infused the strongest element of poetry into their work are those who have also expended the largest amount of labour in preparing themselves for the exercise of the poet's faculty. It has been said and with truth that the authentic pictures of Leonardo can almost be reckoned on the fingers of one hand, and yet what a world of his work in silver-point and crayon survives in the public and private collections of Europe. He produced little, but he laboured unceasingly in order to attain perfection, and in the record of such labour we seem to reach most closely to the secret of his genius. The direction which the art of painting has taken in modern times has tended inevitably to discourage the kind of study so diligently practised by the old masters. Realistic painting, in the sense in which the word is understood in our day, depends upon a direct portraiture of nature, which can sometimes afford to dispense with the need of intermediate experiments in design. The living reality is transferred at once on to the painter's canvas without the intervention of any subtle intellectual process, but as often as the artist's ambition urges him to a higher flight, the use and the necessity of these careful preliminary studies makes itself felt. With the revival of poetic design, which has marked our epoch, has arisen a new feeling for draughtsmanship, and it is but natural that a painter like Mr. Richmond, who seeks for beauty of form, should store his portfolios with examples of the kind that we are now enabled to present to our readers.



STUDY OF A HEAD FOR THE "SONG OF MIRIAM"

By W. B. Richmond



MODERN FRENCH SCULPTURE



MERCURY

Drawn by Saint-Luc-Gautier from the statue by J. A. Delancey

SINCE the time of the Renaissance French sculpture has enjoyed the benefits of an uninterrupted tradition. Of all the arts it is the one which seems to fit most aptly with the national temperament and genius, affording full scope for the exercise of the accurate science and cultivated technical skill which are characteristic of all French art, while at the same time it restrains within wholesome limits that desire for vivacity of expression which in French painting too often takes the form of eccentricity and extravagance. The very nature of the material commands for sculpture a certain sense of dignity and repose, and the special danger to which it is exposed arises from the temptation, on the part of the artist, to satisfy this indispensable condition of beauty by suppressing all evidence of real vitality. A pedantic dullness of invention that is without energy, and therefore stands in no need of control, is found to be the main ingredient of the great mass of modern sculpture, but whatever may be the faults of another kind with which the French school is chargeable, of this at least it stands acquitted. Nor, with some few

and rare exceptions, has the art in the past ever yielded to the influence of pedantry. The genius of the great men whose achievements laid the foundations of the school served to establish a wealthier tradition. The art of Goujou and Germain Pilon is marked above all things by the impress of a free individuality, and although at a later date sculpture in common with the other arts fell into decay, and suffered perhaps

more than others through the growth of a taste that delighted in the triumphs of a trivial prettiness, yet even in these discouraging times a certain vivacity of expression still survived, and it was only during the Empire that the sculptor for a brief period allowed himself to be over-ridden by the lifeless principles of a pedantic classicism.

A powerful protest against this attachment to an enervated tradition was offered by an artist who brought new life to sculpture by the practice of portraiture. David d'Angers, whose career dates from



THE GENIUS OF THE ARTS

Facsimile of a drawing by Saint-Elme Gautier from the group by Mercie

the beginning of the century, may be reckoned as one of the founders of the modern school, and his collected works, which now belong to his native town, afford convincing evidence that the fame which he enjoys in France is by no means exaggerated. A touch of the modern spirit, not, however, entirely free from the taint of pedantry, belongs also to the work of François Rude, and we have to wait for the advent of Barye and Carpeaux before the principles which animate the contemporary sculpture of France can be said to have been firmly established. The former was, perhaps, the more richly endowed by nature, and his spirited animal groups are inspired by a higher sense of style than Carpeaux could command. But on the other, Carpeaux's greater audacity of invention marked



TOMB OF A ROMAN WOMAN

Engraved by Smeeton and Tilly from the statue by E. Guillaume

him out as the stronger revolutionary force, and it may be said that every branch of the art has been in some way affected by his teaching. His composition of dancing and laughing maidens, which stands at the entrance of the new opera-house, astounded the public and made artists think. It operated as a shock to received tradition, and thereby encouraged younger men to explore the new domain which it seemed to open to sculpture, and to trust with greater confidence to their own imagination. One of the most eminent of the immediate followers of Carpeaux was for some time a resident in our own country. M. Dalou, carrying the sculptor's art into the fields, and deserting for a while those ideal subjects which had hitherto been deemed to offer the only appropriate material to the artist,

quickly conquered all opposition by the grace and simplicity of his peasant forms. But even where the teaching of the master was not so directly applied, his influence made itself felt. Carpeaux's success served to call attention to the source from which he had drawn his inspiration. The commanding authority of the antique had hitherto induced an undeserved neglect of the sculpture of the Italian Renaissance, and it was only with the newly awakened desire to give to sculpture a more modern



DAVID BEFORE THE BATTLE

Drawn by Saint-Elme Gautier from the statue by Antonin Mercier



FROIS

Drawn by Saint-Elme Gautier from the statue by J. F. Contant

character, that men began to recognise what might be learned from Michael Angelo and his predecessors. In this return to the Renaissance lies the secret of the recent successes of the French school. A gifted English sculptor, the late Alfred Stevens, working independently, found out this same secret for himself, but in England, where sculpture is still struggling for existence, there was no school competent to carry forward the tradition which his genius might have established. French art is in

this respect more happily circumstanced. Sculpture has never been allowed to fall into absolute neglect, and owing to various causes that do not operate in our case, a very high technical standard of workmanship is steadily maintained. The practice of modelling is more widely taught, the propriety of engaging the services of the sculptor in the decoration of public buildings is never in debate, and the spirit of patronage which animates the central government finds its reflex in the action of the municipal authorities scattered throughout the country. Every French provincial town can boast some work of sculpture, the acquisition of which has served to encourage the pursuit of a branch of art which can never flourish where it has to depend exclusively upon the taste of private collectors. The fact at any rate is undoubted, whatever may be the cause, that sculpture in France engages the attention of a large and highly gifted body of artists, whose power and accomplishment enable them



THE YOUTH OF ARISTOTLE

Drawn by F. Bocourt from the statue by Ch. Degeorge

to give effect at once to any new influence that may be brought to bear upon their art, and the consequence has been that the particular movement to which we have referred has produced results altogether remarkable. The connoisseur who wanders over Europe still thinks that good statues can only be bought at Rome, and in this belief he passes through Paris without a thought of the infinitely higher development of the art to which French sculptors have contributed.

It is not possible within the space at our command to discuss with the fulness they deserve even the more prominent achievements of the living sculptors of France. We can scarcely do more than mention the most distinguished names amongst them, and in many cases it must be confessed these names are still quite unfamiliar to English ears. The works of French painters travel far, and their reputation follows their works. There are a score of men whose talent is as well known and as much

appreciated in New York or London as in France itself. But with French sculptors this is not so. Beyond the limits of their own country, even the foremost professors of the art are scarcely known, or are known at best only to the few who take a special interest in the progress of their talent. And yet the English visitors who will this year flock to the Exhibition of the Salon would do well to bestow careful consideration upon the display of sculpture arranged in the pleasant garden of the Palais de l'Industrie. Unless this year is to reverse the experience of the past, the contents of the garden will be better worth attention than the pictures which furnish the galleries on the first floor, and the time



SARPEDON

Facsimile of a drawing by Leon Gaucherel after the statue by Henri Peinte

spent in examining the various essays in plaster, and marble, and bronze may possibly cause the visitor to put to himself the question, How it comes about that in our own school there is no parallel to the talent and resource exhibited by the sculptors of France?

Some of the examples which we have chosen for illustration serve to recall other, and in some cases greater, achievements by the same hands. The "David before the Battle" of M. Mercié reminds us of another—David with his foot upon the head of Goliath, and holding the sword that is about to be returned to its sheath. M. Mercié is one of the most gifted and accomplished of the younger school,

and the new qualities of style of which he may be taken as a powerful exponent, are clearly distinguished when we compare the David or the larger group of "The Genus of Art" with the wholly different work of M. Guillaume. The "Tomb of a Roman Woman" is an excellent example of the elder sculptor's severe and temperate manner. Here we still feel the predominant influence of the antique, but in M. Guillaume the authority of tradition is combined with genuine individuality, and the result has vitality as well as style. "The Youthful Aristotle" of M. Degeorge holds a place midway between these contrasted examples of diverging aim and method. There is a sense of vivacity, a suggestion of movement even in the repose of the graceful figure, and there is besides a certain dignity in the treatment of the subject which is absent, to take only one example, from the "Sarpedon" of Henri Peinte. It would be possible still further to illustrate the resource of the modern French school by reference to the works of Dubois, Chapu, Delaplanche, Marceaux, and Delorme, the figure of Mercury by the last-named artist being a favourable specimen of his art. M. Dubois' greatest achievement is found in the symbolic figures which serve as sentinels around the tomb of General de la Moricière; "La Jeunesse," the graceful female executed for the monument to Regnault, may be cited as the capital accomplishment of Chapu, and to these may be added the "Education Maternelle" of Delaplanche. The "Harlequin" of Marceaux is fresh in the memory of visitors to the Salon of two years ago, and its success shows what charm and dignity may be infused into a modern theme, while the "Eros" of M. Coutan, of which we are enabled to give an illustration, marks the elegance and charm which still characterise the sculpture of France.





LA FORTUNINA

BY MRS. COMYNS CARR, AUTHOR OF 'NORTH ITALIAN FOLK,' 'A STORY OF AUTUMN,' ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IT was one evening towards the end of October. Pietro had been up the hill on Marrina's land all day, and his head ached, and his limbs were weary, but when the sun fell near to setting he washed his face and brushed his coat, and turned out into the streets just as usual. Marrina sighed for his hopeless quest, as she watched him away beneath the great arch of the public gardens, where the women were washing the clothes, and chattering, just as they had washed and chattered ever since she had been a little girl. She sighed, and pitied him, but Pietro did not pity himself. His patience was not yet exhausted. He had hope still.

He went through, half way beneath the great vaulted brick roof, and then he turned and climbed the great flights of hundreds of broken flint steps, until he came out into the acacia-planted avenues above, where the filbert sellers walked up and down uttering their shrill cry to the solitary wayfarer, and the men with iced drinks still offered glasses of lemonade to the passers-by, though the heat and the gay crowds had alike disappeared. It was a cool, almost a chilly evening, but a band playing in the *Caf  dell' Italia* hard by gave out its bold blast as merrily as though folk were all sitting with their windows open, and the din smote faintly on Pietro's ear, as he sat alone on a bench beneath the arbutus trees, and peered, by the light of the scanty gas-lamps, eagerly into the face of every loungee.

He sat there long and patiently, starting up sometimes to hasten after a woman with a child in her arms, but always returning with a sigh, and taking up his seat once more on the bench beside the empty musicians' stand that was the meeting point of all the walks of the garden, because folk congregated there to hear the band in summer. He thought again, as he sat, of that evening in July last when he had graced those walks with his affianced bride in her gala dress. How little he had thought that he should ever be the disgraced and dishonoured man that he was! He had been unhappy enough that day so unhappy, so full of bitter thoughts that he had scarcely deemed anything worse could be in store for any man. But though his romance had just had its death-blow before the door on the top storey of the old palace, he had not been deprived of his work in life then,—he had still had Fortunina left to care for. For her sake he had been willing cheerfully to sink into nothing more exciting than the respectable master of a respectable home; he had been going to set inclination aside, and choose out the most respectable girl that he knew, that she might have a proper step mother. Where was his respectability now? Where was his quiet humdrum life? Where was the irreproachable mistress of his honest peasant's fire-side? Worst of all, where was the child for love of whom he had clung to respectability and sacrificed romance? Everything was gone from him. His life was a wreck, and in his haste he cried that it was all Vittoria's fault! She had robbed

the tree of its own sap, but he vowed to Heaven that, so help him God, she should not rob it also of the tender flower that had grown beneath its shade. If romance and love and happiness were all dead for him, he had a mission left at least and that mission was Fortunina. *Her future, her success, her happiness*, was the only end to which, from this time forth, he would work, and something told him that superstitious "something" again—that he was not to miss his vocation.

He shivered as he sat, for the night dews fell, and a treacherous little wind was beginning to rise and rustle among the boughs of the acacias and the lime trees. But though his body was cold, his heart glowed warm: he had a fancy that the fulfilment of his hope was at hand. And, sure as fate, suddenly as though it had started out of the shade a tall woman's figure glided across the open space in front of him, and passed again into the darkness beyond. It flitted by so fast that one would have thought it would have been impossible to recognise even a dear friend in so swift a flight, but Pietro's heart leapt exultantly to his mouth as he rose to his feet, for he knew that the moment of retribution had come.

He, too, passed away into the darkness, following fast upon those fleeting footsteps. Vittoria was alone; but that was no matter—he was sure she had the child hidden somewhere, and, if she would not tell him, he would find out for himself where. He followed softly and fast. He did not want to speak to her yet; he wanted to track her to her home. If he frightened her, she might deceive him, she might circumvent him, and lead him farther than ever from his Fortunina. She was cunning enough if she had a mind.

But softly and discreetly as he walked Vittoria's ear was too quick for him. She evidently feared pursuit. She began first to wander aimlessly and restlessly in her course, gliding down side walks and round dark corners as though she instinctively felt that she was watched, yet dared not turn and face the spy. Then, as she neared the gas-lamps, she would glance fearfully round, trying to catch a glimpse of the owner of the suspicious footsteps without being seen herself. At last, driven to bay, baffled in all her attempts to evade her pursuer, she seemed to take her courage in her hands and to determine on a move which she thought would be sure to discover her unseen observer to her scrutiny. She stopped stock still in her walk, waiting for him to pass her by that she might see his face. But this was not Pietro's intention. He too stopped. He even went back upon his steps to cheat her. They had reached the end of the public gardens now. A thick wall ran round, hemming in the massive embankment, and, along by the wall, rows of black ilexes were studded at intervals like sentinels above the town.

On the top of the broad wall Pietro rested his arms, and stood looking out, through the dim gas lamps between the trees, on to the wide roofs of those ample mansions that stand in their own grounds, out towards the eastern gate of the city. He kept the

woman well in sight, and presently, when he saw that, after a long pause, she had moved on again some distance, he walked forward once more in the same direction. He walked but as any other wayfarer might walk, but Vittoria's suspicions were aroused now, and she was on the alert. She slackened her pace gradually till he came up with her, and when they had reached the bridge that spans over one of the lowest and poorest districts of the town, she stopped short as before. Pietro thought that she would turn off down the steep *salita* that leads at this point into a noisy street beneath, flanked on either side by a confused mass of tall and squalid dwellings, small shops, and wretched cafés and taverns. But instead of pursuing her way, she turned short round, after a pause, and confronted him.

"What do you want?" asked she. "One does not follow an honest woman to molest her."

Pietro held his peace. He was vexed to have failed in his innocent stratagem.

"You are Pietro Paggi," said she again, after waiting in vain for an answer to her question. "What do you want with me?"

"You know well enough what I want with you, Vittoria Vitè," answered Pietro, seeing that further deception was impossible. "Your conscience will tell you that."

"My conscience!" echoed she, looking round with an almost fearful glance in her scornful eyes! But she added quickly, waving her hand in the air with a movement peculiar to her, and uttering a low, gurgling laugh—a contented laugh, very unlike the short, scoffing tones of three months ago—"My conscience! I have no conscience."

"Then you ought to have one," said Pietro fiercely, and striding towards her. "And if you have not one I will give it to you. You have taken my Fortunina—you are keeping her from me. And you have no right to keep a child from its natural guardian. The law will punish you for it if you do not give her up. I will cause the law to punish you!"

"Prove to me that I am keeping Fortunina from her natural guardian," said Vittoria quietly.

"You *dare* to deny that you have the child," thundered Pietro, beside himself at this calm resistance. "I *know* that you have her! I saw her last in your arms. Bianca del Prelo saw her last with you. No one else has seen her since. We have advertised, we have searched the country, we can get no clue. Who else can have stolen her, that would not be tempted by the reward I have offered? I do not know why you can want to keep her. It is hard work to feed a child. But I suppose you love her because you saved her from death. I owe you eternal thanks for it," added Pietro more gently; "but you have no right because of that to keep her from me. Oh, do not say that you have not got her," continued the poor fellow wringing his hands; "for if you say *that*, she must be dead! I have searched everywhere else for her. I *know* you have her," he burst forth again as fiercely as ever! "Heaven has taught me to be sure that you have her. And if you do not take me to your home to-night that I may see for myself whether she be there or no—by all the saints I swear I will kill you!"

Vittoria stood quite still. She did not smile again, or laugh, or wave her hand. If she had he would have sprung upon her. She only looked at him silently, and strange to say, sadly, with those great, deep, burning eyes of hers, drawing him to her in his hate, just as they had always drawn him in his love.

A knot of idlers walking across the bridge looked at the figures intently. They were a strange couple: the woman so calm and stately, the man so feverish and excited.

"It is a lover's quarrel," said one of the wayfarers. "A man murdered his mistress here for jealousy not six weeks ago. It is a bad neighbourhood."

"Come," said Vittoria quietly. And she turned back towards the darker ilex avenue that they had just quitted. So public a thoroughfare was not safe for such earnest speech as theirs.

"Do you take me to your home?" asked Pietro, following where she led. "If you deceive me, I swear I will dog your steps night and day till I find it out. I will have no pity on you. You might spend your nights beneath the open sky, still I should watch you. Yes, I tell you I will force you to show me the place where you have hidden my treasure!"

Passionately he hurled forth his torrent of wild speech, pouring it into her ear as he strode beside her. But Vittoria gave no sign as though she heard him, until she had got back again to the silent avenues of the deserted gardens, and stood once more beneath the black ilex-tree with the solitary street lamp overhead. Then she turned and looked him full in the eyes again, with that gaze that made him quail in spite of himself.

"Why do you rail at me?" she said. "I have not deceived you; I have told you no lies; you need not spy upon me. I will tell you the truth frankly: Fortunina *is* with me!"

"Then God be praised!" ejaculated Pietro, lifting his eyes to heaven. "Forgive me, I have misjudged you! For you will give her back to me now, this night! Come, let us hasten that I may find her quickly!"

"Oh," said Vittoria, "you go too fast. You must prove to me first that I *am* keeping Fortunina from her natural guardian."

Pietro's heart froze within him. Vittoria had heard the truth that Fortunina was not his own bastard as the parish supposed. For a moment he could not speak.

"If you can prove to me that you are the child's father," said Vittoria, still in measured tones, "I will give her up to you." It was evident that she *did* know the truth.

"What have you heard?" he asked with trembling and white lips. It never even occurred to him to try and hide anything from this witch with the fiery eyes. He felt that she would drag the innermost secrets from his soul. In spite of his hate of her, in spite of his anguish of the hour, he knew that the terrible spell of her presence was winning its way upon him just the same as it had always done. "What have you heard?" he repeated faintly.

"I will tell you," said Vittoria coming closer to him. "I have heard that one bleak March morning, more than five years ago, you picked up a little wailing infant in the river bed of the Polcevera, as you were coming across the mountains to market. I have heard that when you reached the market-place you did not even pretend that the babe was your own bastard, as you have pretended since in the village. I have heard that an old fruiteress of your acquaintance, who lives in the Salita Santa Caterina, took the babe to her home for you until you came and fetched it away from her to take it to the hospital of the poor. But you did not leave it at the hospital. Your heart failed you to abandon it to charity. You took it home and said it was your own. And that little babe is Fortunina. Tell me, have I not told it all as it happened?"

The woman's voice had rung out bold and triumphant as she had said her say, and she had held her head high; but as she spoke the last words there was again an echo of that piteous appeal behind the commanding tones, and she repeated again, hurriedly, wildly, earnestly—almost terribly: "Tell me, have I not spoken truth?"

But Pietro had no intention of even attempting to resist the charge. The evidence was all circumstantial enough, and even if it had not been so, he would never have dared to deny the truth when it was put to him by those flashing eyes. They had always been able to rule his heart to do their bidding, and he began to feel, almost with superstitious horror, that they could rule it now, just the same as ever. For a moment he hung his head as though crushed by the storm. But he could not let Fortunina slide from him without a last and desperate effort. She was the only stake he had left to play for, and he *must* win her, if it were possible! He could not prove, as Vittoria demanded of him, that Fortunina was his own flesh and blood, but he could prove at least that he had won her by hard work, and that she belonged to him rather than to a stranger.

"Yes, you have spoken truth," he said at last, raising his head. "Fortunina is not my child. She is a foundling. I picked her up on the 10th of March five years ago, just as you say. But," he added quickly as he saw Vittoria raise her eyes to heaven with a whispered exclamation as of joyful relief, "but she belongs to me all the same. I took her when she was deserted and left there to die. When I stood before the gate of the Foundling Hospital to leave her with the sisters, my courage failed me, as you say, and though she was naught to me then, I carried her to my own home. My poor mother hated me for it. Till then I had lived and worked for her alone, and she was jealous of a new mouth to feed and a new heart to love. I quarrelled with her because of the child. I, who had loved her so well and had been so proud to be left her only prop and her only comfort! I quarrelled with my mother for Fortunina's sake, and gave her poor, old heart its death-blow that night that I brought a bastard to her honest hearth! Yes; I quarrelled with her and I deceived her. I made her think that I had preferred the love of a city wanton to her pure affection! All this I did for Fortunina's sake. And when my poor mother died of grief and I was like to die of remorse, I took my courage in my hands again and lived for the little one. But it is an evil thing to live with remorse at one's heart, Vittoria Vite, and for a long time I was not happy." Pietro paused for breath. He had hurled forth his impetuous speech so fast that his heart was beating wildly and his hands trembled. He pressed his right one feverishly to the back of his head, and Vittoria murmured with sad thoughtfulness the while:

"Ay, it is an evil thing to live with remorse at one's heart! I know that well!"

"Yes," repeated Pietro, "it is an accursed thing! And that remorse—I planted it there for Fortunina's sake! I toiled for her, I struggled for her! For her I would have been willing to crush out of my heart a love such as never burned in a man's breast before, and to mate with one who was naught to me, because my mother (God rest her soul and forgive her mistake!) my mother valued her as a proper maiden. It was well perhaps I did crush that love out, for I know since that the woman whom I worshipped was deceiving me, but then it was a hard thing for me to do, and I did it for Fortunina's sake. I have made many mistakes—I have been deceived all round; but all that I did I did for her sake. And now I have nothing left. My mother is dead, my honour has been defiled, my home is poisoned, my respect in the parish is gone, my trust in woman is destroyed for ever. I have nothing left to live for but Fortunina. Nobody but her can save me from degradation. For her sake I will toil that she may not want. I will be cheerful that she may be merry. I will even try to be happy that she may be the fonder of her home. I did not love her when I saved her from death as a tiny babe, I did it for charity: but I love her now! She can save me from despair, and I *will* not be cheated of her love! She is mine by right. Mine—at least a hundred times more than yours; and I claim her! Withhold her from me at your peril!"

Pietro made a step forward with his hand clenched almost as though he would strike the defenceless woman. But Vittoria did not flinch from him. She looked at him tenderly, with her flashing eyes subdued to a gaze of saddest sympathy, and said quietly:

"I am sorry for you, Pietro Paggi! I am very sorry for you! For you love the little maid and you have been a good guardian to her. But with all your love you cannot love her as I do. With all your devotion you cannot have the right to her that I have,—Fortunina is my own child!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

It seemed quite natural that it should be so. Pietro did not even start. He felt as if he had known it all along. That was why those blue-black child's eyes had always had such a strange

witchery for him. That was why the eerie look—that had frightened him like some evil message from another world—had flashed from beneath those closed baby eyelids on the night before the fair, when he had knelt distraught beside the little bed. That was why the woman and child had always been knit together in the wonderful sympathy that had so often sent pangs of jealousy to his foolish heart. Of course that was why! It seemed as though it ought to have been so easy to guess now that he knew it.

Vittoria looked at him astonished. She had expected that he would question the truth of her statement. Woman though she was she did not quite guess at the power of the spell she unwittingly cast over this simple soul. She did not know that to him—even now when he thought he mistrusted her for her deception of him—her voice was as the voice of a commanding angel speaking from heaven the decrees of God. She did not know how, at her words, a cloud as of mysterious perplexity had fallen from before Pietro's eyes and many things were clear to him that had been dark before. She could not believe that, though his heart had sunk like lead, he bowed himself submissive to the stroke of fate.

"I am sorry," she repeated, looking at him; "but you understand how it is!"

Pietro drew a deep sigh, and passed his hand across his eyes as though to stir himself from out a heavy stupor. Then he said, slowly, with a kind of dull hopelessness that gradually took a tinge of bitterness through its apathy, "Yes, I understand. You are the child's mother. Fortunina always wanted a mother, and now you have come, of course it is your right to take her. So long as you did not want her I might have her. When you left her to drown or to die of cold and hunger on the river-bed I was free to succour her. But now that you have come to claim her, I know I must give her up, because you are her mother. It does not matter that but for me she would not be here at all! It does not matter that I toiled to provide for her and quarrelled with my own kith and kin to give her a place. If you want her you must take her, though I brought her up and *you* have deserted and neglected her! You threw her away five years ago and I picked her up and made her my own. But now you say you love her the best of the two, and of course I must believe you since you are her mother!"

Pietro spoke bitterly indeed at the last, bitterly as he had never spoken before. It was the bitterness of despair, and though Vittoria, so calm until now, writhed beneath the agony of his lash, he had no pity, but let the words fall cruelly, like drops of fire upon an open wound:

"Hush, hush, Pietro Paggi! Hush, for mercy's sake!" cried she desperately, pressing her hands together till the finger-tips grew white and bringing her eyes close to his in her entreaty. "Do not conjure back the dreadful days that are dead with your terrible words! You are right—you are quite right—but have pity! I know I am that shameless piece of inhumanity, an unnatural and murderous mother; but have pity on me as God has had pity, for I have suffered! Oh, you do not know how I have suffered! I deserved to be blasted with lightning from heaven, or frozen to death with ice-winds from the mountains, or starved within sight of food at cruel street corners. I know I deserved all that, and worse, and the good God spared me that I might live for the consolation of this blessed day; and yet, Pietro Paggi, I have suffered worse deaths than any of those that might have happened to me! I thank the Virgin that she gave me courage and patience to live through these five years, for, I tell you, if I had died with that sin on my conscience hell would not have been able to hold me! Oh, you talked just now of remorse. But you do not know what remorse is! You do not know what it is to live for five years with the most horrible of crimes upon your soul! You do not know what it is to toil and rest and sleep and wake with a cry ringing for ever in your ears, with the piteous

face of a helpless creature for ever staring you in the eyes, fastening upon you a look of unconscious reproach, so terrible that the pains of purgatory can never equal the horror of it! You do not know what it is to wander for five years long up and down, hoping against hope that you might not have murdered your own child, but that you might find her returned to you from the grave; searching and searching with despair slowly growing at your heart all the time! You do not guess what that kind of remorse is, Pietro Paggi, or you would pity me. You would not want to recall it to my heart. You would want rather to help me that I might chase it from my soul and live the rest of my life thanking God that He had saved me from its claws. Ah, yes, you are too good and kind to want me to suffer again what I suffered those five years!"

Vittoria stopped. She was crying. She whom no one had ever seen cry before. Pietro shivered. He was cold to the very marrow of his bones.

"I do pity you," he said. "I was a brute to speak as I did. God has forgiven you, and that is enough. How can any one judge of another's temptations?"

"Ah, no, no; I don't want to make excuses," broke forth Vittoria again, swallowing her tears. "There was no excuse for such a sin as mine. God was merciful enough to save me from committing it; but if I had committed it there would have been no pardon. What did it matter, though I was persuaded to it—though I was frightened into it? Every soul is its own guardian. He *did* swear that if I did not do it he would do it himself, and murder me into the bargain. But what excuse is that for such a thing? Though I cared for him then—the false one who brought me to perdition!—I would have done anything to please him. That was why I took the creature of my flesh and blood to lose it, rather than lose his love. And, after all, I lost his love just the same. That was how I was punished. He had seemed to love me so well that day on the green at Casella fair! But I was young—only sixteen, remember—and I was vain and foolish and wild, and I did not know how a true man loves patiently and in silence. All those words of his took my heart in a storm; and I trusted him and gave up all my peace for him. Yes—I deserted my poor old mother, and left her to die alone—I followed him to the town—I took a bad service there . . . it was all for his sake. And those were not even the worst things I would have done for him, you see. Poor betrayed simpleton that I was! What did I get in return for it all? Nothing, but that when my honour was gone, and I had blackened my soul and burthened my conscience with everlasting remorse, he left me to bear the load all alone. I know now that that is always the way with such men. But I did not believe it then. One never believes that things as bad can happen to oneself as have happened to others."

"The villain!" muttered Pietro beneath his breath. "Oh, that I had him here under my hand!" He thought again of the dandy with the polished boots, and remembered how he had wished to meet him with his good knife at some dark street corner. He forgot now that Vittoria had deceived him for the sake of that dandy. He did not remember his own wrong; he only thought of hers, and longed to revenge it. "And you—was there no one to revenge you?" he asked aloud.

"Nay," answered Vittoria. "Then there was no one. I was a poor, disgraced girl whom every one spurned. I had no friends in this big town. When I went back to my service again—for I had to live somehow, though I had no heart for it—they would not look at me. And at every place where I tried they would not look at me. He had ruined me well, and had saved his own skin. Yes, he had been afraid he would lose his pittance from the old miser—his uncle—if it were known about the child. And so that is why he had told me to drown it or he would murder me. And then, when for love of him, I had taken it to the river—not drowned it, no, not drowned it—he thought after all it would be safer to part from me also. And so, when I went

back to the place where I had left him, to tell him I had done as he bade me, he was gone. I went and sat long on the steps of the great church on the market, waiting for him to go by—for I did not suspect then that he had deserted me—I thought he was only keeping away from me while there was danger of suspicion. But, though I waited from dawn till the sun grew warm, he did not go by. He never went by for me again. And while I sat there my heart began to darken, and the shadow of the remorse that was to blacken five years of my life began to creep over me. I went into the church, and prayed the Virgin to intercede for my forgiveness. But I thought she turned her face from me. . . . And then I said to myself that I could not bear the weight of what I had done, and I resolved to go back to the river and take the babe again, and hasten away with it to some country village, and put it there to nurse, so that he should not suspect I had disobeyed him, and yet that I might have the consolation of knowing I had not murdered the child. I did not care for it then—I was so young and so vain—I cared only for the man who had turned my reason, but I did not want the babe to die by my hand. And just as I had thought how I would do this I turned and saw you there beside me. Oh, how terrified I was! It seemed to me that every one must be able to read on my face the horrible thing I had done. I fled from you as if you had been the Evil One himself coming to claim me. All down the little streets, in and out, I fled—and I felt as if I were a hundred years old instead of being only sixteen—and at last I came to the port, and after the port to the lighthouse, and then through the gates into the dusty road that led to San Pierearena. I stopped a bit to breathe then—I thought I was safe outside the city gates—but I soon began to run again, for I wanted to get to the Polcevera, where I had left that little bundle in the morning. I did not know much about infants, for I had had no little brothers and sisters to nurse at home as other girls have, and I thought that, lying there in the sun as I had left it, the little creature could not suffer so very much. It would be hungry, I said to myself, but nothing more. As I neared the spot I listened to hear it cry. But, ah me, there was no sound! My heart began to sink already. And yes, sure enough, when I reached that bush on the shingle, where I had put it, the babe was gone! At first I would not believe it. I had made a mistake in the place, of course, and should find it yet. But when I had searched an hour up and down, and had found nothing, my heart began slowly to grow cold, like stone, and I knew that I had loved that little baby though I had not known it, and that it was not only for fear of the crime that I wanted to find it. And then, Pietro Paggi, I sat down on the shingle and cried. Yes, I cried—J, whom the girls at home had always said was as heartless as a cat and never cried for anything—I cried bitterly! But, ah, poor me, it did me no good. I cried many times in those five years, but it never did me any good. It always left my heart just as cold as ever. I was made of stone. The deathly cold of the water seemed to have entered into my soul that day as I waded into the river to search for the body of my murdered little one. I thought the stream must have lapped it up and carried it down, but when I did not find anything I took a little comfort at first and hoped somebody might have had a pity on the poor morsel and have taken it to the Foundling. I hurried back to the town just as quickly as I had come, and climbed the hill to the hospital so fast that there was scarcely breath left in my body. But I was not to have that horrible load taken off my heart before I had been fitly punished. For God said, I suppose, that the crime was as bad as if the babe had died. So when I knocked at the door—I feared no discovery or disgrace then; no, not even *his* anger—when I asked for my child, and described her little clothes that they might know her, the sisters told me that no such babe had come to them and turned my poor aching heart away again. They were good to me, they let me look at all the infants (how I

hated the sight of them since they were not mine), and they offered me food and lodging. But I was too proud—and too miserable. I came down the hill again, and went and climbed the stairs of that old palace where I knew that his cousin lived. I thought I should find him so, though he would be angry with me for having gone there. But I did not mind that. I felt I *must* see him. Alas, my punishment was not yet at an end, for when I asked for him they laughed and told me he had gone away—right away, they did not know where! That was not true then—he was only hiding somewhere from me—but it was true soon afterwards. For when the rich old man died, and that schemer for gain knew that he was not to have the money after all, in spite of the ill he had done to get it, he took the pittance that he had inherited and went away to America, where I should never be able to trouble him. That was the paste he was made of!”

Vittoria threw out her right hand with her usual gesture of scorn, and Pietro passed his over his brow, trying to clear his brain. For the glamour that he had known of old was creeping gradually over it, and this strange, passionate story was so wild and terrible that it seemed to cloud his reason, while at the same time it filled him with unbidden and horrible fancies. The top storey of the old palace the money not inherited after all a voyage to America! Did all this fit that white-faced dandy with the fine clothes whom he had wanted to punish as Vittoria's betrayer last July?

She went on, her voice rising and falling as sadly as ever on his bewildered ear.

“O God, what a night I passed that roth of March!” she moaned, as if enduring all the agony over again through her fiery imagination. “And until three weeks ago it has been night with me ever since! Ah, I would have been grateful indeed that day to any one who would have revenged me! Now I do not care. My hate is turned to scorn, but then—I would have killed him myself! Yes, and though I had been hoping for it, the crime would not have been so bad as that which he would have made me commit for love of him! O God, do not let me think of that day! The blood of an innocent creature upon my head, and ten thousand devils born of love, and hate, and murderous revenge tearing at my heart how was it I did not go mad?”

Vittoria pressed one hand to her heart as though she must keep it from bursting, and with the other hastily made the sign of the cross over her breast.

“Heaven forgive me!” she said. “I had vowed not to think of those evil days again. God preserved me to find peace and pardon in the heart of the child whom He saved—~~to~~ lead me to consolation, and I will not mar my joy by any dreadful recollections. For that hate is all gone now, Pietro Paggi! Yes, it is all turned to scorn, and though I could have seen him die now I would not.”

“And yet, by Bacchus,” muttered Pietro, “he deserves it. Ah, I would like to give him the death blow myself!”

“Oh no, hush!” said Vittoria, staying his uplifted arm. “Remorse is so bad to bear. Thank Heaven we are saved—you as well as I. I am glad that I have done that one thing in return for all that you have done for my child. I can do nothing else. Nay, I must even do you harm for it, since I take her from you now that you love her. But I have done that one good service to you—I have saved you from remorse!”

“How?” said Pietro, his heart standing still. “What do you mean?”

“I mean,” answered Vittoria, slowly, her eyes fixed vaguely in the distance, “I mean that, but for me, you would have killed the man who betrayed me. Carlo Strappa is Fortunina's father.”

Nothing seemed too strange to believe on this strange night, so this too appeared to Pietro as in the fit order of things. He

did not start; he stood there quietly while the words rang in his ears. It was as though he were not himself at all but some one else, to whom all this was but a wonderful play. Carlo Strappa Fortunina's father! Was it possible that out of what was so evil should have come what was so excellent? Had the friend who had willingly done him so much harm unwillingly done him one great piece of good? He felt—feeling as he would have done for that some one who was not himself—he felt that for the sake of such good a man would almost forgive the harm. And yet, the man who was Fortunina's father was also the seducer and the betrayer of the woman whom he—Pietro—reverenced and worshipped. As he thought of this, the numbness at his heart began to thaw; he felt that he was no longer some one else looking on, but Pietro Paggi himself—the hopeless, the discarded, but always the passionate lover of Vittoria Vite. What! the villain had done a greater than all the other wrongs he had wrought him, though it had been wrought him unwittingly, he had ruined the woman whom his friend reverenced, and his friend had not killed him? The blood began to boil again in his veins as he thought of it. He no longer looked on now as at the display of another's woes! When they had told him on the top floor of the old palace that Vittoria had a lover, he had thought that that lover was a puny-faced dandy, and though even then his fingers itched to strike at him, he had refused to do it because he had thought Vittoria cared for the man, and he scorned to revenge a woman who would laugh at him for his pains. But, lo, Vittoria *wanted* to be revenged! She had said she would have killed her seducer herself if she could have got at him, and *he* had had the fiend beneath his hand and yet had spared him! Of what avail was it that the Madonna had been so good to him and had kept him from sticking his knife into an innocent fool as he might have done, that she might give him just cause afterwards why he should kill the man who was *really* Vittoria's lover! There were a hundred reasons—lawful reasons—why Carlo Strappa deserved his death, and yet he lived still! Ay, out of the reach of harm! Because he—Pietro Paggi—had been paralysed by a child's cry and a woman's voice!

“Why did you stop me?” he cried, clenching his hands impotently. “Why did you command me to spare him when I had him there in my power?”

“Why?” answered she, calmly, “because he was Fortunina's father, because I had known what it was to have crime and remorse on my conscience. Because God had taken the load away and I would not have it back again for the sake of the sweetest taste of just vengeance that could be. Ah, Pietro Paggi, you will live to thank me. He deserved death, I know, both for the wrong he did you, and for the wrong he did me, but he is worse punished as it is, and ~~we~~ have our hearts free of crime. He lives to remember that he betrayed a young girl's honour, robbed her of her place among honest women, urged her to crime, and then abandoned her to bear the consequences alone! He lives to remember that he played the friend of his boyhood false, that he dragged an upright peasant's name in the mire, and disgraced the village that gave him birth. He will not suffer as I have suffered, even with all the load of sins that he has upon him, for he has no heart to feel either love or pain with. But he will be punished a little after all, and we shall be saved remorse. Ah, yes, Pietro Paggi, you will thank me some day that I stayed your hand, as I thank my God that I can look my Fortunina straight in the eyes. The saints be my witness, though I hate him and scorn him from my heart, I am glad Carlo Strappa lives!”

“May be you are right, Vittoria Vite,” murmured poor Pietro, all the fire taken out of his boasting. “But you have your reward, you see. You can look Fortunina in the eyes. I have no reward since you take the child from me. No,” added he vehemently, “I wish I had done for him! I have nothing to live for now, and no need to care if I had been a disgraced man or no. And it would have been a satisfaction at least to think

I had had my revenge on him. If you had cared for him still, it would have been different; but since you hate him, what could it have mattered?"

Pietro looked at her defiantly as he said this, but Vittoria was silent, and turned away her head; she had said all she knew. And thus they stood for a space.

All at once, as he was looking at her thus, something seemed to strike Pietro that had not struck him before.

"Was it Carlo Strappa with whom you stood talking in the dark alley of the Acquasola gardens this July past, on a hot night?" he asked abruptly.

Vittoria looked round, surprised.

"What, were *you* there?" said she. "Yes, it was he."

"And did you hate him then?" asked Pietro again. "Did you hate him when you put your arm on his and looked in his face with your eyes all a-fire and your lips trembling? God, how beautiful you were, and how my spirit raged within me to see you cast your beauty before swine, when there was an honest man's heart dying for you! Did you hate him then? Or did you love him? Tell me true."

"Love him!" echoed Vittoria, and the scorn in her voice was more powerful than any words. "What should I have loved him for?"

"Why did you meet him in the garden, then? Why did you speak with him so earnestly? Why did you gaze at him with those wild eyes of yours, that eat a man's heart? When one hates a man one avoids him. Or if one seeks him it is because one wants to murder him."

"No," said Vittoria quietly. "I did not want to murder him any more. My rage was past. I thought of nothing but the vain hope of finding my child. And it was for that I sought him—because I hoped in my anguish that even there there was a chance. I had always that hope upon me—that the fates had not taken me at my word—that the babe was living; and I used to try to persuade myself that perhaps he had repented of having bidden me do that wicked thing, or that it was even only a bad trick he had played me; that he had gone to the river after all and had taken the child back; and then that his courage had failed him again—for I knew, even then, that he never had much—that he had been frightened and had left the babe at some foundling hospital, or to be nursed in some remote country village; or perhaps had even taken it to America with him that time when he had gone. I thought of a thousand wild and impossible things in my madness. And all those five years I had sought him just to ask him. I did not believe he was in America all that time, and I had sought him in all the places where we had been together. I had found no trace of him, and I had given up all hope, when I saw him suddenly that night of the San Giovanni in your village. I had not guessed that the man who was hated and envied as the "Signor Americano" was he whom I had loved once, and hated now like the rest. And he—he was too grand to know aught of a mere tramp. Oh, when he saw the tramp he was not too grand to be terrified by her! He had a little conscience left, it seems, for he was frightened even then. He knew that he was my accomplice in a crime, you see. And so he escaped me. But I was patient, and at last I hunted him down. On the steps of the old palace, where he used to cringe for the old man's money, the coveting of which urged him to treachery and crime—there I found him at last; and from thence, though he fled from me, I followed him until we stood face to face. But, alas! what had I done it for? For what had I borne to find myself once more in the presence of the fiend who recalled all the terror and folly of my wild girlhood? Only to hear that he knew nothing of my child, and to know that, for once, he was speaking the truth. Ah, no wonder I gazed at him with wild eyes. In my despair I was imploring him to go back upon his words, to give me some clue, if it were

ever so faint, by which I might still trace my child. But it was all of no use. And there was my last hope—dead, like all the rest."

Vittoria let her face sink into her hands, overcome with the vivid recollection of that terrible hour, and Pietro knew that she had spoken the truth.

"I am sorry—I ask your pardon," he murmured humbly. "I suspected you falsely. I did not know it was Carlo Strappa with whom you spoke that night. It was dark, and I could not see plain. But I thought it was your lover, though I did not suspect it was my comrade."

"Oh, Pietro Paggi, love has been dead for me these five years!" answered Vittoria, lifting her face. "I have lived only for one thing—the hope of pardon in the heart of my recovered child."

"Then it is true!" cried Pietro, clutching her hands. "And you did not deceive me when you made me think that you were free—when you made me think that I might have persuaded you, for Fortunina's sake, to think of my poor love."

"No," said Vittoria, "I did not deceive you. I was a disgraced and dishonoured woman, and I had no heart left to give to a man—I deceived you in that. But I had no other lover. And you deceived me, too," added she, changing her tone. "If you had not made me think that the child who was so strangely drawing me to her by that secret and wonderful tie—if you had not let me believe, as the parish did, that she was your own bastard—perhaps many things might have been different. But you did it from a good motive, I know. And since God led me to her all the same, what does it matter now? Only, you understand that I cannot give her up. It hurts me to reward you so ill for your years of tender devotion. But now that you know how I have suffered, you see that it could not be otherwise. Do you not?"

She drew around her the scanty shawl that so poorly concealed her splendid throat, and came nearer to him, as though to bid him farewell. Her defence was made, her rights were established. She had offered her explanation, and he had agreed to it. There was nothing left to do but for her to go. To go back to the child who had brought them so close together, and who now was to part them for ever.

"You understand," she repeated sadly, and almost tenderly. "You will forgive me, will you not?" And Pietro stood there as in a trance. Magically wafted to him on the evening air, like a long forgotten scent that brings back memories of the past—there came to him the recollection of that night in the chestnut-glade at the feast of the San Giovanni. They were there—they two alone. They stood face to face with no one by to see. And the moonlight shone on Vittoria's countenance, and it was lofty as a queen's, fair as a goddess's, beautiful as that of the woman whom he loved. Her eyes were like the stars in heaven, her mouth was like a drink of cool water on a hot summer's day, her cheeks were like the soft leaf of the tea-rose that grew upon the walls of the house that he had left behind, when he had left his peace and happiness. He forgot that she was beside him as he dreamed this dream—dreamed of those lips as he had kissed them that night in the moonlight—dreamed of them and longed for them once more!

He sighed, and as he sighed he felt a hand upon his arm, and the voice that he loved murmured sweetly: "Good-bye, Pietro Paggi! God give you peace. Take the gratitude of a poor sinful woman with you, and do not fret too much!"

He shook himself and looked down. The vision was not only in his soul. Vittoria's face was close to his—almost as close as it had been that night. And once more the whirlwind took possession of him. Once more his blood ran like fire through his veins. He kissed her for the second time.

The night of the San Giovanni drew to its close once more. Many stirring and terrible things had happened in the village since the evening—only a short year ago—when Teresina della Fontana had danced on the green with the "Signor Americano," and Pietro Paggi had left Fortunina in the throng to follow the handsome vagrant up into the copse, and had returned with such a strange scar upon his face. Many sad and wicked things had happened, but they had all sunk away into the past like forgotten tales, and the ring had been just as merry, the procession just as exciting as though Teresina's false Madonna face and the hated emigrant's ill-gotten riches had never worked a great scandal that—so some whispered—had brought about a wonderful romance.

The bells were ringing for Ave Maria, and the tuning of the fiddles sounded faintly from across the green, and on the little *loggia* beside Pietro Paggi's cottage there sat a tall, dark woman clasping the curly brown head of a little girl to her bosom. It was a family picture, for behind her on the terrace wall, smoking his pipe, sat the lord of the little domain himself, looking with tender and contented gaze at the childish caresses lavished by the little one on the woman in whose lap she reposed. Beside the group a faint scented tea-rose climbed the cottage wall, and a luxuriant vine made a canopy over their heads. The *prevosto* was wont to tell how Pietro Paggi's model garden had lain desolate and neglected once, but the fruits and flowers, the golden gourds and the red tomatoes flourished as gaily as ever now, and peace was on the land once more. The sun sank

slowly to rest in a faint sea of rosy glory behind the delicately pencilled Apennine hills, and the grey river that had brought a mother and child together, flowed placidly past the cherry-trees beyond the bank.

"Didst enjoy thyself at the feast, little one?" asked the woman tenderly, as she caressed the pretty little head.

"Ah, yes, more than last San Giovanni," answered the child. "La Marrina is kind and merry. I am glad she came to our *festa*, because she was good to me once, and so I love her. I enjoyed myself with La Marrina—and then dad was in a good temper, and thou—thou didst not leave me," concluded the little maid, nestling her head deeper than ever into the folds of the gala kerchief that wrapped the column of the beautiful throat.

"Art thou satisfied that I gave La Vittoria to thee for a mother after all, Fortunina," asked Pietro from behind.

"Ah, yes; I always said that I wanted Vittoria for a mother, is it not true? And now she is my mother for always. I shall never lose her again. Yes—for certain I am happy. And thou, dad, art thou not happy too?"

Pietro paused a moment and then he said quietly:

"Yes, Fortunina, happier than any man has ever been before. For the stars do not often fall down to the earth."

And Vittoria said nothing. She only pressed the little head tighter than ever to her heart and turned towards Pietro a face from which all the bitterness and all the terror were purged away, and wherein shone only a look of gratitude and of heavenly peace.

(THE END)

THE ART EXHIBITIONS

THE exhibitions of the year have already been discussed in detail by the organs of the daily and weekly press, and it would therefore be idle at this time to attempt any lengthened review of their contents. Partly through the help of the critics, partly in independence of their aid, the public has already made up its mind as to the general character of the year's work, and it now only remains to record the verdict, and to cast up the particular creations which have been specially singled out for applause.

It is not always easy to fix definitely upon the pictures of the season, but this year there is a series of works by five men of very different aims and methods, which, when time shall have allowed things to settle down to their true level, will be found clustered about the very highest point touched by modern art. Of these the most important is the *Wheel of Fortune* of Mr. Burne Jones; the most important because with its technical achievement it combines poetic qualities to which the productions of the other four painters of whom we shall presently speak can lay no claim. The public has taken time to appreciate the genius of Mr. Burne Jones, to understand the ideal he keeps in view, and to measure the power and resource he brings to the expression of his individuality; but it is hardly too much to say that this, his latest creation, has placed him indisputably at the head of the imaginative painters, not only of the English school, for that would be saying little, but of Europe. In its technical aims and successes, the *Wheel of Fortune* may be considered a sequel to the *Tree of Forgiveness* of last year. In rhythm of line, in balance and selection, in the combination of nobly-real modelling, with infinitely harmonious and suggestive but non-imitative colour,—qualities, all of them, conspicuous in both pictures—the work of 1883 excels that of 1882. To turn from Mr. Burne Jones to Mr. Millais, is to leap from the farthest point touched on one line of

exploration to the farthest on another, from the fervour of the poet living in a world of his own, to the trenchant observation of the chronicler for whom the things of his time are all sufficient, and yet it would not be difficult to put one's hand upon many points of contact between Mr. Jones's masterpiece and the magnificent portrait of a fellow academician that Mr. Millais has sent to Burlington House. The superficial or hasty observer may, perhaps, see nothing in this picture of Mr. Hook but a shrewd and keen-eyed old gentleman, palette on thumb, dressed to paint rather than to be painted, and in an attitude such as any photographer might choose; but by all who can appreciate the subtle means by which an artist brings his work into unity, by which he causes its every detail to help the dominant idea, by which, as in this portrait, he focuses the interest and leads one's eye to the central point, however it may wander over the canvas, the concrete imagination, if we may use such a phrase, of Mr. Millais will be recognised for the rare gift that it is. Apart from this quality of perfect unity, a quality obtained by a slightly more complex arrangement of line and chiaroscuro than has recently been usual with him, the manipulation is enough to give Mr. Hook's portrait a commanding place among those counterfeit presentments of famous men upon which the glory of Mr. Millais' later years will rest. Before leaving Mr. Millais, we must find room to mention his *spirituelle* and distinguished portrait of the Duchess of Westminster at the Grosvenor Gallery,—as delicate, dexterous, and withal deep-seeing a piece of feminine portraiture as our school has ever produced; and two quaint children, a little plebeian in printed cotton and white sun-bonnet, and a *grande dame* of six or so in satin brocade, being at the Grosvenor and the Academy respectively.

The third of our five names is also that of a portrait painter, Mr. Frank Holl, who contributes a goodly number of masculine

personalities to the two chief exhibitions. Of these not a few are decidedly below the average of his recent work, but three, Mr. Bright, Mr. W. Agnew, and Lord Wolseley, all at the Academy, are as certainly above it. In none of these can we find anything like the personal delight in his *milieu* which glows through the *Hook* of Mr. Millais; nor can we say more of their colour than that it is, on the whole, satisfactory. But, on the other hand, Mr. Holl's faculty for grasping and laying bare the character of his sitters, for putting them upon canvas in such a way that we can judge of their powers and defects even more easily and completely than from the men themselves, is hardly to be surpassed when he chooses to give it full play. The first of the portraits above named seems to gather up and epitomise all that we know of Mr. Bright, whether of his outward appearance or of his character, as told in his speeches and public conduct. From Mr. Holl to Mr. Orchardson is another long step. The one contribution of the latter to the year's art-harvest labours under the great disadvantage of having been talked about too much before it was seen. The expectations of artists and critics were raised to a height which not even the genius of the painter in question could satisfy, and his *Voltaire* has, in consequence, scarcely made the impression that it should have made. To this result the choice of subject has no doubt contributed. An incident, of which the full significance is hardly to be grasped without the careful perusal of some page or two of Carlyle, is ill fitted for treatment in paint. In time the fame of the picture itself, for it is sure to be famous, will work a cure in that respect, but at present its popularity must suffer from the inherent obscurity of its intention. And Mr. Orchardson does nothing by any Hogarthian use of accessories to dissipate the gloom in which his meaning is wrapped. He paints the event exactly as it might in fact have occurred. His mind is given up to enforcing the contrast between the white heat, cooling in some slightest degree into contempt, of Voltaire, on the one hand, and the half ashamed, half impatient embarrassment of the host and remaining guests on the other, and to the elaboration of the splendid colour symphony for which the costumes and the "Louis Quatorze" decorations give such a fine opportunity. Mr. Orchardson's name has been well known in France ever since 1878, when his *Queen of the Swords* excited so much admiration among French painters and writers on art; he would be well advised to send this *Voltaire* to the Salon, where its subject would help it to win a success that would be gratifying to all believers in the English school. The last of the five names we have singled out for special notice is that of Mr. E. J. Gregory, who has rapidly won his right to be considered the strongest executant, the most completely capable discusser in paint, of all our younger artists at least. He is represented by a considerable number of works at the Academy, the Grosvenor, and the Institute of Painters in Water Colours. Of these we may choose for special praise two small oil pictures of Venice—one is little more than a *pochade*—at the Grosvenor, *The Grand Canal* and *A Boat-builder's Yard*: a vista of Piccadilly from Bond Street on a Drawing room day, at Burlington house; and a minute water-colour of *Boulter's Lock* on a bank holiday in summer, at the Institute. In the larger of the two Venetian pictures the sky is rather hard and steely, and the *Piccadilly* looks a little November for a Drawing-room day, but apart from these unimportant points it would be difficult to point to any modern work, in any country, in which realistic power combined with true pictorial interpretation is carried farther than it is here.

It is perhaps needless to say that no one of the pictures that we have felt compelled to place at the head of the year's production has become the property of the country. The purchases made by the Council of the Academy, by means of the fund bequeathed by Sir Francis Chantrey, are indeed governed by such eccentric principles, that it is difficult to believe that august body has made up its mind as to the real meaning of the bequest. At least one

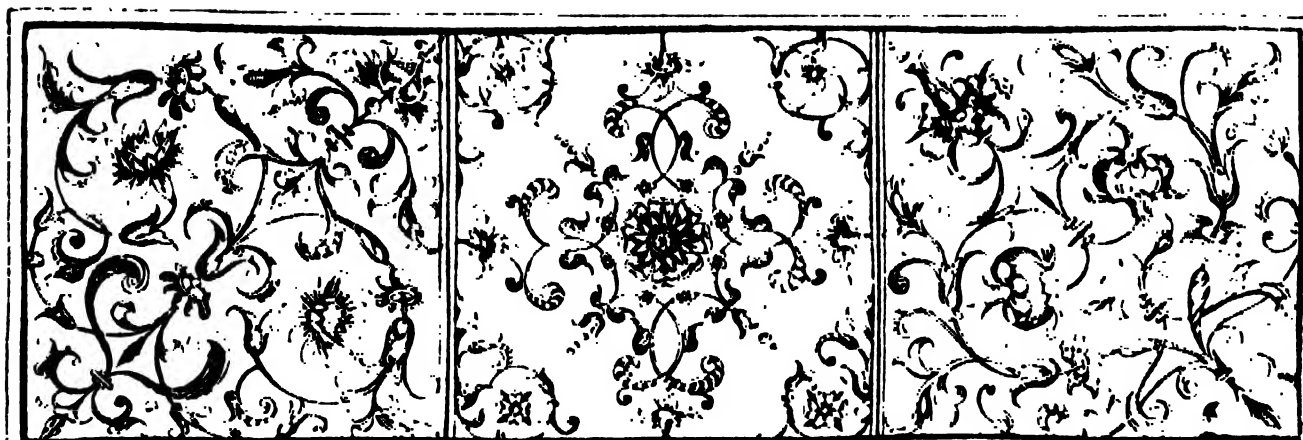
half of the pictures hitherto acquired are quite unworthy of the modest immortality that is assured them by their presence in a public institution, while for the money they have cost three or four works capable by themselves of raising the fame of our school in the opinion both of ourselves and of foreigners might have been secured. It would be invidious perhaps—although, in criticising a public body and its dealings with a fund that is after all a public one, such a consideration should have little weight—to particularise the mistakes that have been made. Of the two pictures bought from the exhibition now open, Mr. W. Wyllie's *Toil, Glitter, Grime, &c.*, is, in spite of its clumsy name, a masterly production, and its author is destined to take a very high place among English marine painters.

In addition to the pictures we have already named, the Academy has a fair sprinkling of works that deserve to be remembered, though few of them show their authors quite at their best. The landscapes of Messrs. Hook, Brett, Colin Hunter, David Murray, and Alfred Parsons; the portraits, a trifle too *déjà-gé*, of Mr. Herkomer, and those of Mr. Ouleas, who have not often been seen to greater advantage; the subject pictures of Messrs. Poynter, Macbeth, Fildes, Calderon, Van Haanen, Woods, Logsdail, Charlton—this gentleman's picture has been hung so high that it has not received the attention it deserves—and J. S. Noble, are among these. Some little relief to the general seriousness of the show is afforded by the contributions of MM. Frith, Herbert, and Storey.

The Grosvenor Gallery is in some respects less interesting than it has been on some previous occasions. The absence of any work of very conspicuous interest or merit either from Mr. Watts or Mr. Alma Tadema, and the ever-to-be-lamented death of Mr. Cecil Lawson, leave gaps that are not to be easily filled. Besides the pictures mentioned above, we may note three portrait heads by Mr. John Collier, Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Mrs. Mirless," Mrs. Jopling's "Ellen Terry"—by far the best work we have seen from her brush,—a head and shoulders of Mr. John Tenniel by Frank Holl, and two portraits—the Duchess of Cleveland and the Count von Bylandt—by Alma Tadema. There are many good landscapes; the best by C. E. Holloway, W. H. Bartlett, J. W. North, Napier Hemy, Alfred Parsons, and Keeley Halswelle. The view of Windsor Castle from the Brocas which Mr. Halswelle has painted, is rapidly becoming as favorite a subject with painters as the Church of the Salute or Mr. Browning's head.

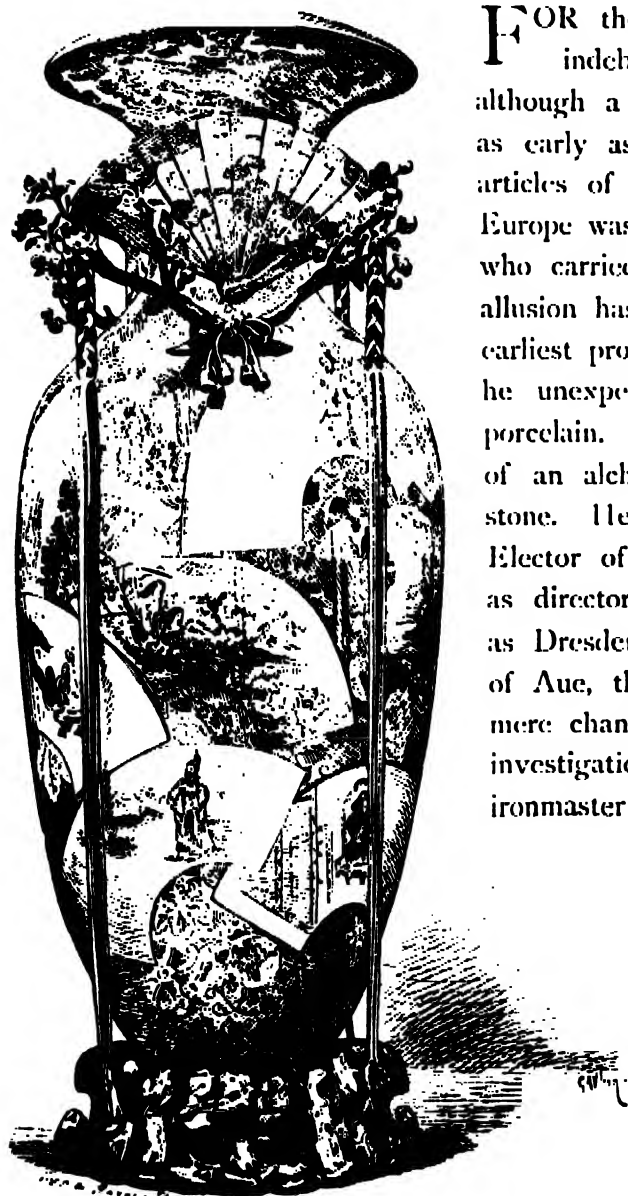
Of the two water-colour exhibitions the Institute has for the moment eclipsed the Society by the inauguration of its new galleries in Piccadilly, better galleries than have ever before been devoted to this most English art, and by opening them not only to its own members, but to all whose works could pass the not very rigorous censorship of the council. It is as yet too early for any safe forecast as to the result of so bold an experiment, but this first exhibition at least is full of promise. Besides those works of Mr. Gregory to which we have already referred, the contributions of Messrs. Linton, W. Small, Walter Langley, Clousen, Hugh Carter, Arther Melville, E. A. Abbey, and Wetherbee among the figure painters, and of Messrs. Hine, Thorne Waite, T. Collier, Fulleylove, Parsons, Colin Hunter and Lionel Smythe among the landscapists have attracted and deserve to attract special notice.

In spite of the presence of a few works of more than ordinary interest and excellence, the show at the Royal Society is on the whole a mediocre one. Mr. Albert Goodwin, Mr. Thorne Waite, Mr. G. P. Boyce, and Mr. Poynter send good landscapes, the last named a view over a stretch of wooded country that is full of light and warmth, excelling in those respects the best of his oil pictures. Mr. Henry Moore's colour shows some signs of deterioration, the blue in one at least of his drawings, that called *Off the Start*, is unpleasantly lurid in quality; for this however *A Breezy Morning* does something to make amends.



THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS: POTTERY AND PORCELAIN

V



PORCELAIN VASE

Ornamented with portraits of twenty-six famous men of Jap
Manufactured by Mr. Hiotiyen, Tokio, Japan

FOR the introduction of Chinese porcelain into Europe we are indebted to the Portuguese in the sixteenth century, but although a soft paste is known to have been produced at Florence as early as the year 1580, and Chinese designs were imitated on articles of European ware, the manufacture of genuine porcelain in Europe was due to the inventive genius of John Frederick Böttcher, who carried on his work at Meissen, near Dresden, and to whom allusion has already been made in connection with stone ware, his earliest production. While engaged in the preparation of this ware, he unexpectedly and accidentally hit upon the secret of white porcelain. This was in 1709, when he was working in the laboratory of an alchemist named Tschirnhaus, in search of the philosopher's stone. He was then taken under the protection of Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, and established at Meissen as director of a large manufactory of what has since been known as Dresden china. The history of his discovery of the kaolin of Aue, the basis of his success, is interesting as showing how a mere chance led up to a result which years of patience and laboured investigation had failed to attain. It is recounted that a worthy ironmaster of the Erzgebirge, when riding in the neighbourhood of Aue, near Schneeberg, noticed that his horse's feet continually stuck in a soft, white earth, from which the animal could scarcely extricate them. Hair-powder was then universally in vogue, and consequently a valuable commercial commodity, and it occurred to John Schnorr, the ironmaster in question, that this earth might be employed as a substitute for the wheat flour of which hair-powder was made. Böttcher, among others, used the powder thus manufactured, but its unusual weight leading him to the conclusion that it was earthy, he tried it and discovered that it was the material needed for the manufacture of white porcelain.

The secret of Böttcher's discovery was guarded with the most scrupulous care: the kaolin is not allowed to be exported; the workmen were under the strictest *surveillance*; and in all the

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workshops was written up in large letters the injunction, "Be secret until death." In fact, it was not until the year 1812, on the occasion of a visit paid to the Albrechtsburg, at the instance of Napoleon I., by M. Brongniart, the greatest authority on ceramic art, that the director of the manufactory was absolved from his oath of secrecy, and permitted to explain the process of manufacture. Jonas Hanway also visited the establishment in 1750, when it was at the zenith of its fortunes. According to him, about 700 men were then employed, and the yearly sales realised from £30,000 to £35,000. The Seven Years' War brought disaster upon Meissen, for not only did Frederick the Great sack the manufactory, but he also carried away to Berlin the workmen and their moulds.

But the real cause of the decline of Meissen was the escape, in 1718, of the chief workman, named Stölzel, who evaded the vigilance of the guards, and betook himself with his secret to Vienna,



OLD JAPANESE WARE
(Royal Palace of Madrid)

where, after many vicissitudes, he succeeded in establishing a manufactory under the auspices of the Empress Maria Theresa. The Vienna porcelain, however, is thicker than the Dresden, the white glazing is not so pure, nor is the painting so good. Some of the men who learnt this process from Stölzel left him from time to time, and either set up themselves, or were induced to set up, at various other places, notably at Höchst, Furstenburg, Frankenthal, Nymphenburg, Baden, and Berlin. The abduction of the Meissen workmen by Frederick the Great, and their establishment at Berlin, was followed up by the grant of State aid and protection, so that the manufacture speedily assumed formidable proportions, and this ware may be said to rank second only to Dresden.

The production of porcelain in Russia dates from 1744, when an establishment was founded at St. Petersburg by Baron Ivan Antinovitch, which was subsequently enlarged by the favour and

support of Catherine II. The Dutch also succeeded in producing excellent ware at the Hague, the Danes at Copenhagen, and the Swiss at Zurich, all about the same period, and all due to the discovery of the secret of the Meissen process.

The celebrated Sèvres works were transferred to that town from St. Cloud, where the manufacture undoubtedly originated so far as France was concerned. It must, however, be borne in mind that Sèvres porcelain was originally soft, *pâte tendre*, and that it did not change to hard until 1769. The St. Cloud works were visited by Dr. Martin Lister in 1698, who spoke in high terms of the specimens which he saw. "I saw the potterie of St. Clou," he writes, "with which I was marvellously well pleased, for I



DIANA CHOOSING AN ARROW
Vienna Porcelain (San Donato Collection)

confess I could not distinguish between the pots made here and the finest China ware I ever saw. There was no moulding or model of China ware which they had not imitated, and had added many fancies of their own, which had their good effects, and appeared very beautiful." From 1727 to 1729 Réaumur turned his attention to the production of porcelain, and obtained a quantity of petuntze and kaolin from China for the purpose of making an attempt to discover similar substances in France. He did not succeed, but there can be no doubt that the researches made by him, and the valuable information he acquired, contributed in a very marked degree to the success eventually attained by the Sèvres

manufactory. The works also, were almost from their initiatory stage singularly fortunate in securing powerful aid and patronage. Louis XIV. and his successor both interested themselves in the matter, giving every possible encouragement to the artists engaged, and Madame de Pompadour went even farther, for she established the Royal Porcelain Manufactory upon its present magnificent scale, and accorded to it an amount of support which placed it once and for all beyond rivalry.

As in the case of Meissen, so chance led, in 1765, to the discovery of kaolin in France. Madame Darnet, the wife of a surgeon at St. Yrieix, discovered in a ravine near the town a white earth which she imagined might be used as a substitute for soap. Her husband sent the specimen to the chemist Macquer, who saw at once that it was kaolin. He immediately proceeded to make the necessary experiments, and the result was the establishment of the manufacture of hard porcelain at Sèvres in 1769.



SÈVRES VASE BY M. LAMEIRE



SÈVRES VASE BY M. MAYEUX

Naturally soft porcelain, *tendre naturelle*, belongs almost exclusively to England, to Chelsea, Bow, Derby, and Worcester, together with a few minor manufactories, whereas the soft porcelain of France, Italy, and Spain, comes under the definition of artificially soft, *tendre artificielle*.

There is ample evidence to prove that the manufacture of porcelain was carried on at Chelsea in the latter half of the seventeenth century, or some thirty or forty years after the first introduction of Oriental porcelain into England, but the manufacture was then very rough, nor did it make any notable progress until George II. and the Duke of Cumberland took it under their special protection, when it advanced with rapid strides. The peculiarity of this ware is that it will not bear any fresh exposure to the heat of a furnace without cracking, so that it is impossible to re-paint any specimen of it. The early forms were based on French models, the later ones on German, and many specimens approach very nearly to the best productions of Sèvres and Dresden, particularly those of the fine claret colour peculiar to Chelsea.

Bow china, which was made at Stratford-le-Bow, is inferior to Chelsea, but quainter in device. The manufacture was principally restricted to tea and dessert sets—the cream jugs invariably having a bee either on the handle or under the spout—and ceased in the early part of the eighteenth century. The Derby porcelain is very beautiful—in colour, a bright blue—but is not equal in point of execution to the Chelsea ware, while the paste of the Worcester production is inferior to both. The original manufacture of this ware was an imitation of the blue and white Nankin, but subsequently both Sèvres and Dresden were laid under contribution for models. In addition to these four principal English establishments there were works at Caughley, near Broseley, where the ware known as Salopian ware was made, at Bristol, at Rotherham, and in Wales at Nantgarow and Swansea.



LARGE VASES

Manufactory of Count Ferniani, at Faenza

We have now reached the final stage of these notes, the artificially soft porcelain of Italy and Spain. Allusion has already been made, in connection with hard pottery, to the *terraglia* made at Doccia, where the Marquis Ginori founded a manufactory in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Two kinds of porcelain are also made there, one made with the kaolin of St. Yrieix, and the other described by M. Brongniart as a hybrid porcelain, that is, a mixture of pottery and porcelain. The early specimens of this ware are singularly good, but the later productions do not present any features of unusual excellence. There were porcelain manufactories, also, at Venice, Turin, and at Bassano, in Lombardy, but the most celebrated of all was the one at Naples, where the exquisite ware, known as Capo di Monte, was produced. It was founded in 1736 by Charles III., who frequently worked in it

himself, and continued in operation until 1821. In Pettigrew's *Memoirs of Nelson*, there occurs a letter in which mention is made of this china. Lord Nelson writes:—"A little circumstance has also happened which does honour to the King of Naples, and is not unpleasant to me. I went to view the magnificent manufactory of china. After admiring all the fine things, sufficient to seduce the money from my pocket I came to some busts in china of all the royal family; these I immediately ordered, and, when I wanted

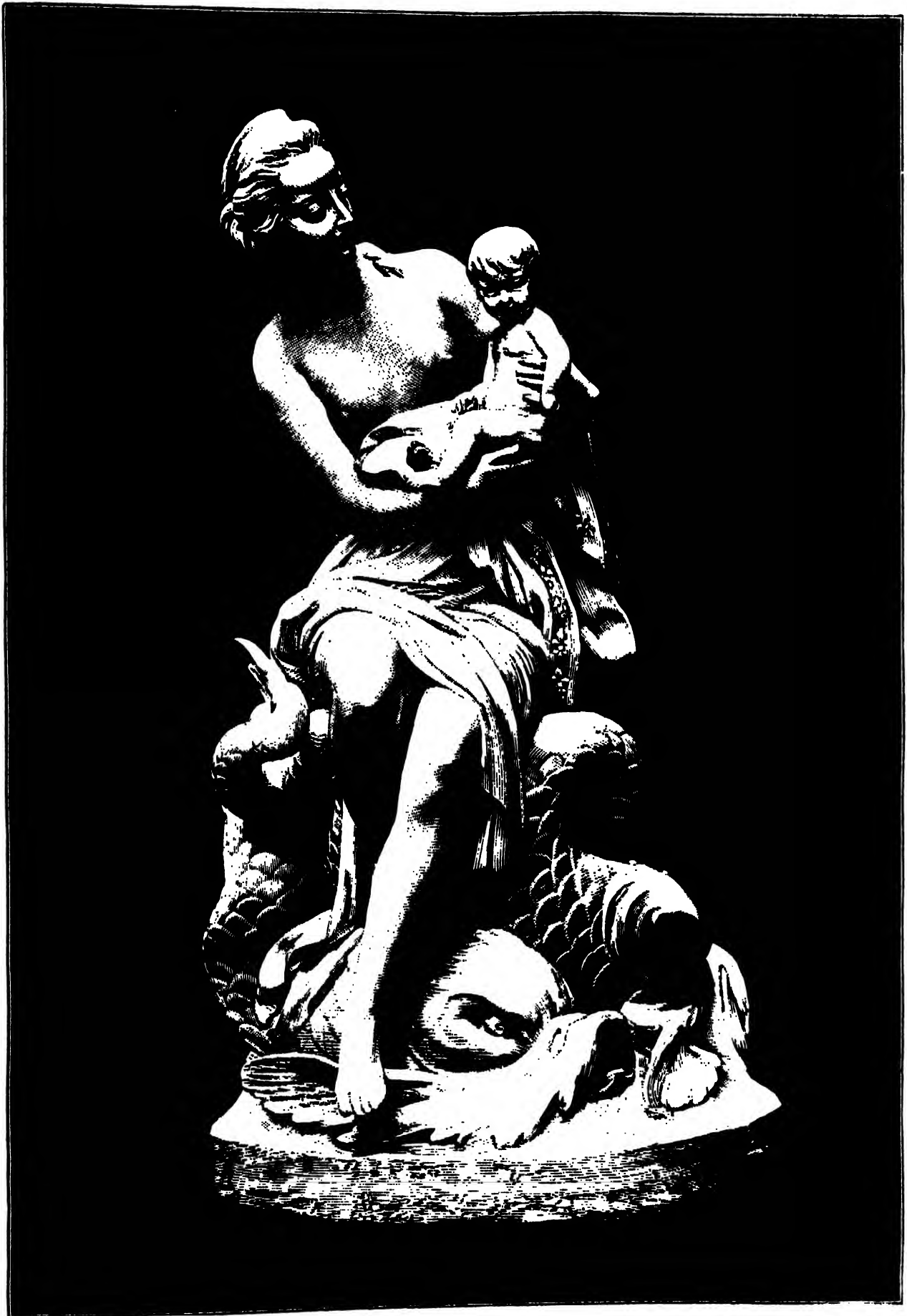


VASE AND STAND
Blue Cameieu

to pay for them, I was informed that the King had directed whatever I chose should be delivered free of all cost: it was handsome of the King!"

The rarest specimens of Capo di Monte are the tea and coffee services of very thin and transparent porcelain, elegant in form and graceful in decoration. Some idea of the value attaching to such specimens may be gathered from the fact that attempts, at first partially successful, were made by the

Chinese to imitate the ware. High prices were in the beginning obtained for the spurious pieces, but the comparative coarseness of the Chinese paste led to a speedy detection of the fraud, and not even the



QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE AND THE FIRST DAUPHIN
Group by Pajou. Reproduced in Sèvres *biscuit*.

proverbial ingenuity of the Celestials could approach any nearer the Capo di Monte excellence than a very close imitation of the ornamentation.

Spain owes the introduction of the manufacture of porcelain also to Charles III. of Naples, who, on his accession to the Spanish throne, took both workmen and models with him. The ware produced at El Buen Retiro consequently bears a very close resemblance to Capo di Monte. Great secrecy appears to have been observed in regard to this establishment, strangers were rigorously excluded, and, at all events during the reign of Charles IV., no specimens were to be found outside the royal palaces, except in the case of a few pieces presented by the King. The veto on the admission of strangers continued down to the period of the destruction of the manufactory by the French in the beginning of the



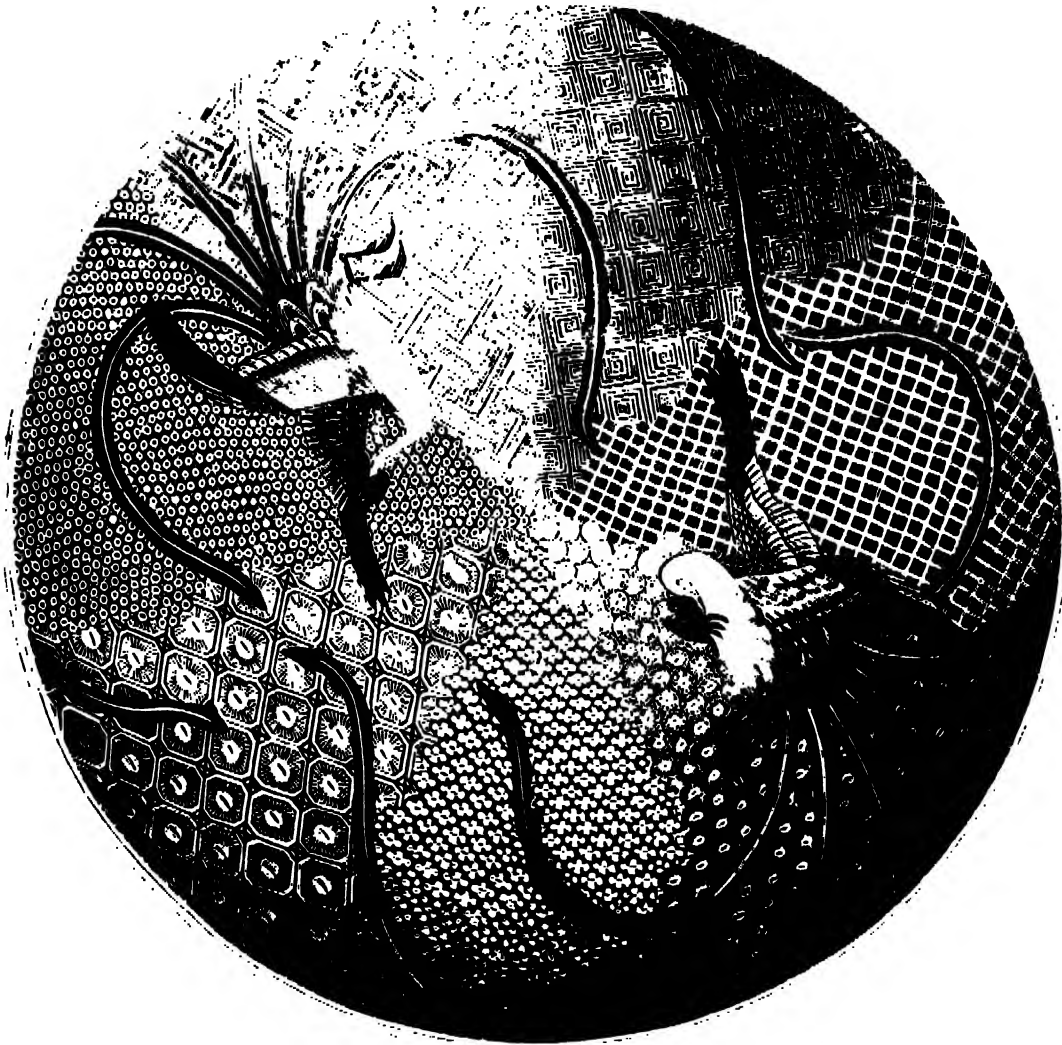
PORCELAIN VASE

Manufactured by the Ko-Ran Sha Company, Arita, Japan (Universal Exhibition of 1878)

present century, for Laborde, who wrote in 1808, remarked that it was impossible to give any description of the state of the royal manufactory, "because admission to the interior is strictly prohibited."

The interest in the manufacture of the superior kinds both of porcelain and pottery very naturally declined when gold and silver plate were substituted for them, but of late years the revival which has taken place in regard to the artistic industries generally in England has had a proportionately beneficial effect on the potter's art, as the mere mention of such names as Minton and Doulton will sufficiently instance. It forms no part of these notes to deal with contemporary productions, but those who wish

to make a closer study of pottery and porcelain would do well to pay a visit to either of the establishments named, and by a study of the reproductions of past glories side by side with example:



ROUSO DISH

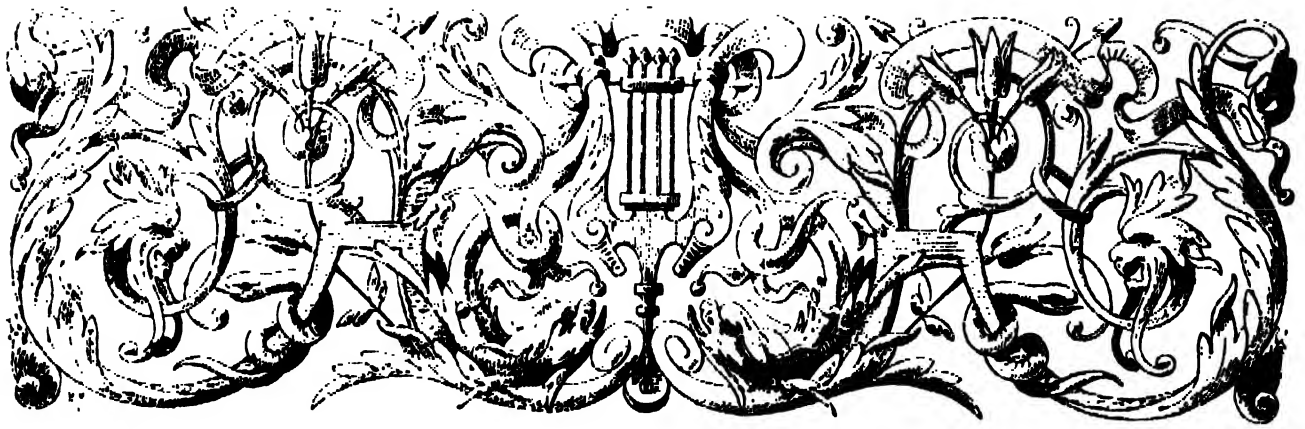
Japanese Porcelain (Museum of Sèvres)

of a newer style, to satisfy himself as to the exceptionally good position which England holds in the current history of the ceramic art.



THE DANCE OF THE MUSES, AFTER RAPHAEL

Plate manufactured at the establishment of Count Ferriani, at Faenza



MODERN FRENCH SCULPTURE



WE have cited the work of Carpeaux and Barye as forming in some sense the source from which the modern sculptors of France have drawn their inspiration. The individual genius of these two men would of itself suffice to account for the influence they exercised over their younger contemporaries, an influence which still makes itself felt in the art of their successors. But the extent and force of their example is not alone dependent upon exceptional wealth of natural endowment.

The place they occupy in the history of the revival of French sculpture is due in quite as great a degree to the principles they professed as to the skill and resource they were enabled to command in giving effect to their own inventions. The career

of each of them has proved instructive and stimulating, not merely in virtue of great accomplishment, but perhaps even more by reason of the new impulse and direction which they gave to the study of their profession. The sculptor's art had languished too long in the exclusive contemplation of the antique, and from the accepted models of style which the classical ideal offered it had not been found possible to produce work which should be acknowledged as a genuine product of modern sentiment and life. It is true that what was then lacking to sculpture might have been derived directly from nature herself, but the revolutions of artistic taste and style bear witness to the fact that no revival has ever come in the first instance from a deeper study of nature, but that this study is always in itself the result of a re-awakened feeling for the beauty of some earlier phase of art. They are therefore the true leaders of revolution, who have the instinct to distinguish from among the achievements of the past, that which will best serve the special needs of their own time. And it is pre-eminently for their services in this regard that Carpeaux and Barye deserve the fame they have won among the sculptors of the French school.

Carpeaux was born at Valenciennes in May, 1827. The period of his apprenticeship was passed in the studios of Rude, Duret, and Abel de Pujol, and as a pupil of the *École des Beaux Arts* he obtained no less than fourteen medals, his success in this sort culminating with the *Prix de Rome*, which he carried off in 1854. To the end of his career he was noted for a certain brusqueness of manner, and there is an anecdote told of his sojourn in Rome, which seems to be characteristic of the man's nature, although by those who knew him well, the roughness of his exterior was held to be only a cloak to cover a gentle and lovable disposition. At the French embassy to which Carpeaux, in virtue of his success was invited as a guest, the quality of the entertainment did not quite satisfy him. "Tell me," he said to the servant who was waiting upon him at dinner, "have you no other wine than this?" The man replied with a polite negative. "They are not extraordinary, these wines of yours," said the sculptor, to which the servant with unruffled courtesy replied, "Monsieur, they content his Excellency." But if we are to credit the sequel to this story, the outraged attendant had his revenge, for when the time came



DANCING.

Fac-simile of a drawing by A. Lançon from the group by Carpeaux (Façade of the New Opera, Paris)

for handing round the salver with rose-water after the feast, he took occasion to explain to the artist that this was not intended to be drunk.

It is remarkable that Carpeaux despite these disadvantages of manner should have afterwards become the accepted sculptor of the Empire. And it is no less noteworthy that his association with an unpopular *régime* should in no wise have injured his reputation among the democrats of the studios.



PAVILION OF FLORA

Fac-simile of a drawing by A. Lançon after Carpeaux

His political failings, however, if such they are to be considered, have been amply atoned for by the exploits of his followers, and if Carpeaux is to be reproached for serving the Empire, Dalou, the most eminent of his pupils, has since made full reparation for the offence. Certain critics, and amongst them M. Jules Claretie, have indeed sought to recognise the sinister influence of the taste and manners of the Empire in the tendencies of the sculptor's art, but this is surely an extravagant exercise of logical

reasoning. Carpeaux's individuality was of too strong a fibre to yield to the vulgar splendours of the epoch for which he was compelled to work, and if we would rightly understand the forces by which it was moulded, we must look rather to the Florence of the Medici than to the Paris of the Third Napoleon. One of his early exhibited works, the spirited group of Ugolino and his children, sufficiently reveals to us the true source of his inspiration. It was Michael Angelo, as we may plainly perceive,

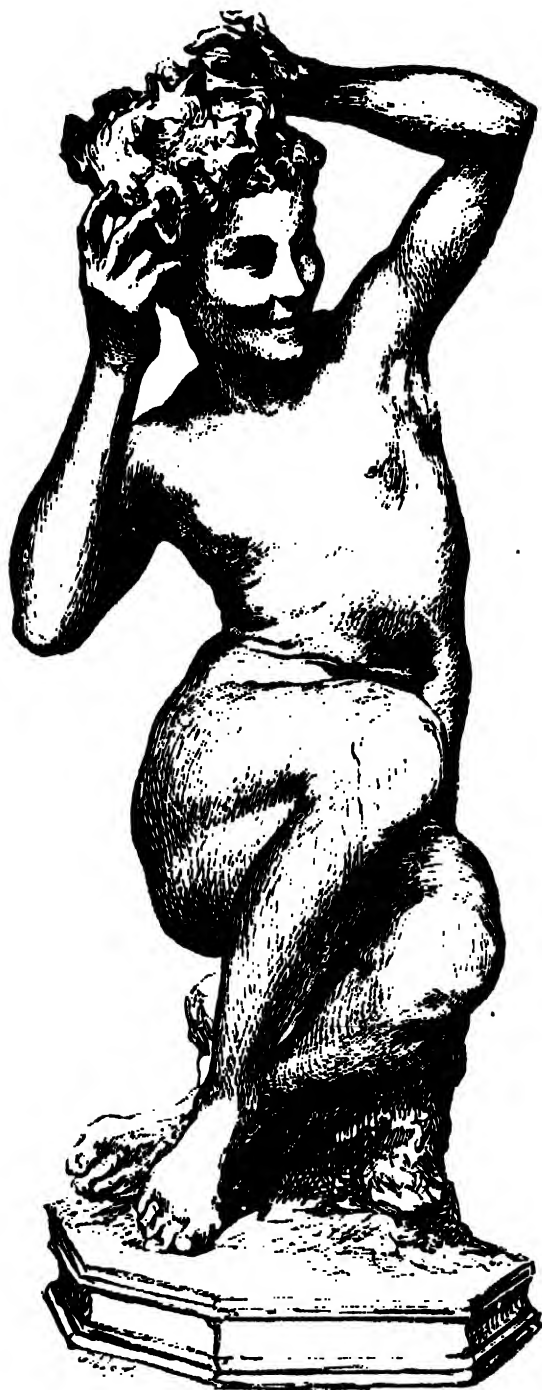


GIRL WITH SHELL.

Facsimile of a drawing by A. Lançon from the plaster model by Carpeaux

to whose example and authority the young sculptor frankly turned for guidance; and although in no later performance is the influence of the great Florentine so emphatically declared, there is in all that he produced a certain sense of energy and movement that could only have been secured by one who in his survey of the past was content to go no further than the Renaissance. It is this frank and powerful assertion of the path which the modern student should take, which entitles Carpeaux to a foremost place among the leaders of the school. And yet the Ugolino is no slavish imitation of another man's

style. The Carpeaux of a later day, such for example as we know him in the author of *The Dance*, is already visible in the subordinate parts of the work, although the peculiar characteristics of his style are for the present held in check. They find freer utterance in *Le Pêcheur à la Coquille* and *La jeune Fille à la Coquille*, a pair of companion figures which serve in several ways as an interesting commentary upon the more youthful and more ambitious experiment. As will often happen with the first serious effort of an artist of talent, Carpeaux had struck a higher note in the *Ugolino* than he ever afterwards reached. He had been carried by the reverence and ardour proper to the period of studentship to a pitch of sentiment and style which he was not destined to maintain. His invention,



GIRL WITH SHELL

Facsimile of a drawing by A. Lançon from the plaster model by Carpeaux

as we know it afterwards, interprets human life with a more familiar touch, and to the tragic spirit of Michael Angelo there succeeds a lighter grace and vivacity that recalls the Frenchmen of the eighteenth century. But even in the least serious of these later exercises we are never in danger of forgetting that the sculptor has learned his lesson in a noble school and that the freedom and audacity of his method have been legitimately won. The decorative composition for the Pavilion of the Louvre representing France presiding over the fortunes of agriculture and science, is in some measure a return to the earlier style, but the result misses the singleness and completeness of impression that belongs to the *Ugolino*. It is the work neither of a student nor of a master, and it for this reason lacks decision and effect.

This was executed in the year 1866, and it was not till three years later that Carpeaux was again employed in the decoration of a public building. Upon the group of dancing figures designed for the façade of the new Opera House his fame as a sculptor may be said chiefly to rest, and yet, upon its appearance, there was more of protest than of praise, both from the public and the critics. Here, as it seemed, was a direct challenge to all the recognised traditions of art. The energy of movement, the vivacity of expression, and the reality of individual character were qualities that came in time to be duly appreciated, but for the moment they were held to denote an audacious contempt for the consecrated principles of sculptural design. There was no repose, there was a lack of dignity, and worse than all, there was no suggestion of classical feeling. The depth of passion excited against Carpeaux and his work is attested by the outrage committed soon after it was set in its place, when some fanatic bespattered the forms with a bottle of corrosive ink. But time has brought its revenges. Carpeaux's group is now no longer in danger, and if the artists of modern Paris were disposed to give vent to their feelings, it is more probable that some of the companion groups by Jouffroy, Guillaume, or Perraud would stand in greater danger of destruction.

It is possible at this distance of time to take a calm view of the questions at issue between the parties to this bitterly contested quarrel. That the event has justified the innovation effected by Carpeaux in the practice of sculpture there can now, we think, be little doubt. It would be easy, of course, to exaggerate the merits of this particular performance, and it may be granted that even according to its own ideal, it falls short of perfection. But the controversy at the time scarcely reached the qualities of individual invention. What exasperated the critics was not the merit or defect of the work, but its motive; and on this point the gifted author of *The Dance* now scarcely stands in need of defence. The value of the movement in sculpture which he initiated is admitted on all hands, and it is mainly due to his influence that the exercise of the art is no longer cabined and confined within the narrow limits that pedantry had agreed to designate as the classic ideal. It has been found by the force of his example that the artist who works in clay may take, if he so chooses, a wide range, and that sculpture, like painting, is susceptible of infinite variety of aim, and that it can fitly employ the most opposite kinds of individual power and invention. Nor has the art suffered any loss of dignity by the discovery. A certain conventional monotony of style has been exchanged for a greater liberty of individual practice, and the artist is no longer permitted to depend upon mere formal tradition. And with the enlargement of the scope and purpose of sculpture, there has come, as a natural consequence, a renewed study of nature. The success of those artists, who, like Carpeaux, are content to interpret the grace and vivacity of human life, have forced others who are inspired by a higher ideal, to put their work to the test of reality, and thus a higher standard of excellence has been secured throughout the entire French school.



DETAIL OF A FRIEZE IN THE PAVILION OF FLORA

By Carpeaux



MONT SAINT MICHEL

II



AFTER having gone round the rock, and completed the ascent of the steep incline which is the only street in the town, the road suddenly takes a sharp turn, and the visitor finds himself face to face with the main entrance to the Abbey.¹ Two round towers, cylindrical at the base, with a projecting course midway, and embattled at the top, inclose a gloomy, almost mysterious staircase, lighted fitfully here and there by narrow slits in the masonry. This entrance, called the Donjon, was constructed towards the end of the sixteenth century by Pierre Le Roy, Abbot of Mont Saint Michel.

The staircase leads to a surbated arch which gives access to the grand vestibule, known as the *Porte des Gardes*, remarkable principally for the beauty of the vaulted roof, the delicate ribs of which are ornamented at each intersection with small roses, and spring from numerous slender columns. In this hall, whose walls were once covered with arm-racks, where rested lances, halberds, and muskets, the vassals of the Abbey met, on certain high days and holy days, in honour of their patron, the Archangel. The *Porte des Gardes* opens to the left on to the principal staircase, and on the right to a passage leading to the Basilique and the Merveille.

The Merveille comprises three stories, as it were, each divided into two large rooms, and all alike architecturally attractive, alternately graceful and imposing, and interesting throughout to the archaeologist, the historian, the poet, and the artist. The first zone of the buildings of the Merveille is called the *Montgommeries*, because under its roof were put to death the ninety-eight followers of the Calvinist leader who attempted to take Mont Saint Michel by surprise, and who was himself captured and handed over to the abbot. The *Montgommeries*, originally called the *Salle des Gardes*, and the *Écuries du Mont Saint Michel*, are splendid and unique specimens of crypts. No more extensive or grander subterranean gallery than the *Montgommeries* exists; it measures more than seventy yards long by twelve broad, and is divided into three long avenues by about twenty low, heavy, squat pillars, some round and some square, which support the huge roof. This base of the Merveille, which has defied fire and every other mode of destruction, was built, in 1117, by Roger II., then abbot. Light is admitted from three sides into the silent vault, once so full of stirring sounds and the movement of the horse and his rider. Nowadays the *Montgommeries*, as well as the rest of the Abbey, is given up to meditation and prayer.

Above the *Montgommeries*, on the east side, the architect of the Merveille placed the refectory of the monks, which dates from 1120, and above that again, the dormitory; on the west, where the stable was, is the *Salle des Chevaliers*, and, to crown that portion of the building, the cloisters. The refectory of Mont Saint Michel is assuredly one of the most beautiful in the world, and it would be difficult to conceive purer or more simple lines of ogival architecture; it measures no less than four hundred and thirty-two square yards. Here, seated with his barons at the monastic table, the proudest monarch of the time Henry II. of England, Duke of Normandy, endowed the Abbey with the churches of Pontorson.

¹ See ART AND LETTERS, Vol. II. p. 252.

The Salle de la Conciergerie, hard by the refectory, formerly so beautiful, is now sadly mutilated, and stands in urgent need of the restoration which has been carried into effect in other parts of the structure. The dormitory, which, as we have already said, occupies the upper portion of the section of the Merveille, and looks towards Avranches, is a vast space dating from the fourteenth century; but the ravages inflicted upon it have been restored so injudiciously that it is now remarkable only for its beautiful proportions.

The Salle des Chevaliers is over the stables; here again the union of elegance with strength in the architecture gives a true realisation of combined nobility and beauty. There is an absence of any approach to excess in the details of ornamentation; sobriety reigns throughout, and though a casual observer might perhaps consider the general effect somewhat too severe, a critical eye will at once perceive how admirably the architecture is in keeping with the character of the room. During the bellicose and feudal period of the existence of Mont Saint Michel, the Salle des Chevaliers was used

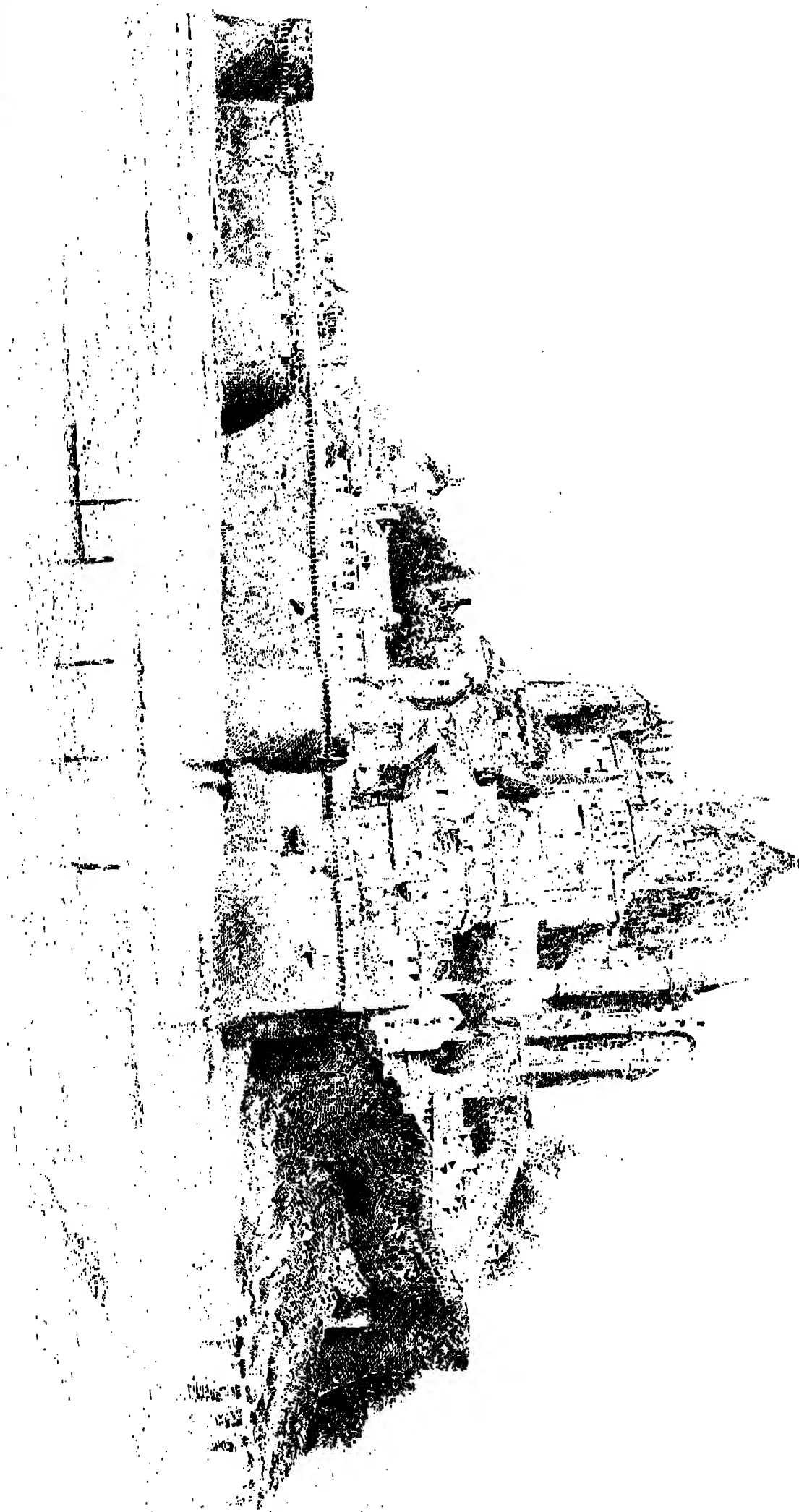


INSIDE THE CLOISTERS (WEST SIDE OF LA MERVEILLE)

Engraved by Puyplat

as a dining hall for the heroes who enlisted under the banner of the Archangel, for their councils of war, and for the reception of new knights. Louis XI., who had a special talent for framing rules and regulations, when he created the Order of Saint Michel, ordained that on the 29th of September in each year, the *fête* day of the Archangel, a Chapter of Knights should be held in the room. The ceremonies began on the evening previous, when the knights, robed in long damask cloaks, bordered with ermine, embroidered in gold, and ornamented with silver shells, attended vespers. On the following morning they heard mass in the same costume, and the proceedings terminated with a banquet in the Salle. Each knight, on his investiture, received from the king the gold collar of the Order, ornamented with shells, and a medallion representing the combat between the Archangel and the Devil, with the appropriate and happily chosen device, *Immensi Tremor Oceani!* The Salle was decorated in true heraldic fashion, each stall of carved wood being surmounted by shields, banners, trophies, and the arms of the knights of the Order from the time of its creation to the institution by

Y. 2. 2. 2.



• THE ABBEY OF MONT SAINT MICHEL, GENERAL VIEW OF THE EAST SIDE
Drawn by Henry Scott

Henry III. of the Order of the Saint Esprit, which held the foremost place in the estimation of the monarch, and was the height of the ambition of his courtiers. Over each stall was also the helmet, with its plume, of the occupant. Under the reign of Louis Philippe the Salle was converted into a convict establishment; rogues and vagabonds succeeded the haughty barons, and the Chevaliers of Saint Michel gave place to *chevaliers d'industrie*.

An inner staircase leads from this hall to what has not inaptly been called the *merveille de la Merveille*—the cloisters of the Abbey, built by Raoul de Villedieu in the year 1228, the most flourishing period of ogival architecture. It is a small, square court, about three hundred feet above the level of the sea, and apparently suspended, as it were, between the sky and the water. It is inclosed by a quadruple gallery, formed of graceful columns, and so alternated that each pointed arch, borne up by two of these columns, seems to be cut by a third at the point of intersection of the two arches. By reason of this ingenious artifice, the hundred and twenty columns of the cloisters are so interwoven one with the other that they seem to be much more numerous than they really are. They do not measure more than six inches in diameter, and four in height from base to capital, and the pointed arch uniting each pair is not more



THE DORMITORY
Drawn by Henry Scott

than a foot; the shafts are of granite, and the arches of Caen stone, similar to that of which Westminster Abbey is constructed. We must not omit to mention that the roses used in the ornamentation of the cloisters are masterpieces of sculpture and design; the frieze is also worthy of special notice.

From the cloisters access is had, through the Salle des Chevaliers, to the dungeons, a transition from paradise to the infernal regions, and thence to the Vestibule des Voûtes, also called the Crypte de l'Aquilon. To the left of this crypt there is a narrow but lofty gallery leading to the cemetery of the monks, a vast space surmounted by a low roof, from which in former days the water from a cistern fell, drop by drop, with measured cadence into a granite basin. To the right of the Vestibule des Voûtes is the Promenoir—half Roman, half Gothic—constructed by Robert du Mont in the last year of the twelfth century. It is a melancholy spot, little calculated to turn the monks aside from their pious meditations.

The Basilique of Mont Saint Michel is picturesque, but that is all that can be said in its favour; the choir, of the perpendicular style of architecture, is its most remarkable feature. The monks call it the Grand-Œuvre, but it has been robbed of so many of its accessories—the high altar, the lectern, and the

stalls—that it has lost a considerable portion of its claim to the title. Some of the bas-reliefs, however, are worthy of notice, as are the series of small chapels surrounding the choir, especially that dedicated to the Virgin.

The Abbey sustained another severe loss when its peal of nine bells was bestowed upon the Cathedral of Coutances, but it retains one bell called the *Cloche du Brouillard*, on account of its being rung at intervals when the Mont is enveloped in fog. One of the nine bells, which was christened *Rollin*, is still remarkable for its deep, sonorous tone, which must have sounded strangely solemn when heard over the expanse of the surrounding sea. From the *Basilique* a gateway leads to what was the Library,



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH

Drawn by Henry Scott

built in the seventeenth century. Learned books, due to the research of the Benedictines, are still to be found bearing the inscription—

"Ex Libris St. Michaelis in periculo maris."

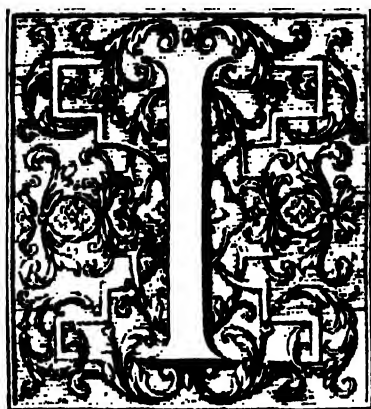
In this room Daniel Huet, the celebrated Bishop of Avranches, pursued his studies so perpetually and with so much assiduity, that the inhabitants of his diocese are said to have resolved upon petitioning the king to give them a bishop who had finished his studies, "for," said they, "when we go to speak to the one we have, his servants invariably send us away with the excuse, 'Monseigneur is studying!'"

From the Library there is a staircase down to the *Crypte des Gros-Piliers*, the roof of which has to bear the weight of the choir and apsis of the *Basilique*. Round the crypt are five chapels, and from it another staircase leads to the *Plomb-du-Chevet*, or *Tour des Chapelles*, a prolongation of the old dungeons, and thence upwards to the two *Tours des Fous*, from which a magnificent view is to be had of the buildings of the Mont, the marshes of Dol and Pontorson, the plains of Beauvoir, the shifting sandhills of Courtils, and farther away the promontory of Avranches, a varied and beautiful scene, which, when taken in conjunction with the Mont itself, is absolutely unique.



ORIGINAL DRAWING

ULYSSE BUTIN



IN continuation of the series of original drawings by eminent artists, we publish this month an interesting crayon study by Butin, for one of his pictures illustrating the life of the Normandy Coast. It is the figure of a fisherman's son carrying an offering to one of the little churches whither the sea-faring folk of France are wont to repair before trusting themselves to the perils of the sea. In aim and method it affords a striking contrast to the delicate studies by Mr. Richmond which we have recently presented to our readers. M. Butin is a realist who seeks to embody in art the characteristic occupations of modern life. He was a close observer of the habits of a particular class, and of the scenes in which they labour. He loves

the sea and the toilers of the sea, and he goes directly to nature for the types that he employs in giving dramatic effect to his designs. There is nothing fanciful or ideal in the face or form of this simple peasant lad, nor would these qualities, even if they lay within the artist's reach, serve the particular purpose of this work. Every phase of art has its own conditions, and its appropriate material, and in the pursuit of character it is not always possible to achieve the kind of beauty that we may rightly expect to find in the illustration of an imaginative subject. Indeed, it may be said with truth, that the attempt to combine these opposite ideals is the source of much of the failure of modern painting. In scenes that demand the stamp of an absolute reality the artist is too often disposed to sacrifice character to mere prettiness, and to lose individuality and force in the desire to import into the design a kind of beauty that does not belong to the material he has chosen for his design. And yet a beauty of its own all work that is sincere of purpose may rightly claim; and there is sometimes a danger lest in the determination to avoid what is trivial, the artist should be tempted to push character to the verge of deformity. The English public has recently enjoyed an opportunity of seeing for themselves the collected works of a certain school of French painters against whom this reproach may fairly be brought. The Impressionists, whose achievements are fairly represented in the Exhibition opened by Messrs. Dowdeswell, strive to assert their superior fidelity to nature by giving emphasis to what is least lovely in the world about them. They are so anxious to protest against the sort of trivial prittiness that so often finds a place in the painting of genre, that they will admit into their ideal scarcely anything that does not savour of deformity. They far outstrip nature herself in the creation of ugliness, and all in order to establish their devotion to nature. M. Butin is not of this company. He seeks character without exaggeration, and where the scope of his design admits the study of beauty, he does not turn from it as though it were something alien to the life of art.



SKETCH BY ULYSSE BUTIN FOR HIS PICTURE "EX VOTO"



A PAINTER'S BEQUEST

BY ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

I HAD ridden up to Ronda from Malaga through that grand but little known pass, the gorge of El Burgo, and had established myself in the roomy hostelry of Juan el Polo opposite the Bull-ring. The season was the early spring-time, a month or so before the great fair. The hills far and near took violet hues, the sky was like sapphire, the land jewelled with blossoming flowers. The place was for a moment a landscape painter's paradise, and I was soon at my sketching easel working away with a will.

A day or two after my arrival I was ensconced in the ravine below what had been the Moorish king's palace, when I heard my name called from above.

"Don Federigo!" and looking up saw the burley form of Juan el Polo, the worthy host of the Fonda del Sol.

He came to tell me that there was a compatriot of mine, an English seior, lying at the point of death in the inn. The doctors said the gentleman was very ill. A priest had been sent for, but the sick man would not receive him, declaring he was a heretic, "which God and the Holy Virgin forbid," said pious Polo, crossing himself. What the Englishman hungered for was not the ghostly counsel of a shaveling, but to hear his own native tongue once more before he died.

"Then they came to me, *Seior Mio*," continued Polo, "knowing that my unworthy house which—with all that it contains, is absolutely at your worship's disposal—was often honoured by strangers, and they thought perchance that I might harbour some travelling Englishman from the great rock, or beyond the seas. *Santo Varon!* I cried, I have the very man, so I came at once to your worship, knowing you had a sympathetic heart."

I naturally went with him at once, and walking into the town, presently stopped in front of a house on the far side of the Plaza, into which, after the usual inquiry, "*Quien es?*" we were admitted and ushered up stairs.

The room we entered was a great, big, barn-like place, which served its occupant for all purposes. It was at once work room, living room, bedroom, and sick room. There was an easel near one of the narrow windows which looked down upon the Vega and the fertile valley watered by the Xenil; near it a rude table and one or two straw bottomed chairs. Canvases leaning against the wall, rough sketches in charcoal upon the whitewashed walls, a lay figure in the corner, and the hundred and one odds and ends of a painter's craft satisfied me that my sorely-stricken compatriot was also a brother of the brush. He himself, poor fellow, lay upon a stretcher-bed, drawn near a second window, and was gazing up with lack lustre, yet yearning eyes at the slice of beautiful blue sky just visible above.

"I am an Englishman," I said at once, as the best way to introduce myself, at which he stretched a wasted hand across the coarse yellow coverlet and said:

"It is very good of you, my dear sir, very good of you to take pity on me. I shall hardly live to repay you, I fear."

I sought to reassure him, talking as pleasantly as I could of the benefit the warmer weather would do him, and seeking to convey hopes I was in truth far from realising, but he interrupted me querulously:

"I haven't the slightest chance; I know it only too well. Would they have brought me their greasy priest except the case was hopeless? The black browed, cringing impostor! Faugh! I sent him about his business pretty quick; you will do me much more good. But tell me first—I am not trespassing too much on your good nature? You can spare a few moments now and then until—until I go out of this accursed world."

The man's pitiable condition did not affect me so much as his words. These were spoken in a tone as harsh and defiant as was their meaning, and I felt sure that this recklessness was aggravated, if not prompted by some poignant remorse.

He began to inspire me with a certain repugnance, and yet it would have been the grossest inhumanity to desert him. So I readily promised to sit with him and tend him as long as my companionship gave him pleasure.

He again stretched his hand out and thanked me with a look that spoke volumes.

"I cannot bear to be much alone, that is the truth. I dread the long days, still more the long interminable nights. I yearn then for the end, yearn passionately for black death. One night they found me hanging half out of that window"—the house stood above a dizzy precipice—"and dragged me back to linger and linger hopelessly on."

"You must not give way to such despair as this," I said, and strove to win him to other subjects. "You are, like myself, a painter, I see."

"Ah! you are an artist," he said eagerly. "May I ask your name?"

I told him, but he shook his head as if disappointed.

"I don't know it; but I mean no disparagement of course. It is now some years since I ceased to take an active part in the art world. Have you heard of me, Craven Charter?"

"What Magna Charter?" and I saw by the smile which passed over his thin lips that my knowledge of his nickname and its evident survival was a compliment which he appreciated.

"I am not quite forgotten then," he said, and half closed his eyes, with a pleased expression, as if recalling the past.

To me, however, if he was famous, it was not altogether in a good sense. I did remember him as the Magna Charter, the young Academy student of such great promise, who had gained his ambitious sobriquet and the gold medal in the same year. I had heard of his early success, and seen and admired his youthful work—really strong and fine pictures many of them. But all that I knew of the man himself was as a soured, gloomy, morose creature, whom no one saw or heard much of. He lived far out of the way in some wild western suburb, quite beyond the busy world. Some said he was married, some denied it and sneered.

All, however, were agreed that he was a man of fine talents, cursed by a jealous temperament, grudging others the fame they bravely conquered by strenuous effort, and apostrophising his own ill-luck, which was really nothing more than his want of perseverance and adaptability to the ways of the world.

He was the first to break the silence, and it was with an eager request for news of those art circles he had never frequented, but which he hungered after in exile and far away.

I repeated such of the current gossip as I remembered, told him of the great picture that had been the success of the year, of the most recent elections to the Academy, of certain extraordinary sales at Christie's, and the high prices given for pictures, some of his among the rest.

Frequently he interrupted me with bitter interjections and querulous cross-grained complaints.

"What, that idiot Johnson! He paint a fine picture he wasn't fit to blacken my boots. Do you mean to say that they have actually elected Robinson? Well that shows what toadyism can do!"

It was only when he heard of the money given for his own work that he ceased to sneer, and even then he added:

"Those ruffianly dealers! Why Pettigrew only paid me a fiftieth part of that sum."

We chatted on thus for half an hour or more, and then finding that our talk had greatly fatigued him, I got up to say good-bye.

"You will come again," he said eagerly, as he held my hand.

"Come often, whenever you possibly can. It is the greatest treat to me."

Of course I promised, and I faithfully kept my word. Charter lingered on for several days. But gradually he grew weaker and weaker, and the Spanish *medico*, who had done his best to hasten dissolution by copious bleedings every other day, at last told me that the end was close at hand. Once more they suggested a visit from El Padre Cura. But Charter was more violent than ever in his refusal to see a priest.

"I am a heretic," he cried more than once. "Send rather for a notary, I wish to make my will."

In due course the man of law arrived, accompanied by his *escribano*, and Charter dictated his last wishes.

They surprised me greatly. In a few brief words the dying man bequeathed all that he was possessed of to me.

I rose and protested.

"No," he said; "do not refuse to accept this small acknowledgment of your great kindness to me. I have not much to leave you. There is only my old studio in Hammersmith, and the lumber which it contains. Still, it is a freehold, and you may value it by and by."

"But surely you have some relations—others who have more claim than an utter stranger like myself?"

An angry flush crossed his white wasted cheek. "Not a soul," he cried; "I am utterly alone in the world."

It was a delicate subject to approach, but I hinted that I knew he had been married. He interrupted me abruptly.

"I was, but she left me," and again his face flushed with anger.

There was an awkward pause, which was broken by the notary's voice inquiring whether the *caballero* had any further commands.

"Read what you have written," said Charter. "Yes—that will do. Call in witnesses, and I will sign!"

The deed having been duly signed, sealed and delivered, was carried off by the notary to be filed, according to law, in the archives of his office. Later on a certified copy was transmitted to my lawyers in England, and the will being deemed valid, I took out letters of administration to the estate.

A few lines will suffice to describe the melancholy end of poor Charter. He died the same night holding my hand in his. He

hardly spoke again after the notary had left us, but once or twice I seemed to hear the whispered sound of a woman's name, and "Hester! Hester!" was on his lips when he breathed his last.

Some months later I returned to London, and as I had resolved to spend the winter there, I proposed to take possession of my new heritage. Accordingly leaving bag and baggage at Victoria Station, I took the underground to Hammersmith, and walked out to examine poor Charter's studio. The keys were kept at a house-agent's in the High Street, and were delivered over to me on my establishing my identity.

"The place is empty then?" I asked.

"Most undoubtedly," was the reply; "but an old woman in our employ has been there regularly to dust and keep all straight."

"Is it fit for immediate occupation?"

"Surely you don't think of living there," said the house-agent, with a surprised and rather scared look.

"Why not? I wish to spend some months in London, and I may as well live in my own house."

"Of course if you have made up your mind, sir, there's an end of it," replied the agent with a shrug of the shoulders.

I took the keys and started off to inspect my property. The studio stood alone in a narrow piece of garden ground some fifty yards from the main road. The nearest houses were half a dozen tiny villas all somewhat dilapidated, and many to let. Beyond them was a builder's yard with a few ramshackle worm-eaten sheds. Then came a cottage evidently uninhabited, with a battered door and many broken panes.

Nothing could well be drearier than the aspect of my garden. It was surrounded by a high brick wall to which the damp had imparted a dull purple tone. Great masses of creepers clung to the wall, and their long tendrils drooped over, threatening to throttle you as you passed. High above all, one or two woe-begone trees raised their trunks, blackened with city smoke. The footpath was encumbered by heaps of fallen leaves. Here and there were brick-bats, and bits of broken boughs. The desolation was made more complete by a prostrate statue which had fallen from its pedestal, and which lay across the path, looking like the headless torso of some unfortunate human being who had come to an untimely end.

The studio was entered through a porch in a sheltered corner some distance from the gate. There was an outer and an inner door. Then came a narrow hall, on the right of which was the kitchen, in front a tiny sitting room, between which and the kitchen was a small staircase leading to a bedroom above. But these small apartments were but the *annexe* or *summa* of the vast studio which opened to the left of the hall.

The desolation without was nothing to that within. The studio was crowded with furniture of all sorts, yet it possessed that strange feeling of emptiness which characterises all rooms long untenanted. A feeling of utter loneliness, not unmingled with dread, fell upon me as I stood there and looked around. There was not a sound or a movement, not a sign of life as it seemed within walls. All was cold, dreary, silent as the tomb. In a minute or two, however, I dismissed all foolish fears, and began to take stock of the place. To a painter, a fellow worker's studio is always interesting, and I was able to realise at a glance how great had been poor Charter's power: how broad his experience, how catholic his tastes. The studio, as I have said, was of immense proportions, and easily accommodated several enormous easels. On these were canvases in various stages towards completion. One was a grand scriptural subject of Belshazzar's Feast. Another was a beautiful pastoral landscape after the manner of old Wilson; a third and a fourth were Spanish subjects, proving that poor Charter was no unworthy disciple of the school of John Phillip.

Various busts in modelling clay, and a figure, heroic size, of St. Simeon Stylites proved that he was no mean adept at the sculptor's art. In among these silent witnesses to Charter's talents were the thousand and one properties and belongings of his art: a mass of draperies, Oriental rugs, Spanish mantas, Venetian brocades, Japanese silks, a leopard skin, Oriental and other armour, hanging Persian lamps, and innumerable plaster casts.

In one corner of the room stood a throne covered with green baize, and upon it a lay-figure, still draped in the flowing robes of a Roman matron. All round the studio ran high shelves literally loaded with nondescript articles—an Indian hookah stood alongside an Etruscan vase, next were some brilliant azulejo tiles, then came several of Contrera's beautiful plaster reproductions of the Alhambra. There were also a number of pieces of exquisite French *fameuse*, many framed oil sketches evidently by Charter's own hand, and the heterogeneous collection was completed by a number of quaint musical instruments including a zither, a mandoline, a lute, a Stradivarius violin, and an old Spanish guitar. The furniture was in keeping with the rest. There was a quaint old Eastern divan probably from Damascus, a couple of magnificent Louis Seize chairs, a marqueterie cabinet, quite full of blue and other valuable china, and a Clippendale bureau, which must have been worth quite a hundred pounds.

I had been so much interested in examining the contents of this wonderful studio, that time had flown unconsciously by. But as I wanted to take up my residence there that night, it was necessary to make a closer inspection of the living rooms without further delay. I went up stairs and found that there was a bed and ample bedding, also all necessary toilet appliances. One of the keys opened a wardrobe where there were sheets and blankets put away. The room was tidy, having obviously been swept and garnished by the care taker, by whom no doubt the coals had also been left to kindle occasional fires. I set to work at the grate and soon got up a blaze, before which I laid out the bedding to air, throwing open the window at the same time. While thus engaged I heard a ring at the bell and went to the studio door. No one was there, so I passed on to the garden gate. An aged dame in a dilapidated hat and feathers, bobbed me a curtsy and said:

"Ax your pardon, sir, for giving you the trouble to come out here. 'Twan't necessary, there's a pull handle in the bedroom, and another in the studdy, which lifts the latch of this gate. But there, you couldn't be expected to know that; I'll show you the bell handles when I gets inside."

"Well, and what can I do for you, my good woman?" I asked.

"Muster Freshneys, the house agents, sent me, sir. I'm the person as had charge of the studdy. They thought as you might like to see me."

"Yes, yes, come in," I said. "You did not actually occupy the house?" I observed, as we re-entered and proceeded together to examine the various parts.

"Lor' sakes, no, sir, I durs'n't. It be so fearsome and lonely."

"I don't mind that. I'm accustomed to be a good deal by myself."

"You can't be thinking of living here yourself?"

"That's just what I am."

"Never, sirc. You'd best not."

"Why not?"

"Oh! I can't tell you. It's--it's--so fearsome and lonely," she repeated. "Now don't go and live there, there's a deary." She put her hand on my arm to emphasise what she said, and was evidently much in earnest in her entreaty.

"Is it haunted?" I asked, laughingly. "By whom? By the ghost of a colourman who could not get his bill paid? or a model, perhaps, returns from the other world to pose; or the lay-figure

comes to life and plays dance music on the mandoline? Has any one seen the ghost?"

"You may joke, master, but it ain't no laughing matter. There was some foul work done here a year or two back, and the memory of it clings to this lonesome place."

"Foul work? connected with its late owner? Explain yourself," I asked, with some sharpness.

The old woman shook her head and refused, in spite of my entreaties to be more explicit. I plainly saw that I could expect no solution of the mystery, if mystery there were, from her. So I sent her about her business, after extracting a promise from her that she would return next morning to make my bed.

"You won't want to sleep here twice, master," she muttered, as a parting shot. "But I'll come. Maybe I sha'n't see you here, tho'. Leave the key at Muster Freshney's, will you, if so be you run away."

With an inward resolve to stand my ground whatever happened, I bade her begone. Then returning to the house, I spent the rest of the afternoon in turning over poor Charter's artistic treasures. They were so numerous that I began to wonder what I should do with them. Already since his death his work had increased in value a hundredfold, and these pictures of his in the studio would have fetched a considerable sum at Christie's. The *bric-à-brac*, moreover, was worth much money if properly disposed of, and it was quite clear to me that the deceased painter had left me a rich legacy, whatever drawbacks there might be to the studio house.

I was really too much engrossed by all I saw to be greatly disquieted by the old woman's mysterious hints about the place. Towards evening I went back to Victoria, dined there, and by and by returned to Hammersmith for the night.

When I reached it, although the same death-like stillness reigned around, the studio looked far less forlorn and forbidding than in the broad daylight. Gas lamps ended in the main street, but there could be no darkness under the rays of a bright autumnal moon nearly at the full. The light was pale and rather weird, but it filled up the scars and raggedness of the neglected premises, and gave the place breadth and substance with its strong shadows.

Guided by the moonlight I easily gained the front door. Once inside, with just a passing glance at the studio I went up stairs, lit the fire which was laid in my bedroom, and turned into bed.

I had been asleep for several hours, as it seemed, when I was aroused by the sound of the outer door-bell. It rang out so clear and distinct in the stillness of the night that I could not have dreamt it, and while I lay there wondering whether it was a runaway or a real but somewhat unseasonable visitor, the bell sounded again. Almost instinctively I pulled the handle near my bedside, forgetting that by so doing I was surrendering the privacy of my domain. Next minute I had hurried on my clothes, and was down waiting at the hall or inner door. I need not open this, my inner line of protection, without satisfying myself that the intrusion was harmless, if strange.

Almost immediately I heard a gentle rap on the door. It was repeated louder and with seeming insistence before I inquired--

"Who's there?"

No answer came, but as the raps went on increasing in feverish eagerness, I felt that such importunity could not be denied.

I turned the key in the lock, withdrew the bolt, and lifted the latch. The door swung slowly back, and gave entrance to a shadowy female figure, a woman all in black, with a shawl worn hoodwise and concealing her face.

Without taking the slightest notice of me she brushed quickly past, so close that I wondered why I did not feel the *frottement* of her skirt, and went into the studio. Thither I followed, to question her and obtain some explanation of her rather peculiar proceedings.

The moon was just at this time high in the heavens, and its light, pouring in through the great glass windows in the roof, flooded every corner with radiance, and every object was plainly but rather vaguely visible. The white statues loomed large and ghost-like, the colour was half faded out of the pictures, their frames had a silvery sheen, the heaps of drapery upon the divan and on the floor might have been groups of recumbent figures asleep.

What had become of my visitor? The stillness of the night was quite unbroken; there was not a sound of movement, and I concluded that she had thrown herself into one of the arm chairs before the great cavernous hearth, upon which a small fire still flickered.

But no, she was not seated there. I stood in the doorway and my eyes wandered to and fro about the studio in search of her.

They fell upon her at length close by the throne. I saw her ascend it, and with a hasty, anxious movement examine the folds of the lay-figure's drapery—then move one of the arms slightly, as if to regain a lost position. After this she stepped lightly to the floor and surveyed the figure from a distance, re-ascending and descending again and again, until she seemed perfectly satisfied that the pose was correct. Next she passed lightly to a far-off corner, thence extracted an ordinary blue duster, turned up her sleeves, and proceeded vigorously to tidy and put things to rights. Her fingers, long, white and wan, moved lightly amidst the delicate *bric-à-brac*. Her movements were ceaseless, her energy hysterical, and yet the disorder and chaos remained much the same as before. This long neglected studio was an Augean stable of untidiness, and something more substantial than these ghostly hands was needed to restore order to its heterogeneous contents.

As I stood there, and watched her, the poor creature, with a heavy, quite audible sigh, abandoned the task as hopeless, and sank into a chair.

Her face was now turned towards me, and I could plainly distinguish her features. They were worn and emaciated, no doubt by anguish and trouble, but they still bore the signs of early beauty, and were clean-cut and regular. Her face was chiefly remarkable for the wistful, patient look in her violet eyes, which were full of that uncomplaining affection we see in some dumb animals when subjected to ill-usage by those they love.

My visitor did not allow herself to be idle long. With the startled look of a child surprised in doing something wrong, she jumped to her feet and bent all her energies to her former task.

Half an hour had passed thus: she busily employed, I watching her from the door. As yet I had not spoken to her; I cannot tell why, except that I was filled with some vague, indefinable feeling of awe and astonishment by which my tongue was tied. But the woman's movements were so natural, her whole appearance so real and unghostlike, that I gradually became more re-assured, and after a further long pause I entered the studio and went straight towards her.

"Pardon me," I said, "but surely there must be some mistake. Have you been in the habit of coming here to dust the studio? Surely not at this extraordinary hour?"

My remarks were entirely unheeded, and I repeated them.

"I really must beg of you," I went on, "to withdraw."

Still no answer came; and with this long continued silence my former sense of dread returned. The woman's back was towards me, her head was bent down over a picture which she seemed to be either cleaning or examining closely. I was now determined to attract her attention, notwithstanding the strangeness of her proceedings, and I accordingly stretched forth my hand to place it on her shoulder, when she turned and slowly passed me without paying me the slightest attention.

"Stay," I said, and again stretched out my hand.

Instead of a warm, living arm, it encountered nothing but

empty air, and with a sudden thrill of horror I realised that I had to deal with some supernatural visitor from the unseen world.

The shock was so great that I fell upon the divan, and for a time lost consciousness. How long I remained thus I shall never know, but it seemed hardly a moment; and when I came to, all the mysterious conditions remained the same. The ghostly figure was still in the studio, but she had found fresh employment. She was now seated at the old bureau, evidently left unlocked by Charter with all an artist's characteristic carelessness, and with the readiness of one informed as to all its mechanism, was ransacking the papers in its drawers.

Collectors of old furniture know that Chippendale, Sheraton, and most of the famous cabinetmakers were particularly clever in devising secret receptacles. Any one who passes down Wardour Street and examines an ancient writing table with the eyes of a possible buyer will certainly find the seller unfold some cleverly contrived drawer as a proof of its excellence. Charter's bureau evidently owned several, and the searcher knew the secret of them all. She pulled out one after another: touched a knob here and removed a piece of wood there, in each case betraying an inner hiding place filled chiefly with rubbish. Everything she found she turned over and examined nervously, throwing aside what did not please her as quickly as she took it up. Papers were the object of her keenest search. Whenever she came across a bundle of documents she became much excited—even for a ghost—and tossed them out with feverish haste.

Suddenly she seemed to come upon the object of her search. She had laid hands upon a bundle of papers tied with a faded blue ribbon and lying in a kind of well in the centre of the *escritoire*. At sight of these she grew wildly agitated, and untying the knot, spread out the papers before her and combed them closely one by one. This done, she again fastened the bundle and restored it to its place: then she rose from her seat, moved towards the door, took one parting glance at the studio, passed out into the porch and disappeared.

It was some time before I fully realised that I was alone: even then I doubted whether the whole occurrence was not some horrible dream. I was glued to my seat, and, as if quite worn out by the night's excitement, I seemed incapable of going back to bed. An hour or two must have passed thus; but at length I dragged myself up stairs, and passed the remainder of the night in a feverish, disturbed state, from which I awoke quite unrefreshed.

The old care-taker came early, and I could see from the look she gave me was keenly desirous of knowing how I had passed the night. I would not gratify her curiosity, however, but pretended that I had never slept better in all my life. I bade her do all that was necessary, and after she had got me my breakfast and cleaned up the place I sent her about her business, telling her to come again on the following day.

The calm, quiet moments of the forenoon, to most men the best part of the day for hard thinking and all kinds of brain work, I devoted to deep cogitations. Who and what was this mysterious visitor to the studio? Evidently some one having at some time or other the habit, possibly the right to enter it freely, and fully acquainted with every nook and crevice, every item of the nondescript heterogeneous collection with which it was crammed. The ease and readiness with which she had laid bare all the secrets of the old bureau proved that she knew all about it and its contents.

Why should I not do the same? If I could only discover the secret drawer which contained the bundle of papers, and peruse them I should no doubt become possessed of a clue to the whole extraordinary affair.

Next minute I was seated at the old desk engaged upon a careful and methodical inspection. I pulled out the drawers one by one; opened the lid of the writing slope; removed the pillars

of the pigeon holes opposite—in short examined every receptacle, seen or unseen, which my knowledge and experience of the tricks of this class of old furniture enabled me to lay bare. I was thus busily engaged the greater part of the day. Yet my search was entirely fruitless. I had not the secret of the one receptacle which held the documents, and it was so far impossible for me to lay my hands upon them.

I was nevertheless resolved to have them. If the worst came to the worst I would call in a cabinetmaker and have the bureau demolished—taken to pieces inch by inch, with such mathematical precision that no portion of inner space could possibly escape observation. But before proceeding to this extremity I determined, not without some nervous compunction, to try the simpler expedient of watching another night. If the ghost—and such I felt convinced my visitor was—returned to the studio, she would probably again examine the bureau. If so I could either seize the papers—if I dared—or at least observe her so closely that the mechanism of the drawer would be revealed.

It was with no very pleasant feelings that I returned this second night to the studio, but I felt that I must see the matter out to the end. I had books and my pipe; with these and a certain quantity of creature comfort, I spent the long hours until midnight came, and with it my supernatural visitor.

The ring at the bell startled me fully as much as on the previous night, although this time I was actually waiting for it. My trepidation increased as I heard the gentle rap on the porch door, and again admitted the slender form, hooded and draped in black. The figure acted in almost identically the same fashion as before, except that she came sooner to the bureau and was longer engaged with the same bundle of papers. They were letters most of them as I could see quite plainly, closely written in a now faded hand. Whatever their contents, they had a powerful fascination for the poor creature who read them, and a marked effect. Every now and then she bowed her head and seemed overcome with the deepest grief.

It was during one of these paroxysms that I advanced cautiously towards her, and while her face was still concealed laid forcible hands upon the whole of the letters. The movement attracted her attention, and then for the first time she seemed conscious of my presence. Starting suddenly to her feet she pointed to the papers with a gesture of fiercer remonstrance than I thought her gentle face could have assumed, and made as though she would snatch them from me. "No," I said with as much coolness as I could command "these are my property, together with all that this studio contains."

Whether she understood my words or not I cannot say, but she suddenly became more tranquil. Her wan face resumed the old wistful submissive expression, and her sad eyes grew more sorrowful than before. Then with another gesture more of entreaty than of menace she passed on to the door and was gone.

I spent the greater part of the night perusing the documents

which had come so strangely into my possession. They were all in the same hand, a woman's, and they plainly told their own story. The earliest were dated from a little out-of-the-way village in Buckinghamshire, a picturesque place I knew well, and were full of the outpourings of a newly born deep-seated love. Charter on one of his painting trips had won the affections of some artless country girl, and on his return to London had kept up a correspondence with her. These early letters covered the space of a year; and there were gaps in the dates showing that at times distance did not divide the lovers. Then came gentle references to an eagerly anticipated change of life followed by plain mention of approaching marriage. Once more there was a long gap in time; doubtless that of the honeymoon and the happy period that followed. When the letters recommenced they were dated from Hammersmith, and were addressed to Charter in various parts of the world, now in England, now Scotland, now Venice or Spain. They all breathed the same sweet loving spirit, resigned and uncomplaining, yet tinged with unwritten sorrow at the absences, by degrees increasing in duration, of her husband. But there was no reproach, no upbraiding language, only at times evidence that the old happy relations did not continue was apparent. But presently it was clear that the loving woman was touched, and to the depth of her unselfish affectionate heart. Her husband had quarrelled with her, had plainly told her that he doubted her, and she had as fiercely resented the imputation. The poor creature's letters were full of passionate protest, yet breathing a dignified sorrow which conscious innocence alone could give. These ended the series. The last letter proved beyond doubt that an irreparable breach had occurred between husband and wife.

I must have met him a year or two later. He was relentless and unforgiving, as I have said before, to the moment of his death, and showed it by ignoring his wife's claims, and constituting me his universal legatee. But I felt that I could not, in common humanity, now I knew the whole story, take possession of the property which had thus come into my hands. I determined therefore to follow up the clue which the letter gave me and ascertain if possible, what had become of Mrs. Charter.

My inquiries were promptly crowned with success. I found she had returned in her great trouble to her friends in the little Buckinghamshire village which had been her early home, and died there, leaving one child. This child, a boy, was being educated by the grand parents, who were too proud to apply to Charter for help. That help I was only too glad to give. The sale of Charter's effects was one of the events of the year at Christie's, and made a snug little capital for his disinherited son. The title deeds of the studio I also made over to him, and as it was an improving property, the rent it has since brought in, has helped to give poor Charter's orphan and neglected child, an excellent start in the world.

The apparition was never seen or heard of again after that night when I became possessed of the letters.





REVIEWS

WORCESTER Exhibition (1882) Reports. (Worcester: W. E. Tucker and Co. London: Remington and Co.)

The Worcester Exhibition of last year is a conspicuous example, among many others, of the facility with which ideas, limited in themselves, expand under favouring auspices, and result in undertakings whose vastness, if appreciated at an early stage, would effectually have stilled the process of initiation. The proverbial truism, that one thing leads to another, in no direction finds greater corroborative proof than in the matter of Exhibitions, the Fisheries Exhibition, now in the full tide of success, being a capital instance. Thus a deficit of some £200 in the Building Fund of the Worcester Public Library led to the inevitable idea of paying it off, and as that necessary proceeding could not be effected by any of the ordinary means at the command of the Library, the equally inevitable notion of a Bazaar or an Exhibition suggested itself. Public interest, having been once aroused by the valuable agency of the local press, the first modest proposal, as very frequently happens, speedily developed with popular enthusiasm, and it became evident that no Exhibition would satisfy the Worcestershire people which did not seriously contemplate an illustrated record of the history and products of the county and its capital city. This fact once established, a Guarantee Fund was formed, and the Exhibition speedily emerged from an embryo existence into one of hardy and useful activity. The short space of time within which this was accomplished is deserving of notice. The prospectus bears date the 1st of March, and the engine works on Snaub Hill were ready for the reception of exhibits on the 1st of June. To quote the introduction to the *Reports*, "Less than a month intervened between the issue of the prospectus and the last date prescribed for the receipt of applications for space, less than three months before the date fixed for the reception of goods, and a little over four months before the date fixed for the opening of the Exhibition to the public." We have laid a certain stress upon the account of the initiatory stages of the Exhibition because they undoubtedly point a very useful moral in regard to local Exhibitions, and serve to prove conclusively that where there is a decided will towards the accomplishment of such a desirable object there is undoubtedly a way of bringing it to a successful issue.

The Exhibition was divided into three sections, the Fine Arts, which describes itself; the Industrial, comprising all specimens of Worcestershire industries, and machinery in motion to illustrate the processes of their manufacture; and the Historical, including all objects tending to illustrate the history of the county. The *Reports* deal exhaustively with all these sections, and are worthy of perusal inasmuch as they are not merely *résumés* of the exhibits, but succinct narratives bearing also upon the general aspects of their respective subjects, a remark especially applicable to the report of the Fine Arts section by Mr. J. Comyns Carr. The Historical section is dealt with by Mr. W. de Grey Birch, F.S.A., of the British Museum, sub-reports being included by the Rev. F. Hopkinson, F.S.A., I.L.D., of his exhibits of Autographs, and by the Rev. A. H. W. Ingram of his Prehistoric and other Ancient Relics; and the Industrial section has a valuable illustration at the hands of Mr. G. Wallis, F.S.A., the keeper of the

Art Collection of the South Kensington Museum. These are prefaced by an exhaustive introduction by Mr. C. M. Downes, one of the Honorary Secretaries to the Exhibition. The value of the whole work, not only in its relation to the particular Exhibition with which it deals, but also in regard to local Exhibitions generally, can scarcely be overestimated, and in a commercial country like ours, which has awakened to the importance of these undertakings, it may be perused with pleasure and advantage by all who are interested in the progress of our national industries and industrial arts.

The Pictures of the Season. By Frederick Wedmore (Second Edition). (London: Richard Bentley and Son.) This is a reprint from the *Standard* of Mr. Wedmore's criticisms upon the Royal Academy, Grosvenor Gallery, and Water Colour Exhibitions, and will be found of great use by the very large proportion of visitors to the various exhibitions who want to be guided to the pictures most worthy of notice without the trouble of picking them out for themselves. In providing a *cale meum* of this kind, Mr. Wedmore has done a good work, and has done it well. In saying this, we do not in the least wish to imply that we endorse his conclusions in every case, or that we unreservedly accept his selections; but while we think that he has omitted some pictures worthy to be classed among the best of the season, we are free to admit that he has not made improper choice of any. The book should meet with a ready sale.

The Art of Etching Explained and Illustrated, with Remarks on the allied Processes of Drypoint, Mezzotint, and Aquatint. By H. R. Robertson, Fellow of the Society of Painter-Etchers, &c., &c. (London: Windsor and Newton.) In this work, Mr. Robertson has made an exceedingly successful attempt to explain in plain English, devoid of technicalities, the various processes which make up the art of etching, and the rules to be observed in carrying them into execution. The growing popularity of etchings, and the strenuous efforts that are being made by our own painter-etchers to come up with the excellence of the work produced by French artists, combine to give this work additional interest, and the clear and intelligible language in which its lessons are conveyed imparts to it an additional measure of utility. As a handbook to beginners, it cannot fail to be of signal service.

Sketching from Nature. A Handbook for Students and Amateurs. By Tristram J. Ellis. Illustrated by H. Stacey Marks, R.A., and the Author. (London: Macmillan and Co.) This again is a praiseworthy addition to the number of handbooks whose object is to afford information on art subjects without overloading it with technical detail. The temptation to an expert to display his knowledge of the intricacies of his subject is very great, and the strength to resist it is, as a rule, very small. Mr. Ellis has not succumbed to the temptation, for even when a certain amount of technicality is demanded of him, he is careful to accompany it with a few well chosen and clearly expressed explanatory remarks, so that the veriest tyro amongst his readers cannot fail to grasp his meaning. It is unnecessary to add that the illustrations to this little volume greatly enhance its claims to popular recognition.



NOTES

TWO important additions have lately been made to the National Gallery, and their acquisition serves to deepen the sense of gratitude which all true lovers of art must feel towards Mr. Burton for his spirited and intelligent direction. The first is a bust portrait of a man by Antonello da Messina, which has already found a place upon the walls; the second is a painting in monochrome by Andrea Mantegna of Samson and Delilah. The great Paduan master is now very worthily represented in Trafalgar Square, and if the great cartoons at Hampton Court could be transported to London, we might boast of a series of his works without a rival in the public collections of Europe.

THE death of the last surviving daughter of Thomas Bewick should not pass without record at a time when the art of wood-engraving is attracting renewed attention both in Europe and America. Bewick's attainments have sometimes been described with exaggeration, but the influence of his individuality still counts as an important factor in the more modern developments of woodcutting. At the time when he took up the practice of engraving it had sunk to the position of a purely imitative craft with no special resources of its own. The broader and freer manner of the earlier woodcuts, where the artist has expressed his design in a few simple lines that were easily susceptible of reproduction, had yielded to a more laboured style in which the wood-engraver sought ineffectually to compete with the finer incised line of copper or steel. At such a juncture the original and independent efforts of Bewick were of the utmost value to the future progress of the art. He established once and for all the true basis upon which fine and delicate work upon wood might be executed; he supplied the artist with a logical system and method, and the use of line in the way it was employed by him is still adopted, even by those who have been accused of acting in defiance of his principles. Wood-engraving is now seen to have a double function. On the one hand it may be employed with success in the faithful reproduction of the original work of an artist who works with the point, and on the other hand it finds a different exercise in translating, according to a method of its own, drawings in wash or colour, which are incapable of being bodily transferred to the block. It is in regard to the latter kind of work that Bewick's influence has been most serviceable, and here indeed it is still paramount.

ADMIRERS of Rossetti, and their number seems to be increasing with an increasing knowledge of his work, will welcome the establishment of a gallery permanently dedicated to the illustration of

his talent. The Rossetti gallery opened in Old Bond Street by Mr. Schott, contains a considerable number of admirable and characteristic examples of his work in colour and design, and these are supplemented by a series of excellent photographs of pictures not included in the collection. Among the drawings exhibited we may specially notice a very beautiful and delicate study for the head of the principal figure in the pathetic composition called "Found." This picture may be said to embody Rossetti's highest gifts as an exponent of modern drama, and into the expression of the woman's face is compressed the whole meaning of the story. The collection also includes a cartoon drawing for the picture of the Magdalen, besides an exquisite little portrait of Mr. Swinburne painted some years ago. The last-named work is one that ought ultimately to find a place in the National Portrait Gallery. Altogether the exhibition is full of interesting material and ought to attract every student of Rossetti's art.

WE have to note the publication of several interesting specimens of the engraver's art. Messrs. Agnew have just issued an admirable etching by M. Waltner, from a picture of Sybil by Mr. E. Burne Jones. We know of no work of the kind in which the spirit and quality of Mr. Jones's painting have been so successfully rendered. From Mr. Lucas we have a *remarque proof* by Mr. David Law of the late Cecil Lawson's "Valley of Desolation" belonging to Mr. Louis Huth. The special charm and power of Mr. Lawson's landscape is not readily expressed in black and white, and the engraver is therefore to be congratulated upon the sympathy and success with which he has caught the spirit of the original. A still more notable achievement is Mr. Robert Macbeth's large etched plate from the "Harvest Moon" of the late George Mason. This beautiful picture, which may unquestionably be reckoned Mason's masterpiece, is in the collection of Mr. Eustace Smith, and those who are most familiar with the original will best appreciate the sympathy and power with which it has been translated. Mr. Macbeth has studiously denied himself those effective contrasts of light and shade which are commonly employed to give force to the etcher's work. He has laboured with the feeling and sentiment of a painter, and the result tells almost as a piece of colour, so skilfully have the delicate tones of the picture been transferred to the plate. Finally, we have to record the publication of another large plate, after Mr. Orchardson's well-known picture of "Hard Hit." This accomplished performance is from the skilful hand of M. Champollion.



THE JAPANESE MASK

ENGRAVED BY EDMOND YON FROM THE PICTURE BY

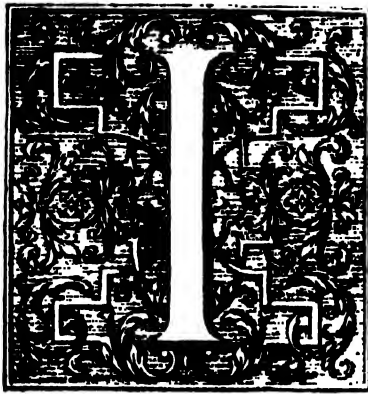
ALFRED STEVENS



FRAGMENT OF THE BINDING OF "LA VISION DE TONDAL.

(Library of the Maquis de Genay)

BOOKBINDING



IF bookbinding cannot justly lay claim to a place among the fine arts, it has an undoubted right to a foremost position as a decorative art, and it has in consequence benefited conspicuously by the general revival of taste which has of recent years been so noticeable throughout the entire range of artistic industries in this country. The perfection it attained in the sixteenth century, its most flourishing epoch, may possibly never be rivalled. On this point at any rate the taste of our time declares in favour of the past; the prevailing desire is the acquisition of specimens of the time when Aldo Manuzio and Jean Grolier raised the industry to the dignity of an art, and future ages alone can decide as to the precise value of the work of our own day. "I am passionately fond of old china," says Mr. Sala in his latest and very entertaining work *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, to which he has given the title, *Living London*; but I think that, on the whole, I would rather be the possessor of the *Angurellus*, Ven. Aldus, 1505, a beautiful copy, with the initial letters and anchor, illuminated in gold, brown morocco with rich gold tooling, a beautiful specimen from Grolier's library, with his inscription on the sides, from the Beckford (Hamilton Palace) Library, which was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's for two hundred and fifty pounds; or of the *Ariosto Orlando Furioso*, 'con annot., etc., Venetia, 1584, small folio, plates by G. Porro, with the added one to canto 34, and the usual duplicate of that of canto 33, beautiful copy in blue morocco, extra broad dentelle borders by Derome le Jeune, with his ticket;' this copy sold for sixteen pounds in Hunter's sale, and now advanced to one hundred and thirty-five pounds. I think I would sooner be the owner of these two books than of any of the pretty little pots and pans produced by Peron in a factory pertaining to the Château of the Sieurs de Gouffier, under the immediate direction of Dame Hélène de Hangest and Messire Claude her son." The high value of the Oiron, or Henri Deux, ware is established so absolutely, and examples of it are so rare, that Mr. Sala's preference for the two books is a remarkable testimony to the importance attached by *connoisseurs* to such specimens of the palmy days of bookbinding. Nor does he stand alone in his estimate. On the contrary, at the sale of the Beckford Library, out of the lots which realised the most extravagant prices, quite as many were bought for the sake of their fine bindings as from purely literary considerations. There were some very remarkable instances of the increased importance attached to bindings. *Les Fantaisies de Mère Sote*, 4to: Paris, 1516, a fine copy in blue morocco by Padeloup, which sold for £9 9s. at the Hibbert sale, realised £180 at the Beckford sale; and another book bound in red morocco, also by Padeloup, the *Histoire Antique et Merveilleuse du Chateau de Vicestre, près Paris*, 1606, advanced from twenty francs, its price at the La Vallière sale, to £36 10s. Again, an empty portfolio, bound in red morocco and ornamented with variegated leathers and gold tooling by the same binder, realised £12 5s.

But the same sale afforded two very striking instances of the high prices given for bindings pure and simple. Lot 2048, a. Leyden edition of Macrobius, 1670, bound in red morocco doublé by Duseuil, fetched £39. Another copy of this book on vellum, destitute of the name of any celebrated binder, only produced 16s. The second instance is still more noticeable. A rare edition of Montaigne's

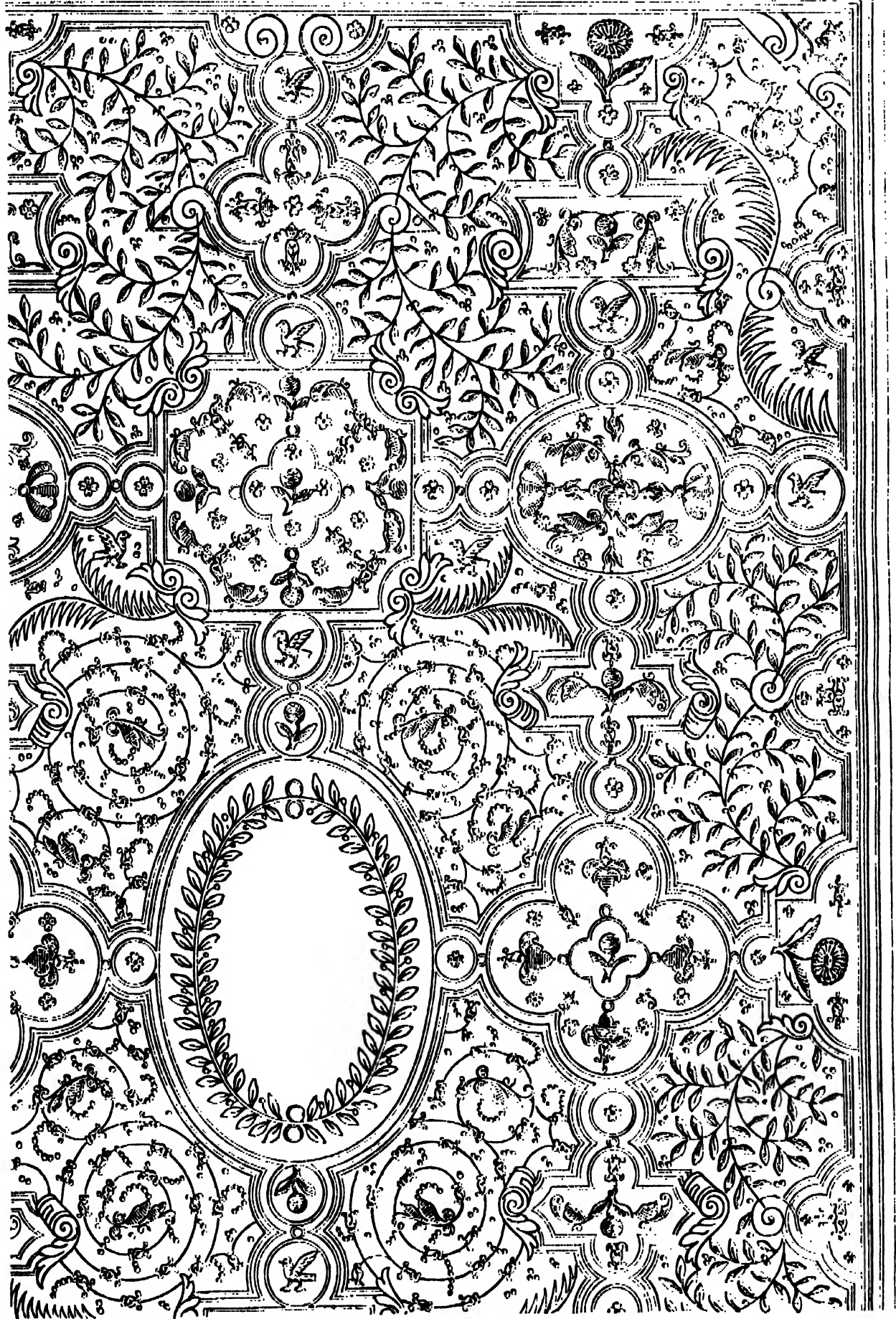
Essays, Amsterdam, Elzevir, 1659, bound by Duseuil in red morocco doublé, realised £200, while another copy, also bound in red morocco, but by Roger Payne, was sold for £12 10s. In these two instances the binding was clearly the most valuable portion of the book in the eyes of the purchaser, though Roger Payne, as will be shown in the course of these notes, was an artist of no mean order.

Though bookbinding, in the sense in which we now understand it, came in with the Aldine editions of the classics, the need of some mode of protecting and preserving ancient manuscripts led to the adoption of various devices to that end, and to these primitive attempts in the direction of binding we owe the transmission to our own time of much of the world's history. In the British Museum,



FRAGMENT OF BINDING OF "L'HOMME CRIMINEL."
(Library of the Marquis de Ganay). By Le Gascon

among the Assyrian collection, are some very curious and interesting terra-cotta tablets inscribed with cuneiform characters which were incased in covers of the same material. These covers were inclosed one within the other, each bearing an inscription similar to that on the tablet, so that if one were broken another remained to tell the tale. One of them dates from the sixteenth century before the Christian era. Lead tablets were also used, and these were fastened or bound together with rings. The next advance was to attach vellum strips in one continuous length with a roller at each end, so that the reader, as he perused the work, unrolled the one and rolled the other. The books of the Greeks and Romans, as we know, were rolls long after the Christian era, but the Egyptians, in all probability were the inventors of them, seeing that in the British Museum there is a funeral roll



BINDING ATTRIBUTED TO ONE OF THE EVE FAMILY
(Library of the Marquis de Ganay)

of papyrus, which was discovered at Memphis, and must be about three thousand years old. The most ancient form of books composed of separate leaves is to be found, according to Zaehnsdorf, in the sacred books of Ceylon. These were formed of palm leaves, written on with a metal style, and the binding consisted simply of a silken string tied through one end loosely enough to admit of each leaf being laid down flat when turned over. The same authority says that when the mode of preserving MSS. on animal membrane or vellum in separate leaves came into use, the binding at first was merely a piece of leather wrapped round the book and tied with a thong. These books were not placed on their edges as we place books now, but were laid down flat on the shelves, and had small cedar tablets hanging from them upon which their titles were inscribed. Ordinary books

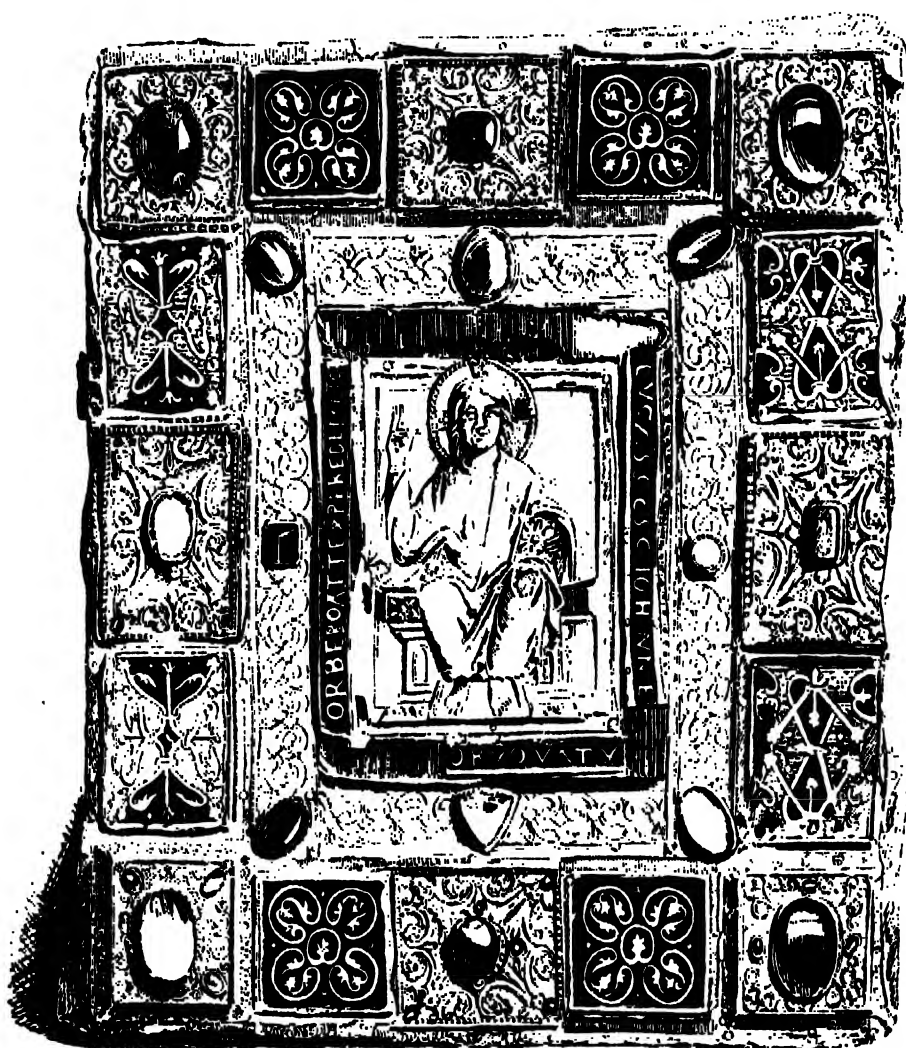


SPECIMENS OF THE BINDING OF "PRESENTES LIEGES A L'USAGE DE CHALONS"
(Library of the Marquis de Gannay)

for general use were fastened strongly at the back, and had a piece of leather up it, with wooden boards for the sides.

To return to Greece and Rome. In regard to bookbinding in the former country we are in a state of almost complete ignorance, but it is evident that they did bind their books, because Photius mentions that Phillutius, a grammarian contemporary with the historian Olympiodorus, about A.D. 407, received the honour of a statue from the Athenians for inventing a glue and teaching them how, by means of it, to fasten the leaves of papyrus or parchment together. In the Roman writers, on the contrary, not only are many allusions made to costly bindings, but we can trace the *modus operandi* very clearly.

The "copy," as we should call it now, on leaving the hands of the author, was given over to the *librarii*, or transcribers, who made as many copies of it as were required, answering in this way to our printers. From them the work went to the *librarioli*, who ornamented it with scrolls, devices, and the necessary head- and tail pieces. It was then ready for the *bibliopecti*, or binders, whose first care was to cut the margins even and the sheets square. He then, as we learn from Horace and other authors, polished the exterior with pumicestone, an operation which had already been performed on the interior by the transcribers. The cover, or *involucrum*, was then fastened to a cylinder of either wood, bone, or gold, and the whole work, or *volumen*—whence our word volume—was rolled round it. At the end were balls or bosses (*umbilici* or *cornua*), sometimes of gold, and occasionally of precious stones. The cover was also, in some instances, coloured purple or scarlet, and the papyrus perfumed with oil of cedar. In a work on bookbinding edited by Mr. Cundall, a translation is given of a portion of



BINDING OF "L'ÉVANGÉLIAIRE," ATTRIBUTED TO CHARLEMAGNE
(Library of the Marquis de Ganay)

a skit wherein Catullus describes the elegant binding of the works of a very inferior poet called Sufferus :—

"His paper is royal, not common or bad,
His wrapper, his bosses, are totally new,
His sheets, smoothed by pumice, are all ruled with lead,
And bound with a ribbon of rose-coloured hue."

There are other proofs that bookbinding was highly esteemed among the Romans, but it will suffice to point to the undoubted existence of more than one class of bookseller, the better sort displaying the more sumptuous works in their shops, while the inferior tradesmen had stalls in the streets very similar to those familiar to us in this country. Horace prides himself upon his books not being seen upon these common stalls to be thumbed by every passer by

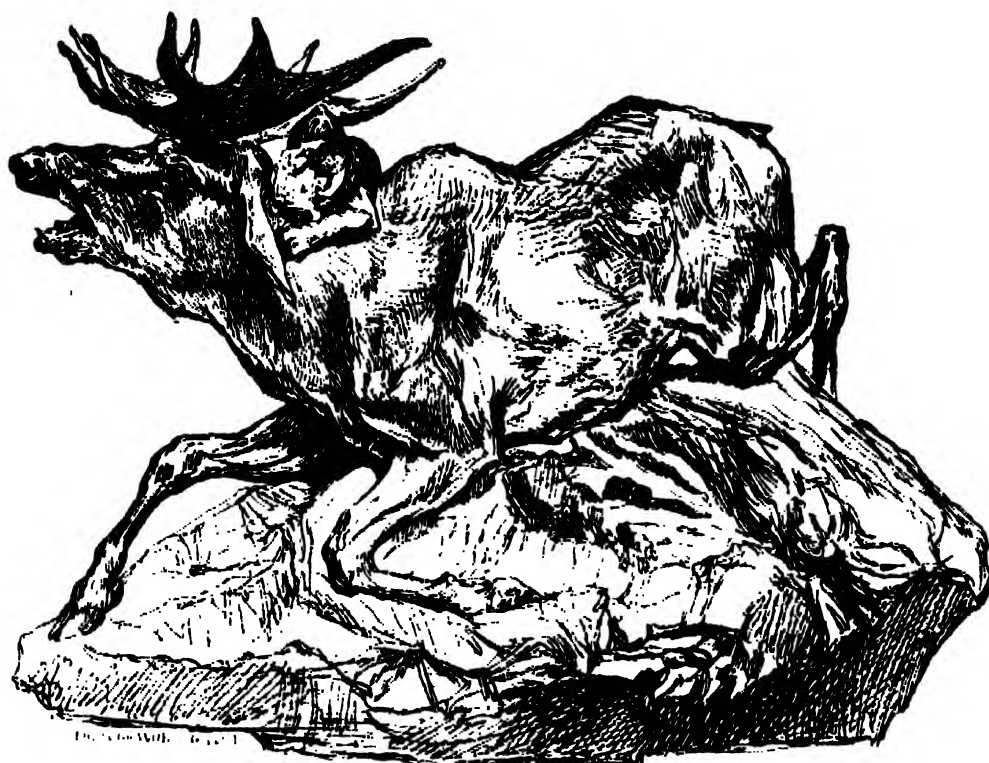
*"Nulla taberna meos habet, neque pila libellos,
Queis manus insudet vulgi, Hermogenisque Tigelli."*

Martial evidently had a royalty on each copy of his works, for in reply to one Quintus, who had given him a broad hint that he should like to be presented with a complete collection, he says—

*"Exigis ut donem nostros tibi, Quinte, libellos,
Non habeo, sed habet bibliopola Tryphon."*

Marked, however, as was the excellence of bookbinding as practised by the Romans, we must turn to the East and the sixth century for the most conspicuous signs of progress. With the "Byzantine coatings," bindings of metal—gold, silver, or copper-gilt—enriched occasionally with precious stones, bookbinding may be said to have taken its place among the arts, and it was fortunate for its advancement that the practice of it should have been entirely confined to the monks—the men of letters of that period. The wooden bindings were so thick that the monks frequently hollowed them out for the purpose of secreting their relics in the cavities. Leland, in his *Itinerary*, gives an instance of this, and as it is in connection with a description of the very old and very thick binding of an ancient book we give the passage without abridgment. "All I have to do is to observe," says the quaint old writer, "that this book (which the more I have look'd upon the more I have always admired) hath two thick boards, each about an inch in thickness, for its covers, and that they were joined with the book by large leather thongs, which boards are now by length of time become very loose. Tho' I have seen a vast number of old books, and oftentimes examined their covers, yet I do not remember I ever saw boards upon any of them of so great thickness as these. This was the manner of binding it seems of those times, especially if the books were books of extraordinary value, as this is. 'Twas usual to cut Letters in the Covers, and such letters were the better preserv'd by having them placed in some hollow part, which might easily be made if the boards were pretty thick. I suppose, therefore, that even the copies of Gregory's *Pastoral* that were given to Cathedral Churches by King Alfred, had such thick covers also, that these by the Gesta's might be fix'd the better. What makes me think so is, that the outside of one of the covers of this book is made hollow, and there is a rude sort of figure upon a brass plate that is fastened within the hollow part, which figure I take to have been designed for the Virgin Mary, to whom the Abbey was dedicated. Over it there was once fastened another much larger plate, as is plain from the nails that fixed it and some other small indications now extant—and this 'tis likely was of silver, and perhaps there was an *anathema* against the Person that should presume to alienate it, engraved upon it—together with the name of the Person (who it may be was Roger Poure), that was the Donor of the Book."

The "Silver Book of Ulphilas," a book of the Gospels translated by Ulphilas, Bishop of Mœsia, in A.D. 370, and so called because it was bound in massive silver, is a notable example of the costly binding applied to books in early days, and on a par with it is the book of St. Cuthbert, *Textus Sanctus Cuthberti*, in the Cottonian Library in the British Museum. Apart from its worth as a specimen of Saxon calligraphy, and by reason of the illuminations by Ethelwold, it has an intrinsic value on account of the gold, silver, and precious stones with which its binder, Bilfrid, a monk of Durham, enriched his work. It has its legend, too. In order to preserve it from the sacrilegious hands of the Danes, it was taken by the Saxons on board their ship. The vessel was wrecked and the book went to the bottom, but the sea, in recognition of the saintly virtues of St. Cuthbert, indulged in a little extra exertion in the matter of ebbing, and the precious book was found some three miles from the shore. The importation of specimens of Eastern bookbinding by the Crusaders furnished the monks with additional knowledge of the subject, and they were not slow to profit by it. The work of binding began to be divided into branches, as it is now, though naturally without the same elaborate detail. Still, there is no doubt but that they did introduce a regular system into the process, and they deserve every credit for having so successfully overcome the difficulties they must have experienced owing to the inferiority of the implements at their disposal. One compensation they had. Their favourite leather was stag-hide, and in consideration of their using the skins exclusively for bookbinding, they were allowed to hunt the deer, as in the case of the monks of Kenilworth, and the charter granted by Charlemagne to those of the Abbey of Sithen.



ELK AND LYNX

Faësimile of a drawing by A. Lançon from the bronze by Barye

MODERN FRENCH SCULPTURE



S Carpeaux's fame belongs to the Second Empire, so in like manner the art of François Rude is closely associated with the ideas of the Great Revolution and with the name of the First Napoleon. And in the contrast that is offered between the character of the man and the special direction of his talent we find a reflex of the conflicting influences that shaped his epoch. By birth Rude belonged to the people, and his sympathies were with the class from which he had sprung; but as an artist he was profoundly touched by the classic sentiment which coloured the social and political ideals of his time, and which to the sculptor became something deeper than a mere fashion in thought and taste. The tranquil dignity of style that is characteristic of his work seems scarcely consistent with the circumstances of his origin or with the character and temperament of the man, and yet in the ferment and passion of a period of change and revolution this return to the calm of the antique was perhaps a natural refuge for a mind of noble quality.

Rude was born at Dijon in the year 1784. His father was a blacksmith, and he too during the early years of his life laboured at the forge. It was only when he had reached the age of sixteen that he entered upon a serious course of artistic study, and even then the choice of a profession seems to have been in some sense the result of accident. By the fall of a piece of red-hot iron he received a slight wound on his foot which compelled him to take a few days rest from the arduous labours of the forge; and in the enjoyment of this unaccustomed leisure it happened that he one day found his way to the school of art that had been recently established at Dijon by François Devosge, an enthusiastic patron of art, who through failing eyesight had been forced to abandon the career of a sculptor. It was the day of the annual distribution of prizes to the students of the school, and the young blacksmith's apprentice was profoundly impressed by this first vision of the possible glory of an artistic career. He returned to the forge with his mind full of what he had seen, and at once entreated his father to allow him to follow a course of instruction in design. It is a proof of

the service rendered by the gratuitous teaching provided in the art schools of France that under no other conditions could the young Rude have hoped to acquire the elements of his profession. Even with these advantages, however, he did not immediately accomplish his purpose. The worthy blacksmith at first insisted as a condition of his consent that the boy should pledge himself to continue in the craft in which he had been brought up, and it was only on the earnest recommendation of Devosge that Rude was ultimately permitted to adopt the career of a sculptor.



CHRIST

Drawn by Dupont from the statue by François Rude (The Louvre)

In 1807 he started for Paris with 400 francs in his purse. A small plaster figure of Theseus, which he had brought with him from Dijon, won the warm approval of Denon, through whose instrumentality he was admitted to the studio of the sculptor Gaules, at that time engaged upon the decoration of the Vendôme column. Rude assisted his master in executing the bas-reliefs of the



LION WALKING
Drawn by A. Lanyon from the bronze by Barry

pedestal, and at the same time he also became a pupil of Castelier. But although his progress as a student was rapid and remarkable he was not destined to remain in Paris. Fremiet, his earliest



ARAB KILLING A LION

Facsimile of a drawing by A. Lançon from the bronze by Barye

patron and protector at Dijon, was forced by the events of 1814 to quit France, and Rude, with unhesitating devotion, determined to follow him. From 1816 to 1827 he remained in Belgium,

where he was constantly employed upon works of importance, which, however, tended rather to the advancement of his fame than to the increase of his fortune. During his sojourn in Brussels he had married Fremiet's daughter, and in 1828 he returned with his wife to Paris to begin again his artistic career.

Rude was now forty-three years of age, but he possessed the undaunted courage and enthusiasm of youth. Immediately after his arrival in the capital he completed the beautiful figure of Mercury that is now in the Louvre, and in the *Salon* of 1833 he established his fame by the exhibition of the young Neapolitan fisher-boy playing with a tortoise. The success of this composition was unquestionable, and the reputation which it won for its author was the means of securing for him the patronage of the

Government. In 1835 he executed as a Government commission the bas-relief of Prometheus inspiring the arts, and this was followed in 1837 by the great group of the volunteers of 1792 which decorates the Arc de Triomphe.

It is not, however, in these larger groups that the genius of Rude shows to the best advantage. The beauty that he could command is more happily expressed in those ideal figures of purely classical inspiration which are to be found in the Louvre, and in the Museum of his native town. In them we may see that the utmost devotion to the ideal of the antique is nevertheless consistent with a distinct and powerful individuality. The art of Rude, even where its obedience to classic tradition is most complete, is saved from the reproach of pedantry by its constant vitality and movement. It is here



EAGLE AND HERON

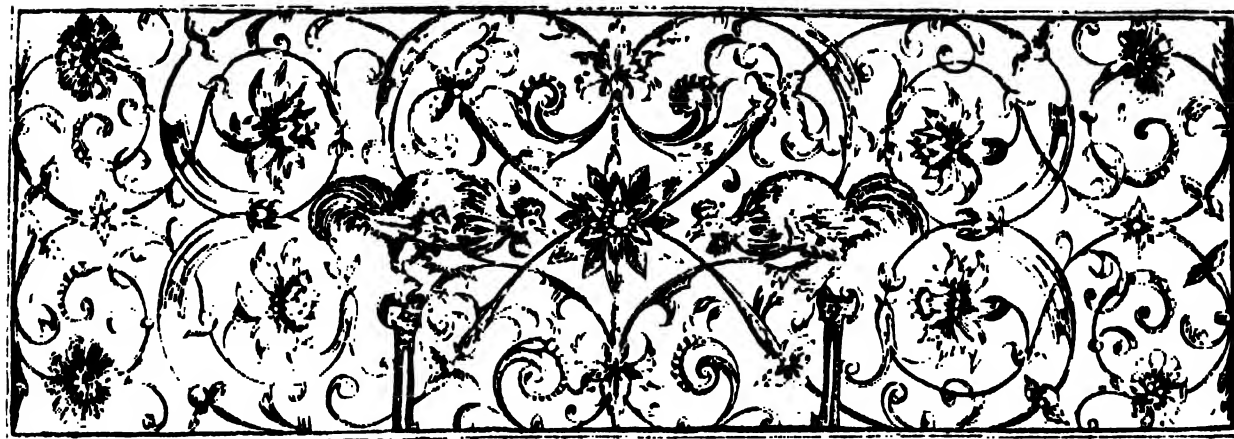
Drawn by A. Langen from the bronze by Barre

that he asserts the authority of nature: it is in this sense only that his art assumes a modern character and that its important influence on the modern school can be rightly understood. M. Gindriez, a sympathetic student of the genius of Rude, expresses with admirable felicity the force and significance of this particular quality in his ideal compositions. Speaking of the laughing face of the young fisher-boy he writes, "O ce sourire du jeune pêcheur! il rayonne sur toute la sculpture moderne," and the critic then reminds us that when this remarkable work was first shown to the public it was claimed with equal vehemence by the opposing sects of Romanticists and Classicists, the clamour of whose strife resounded from the theatre to the studios. Nor if we look carefully to the character of Rude's invention is this fact altogether surprising. In the light of later achievements there seems indeed

but little that could be deemed revolutionary in Rude's severe and patient interpretation of nature. But in relation to the ideas of his own time his art might fairly be taken as marking a stage of transition. Without violent rupture with tradition he was powerfully pleading in his own practice for a more liberal interpretation of nature, for greater vivacity of expression, and for a stronger impress of vitality. He himself, perhaps, could not have anticipated the audacious freedom of Carpeaux's invention, but in his own way, and according to his own means, he prepared the way for the advent of Carpeaux, and helped to make his career a possibility.

While Rude was still a lad in his father's forge at Dijon, there was born at Paris another sculptor whose influence upon his art has proved no less remarkable. Antonio Louis Barye came into the world in September, 1796, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that he was an artist from his cradle. When he was scarcely more than a child he was already a keen student of animal life, and it is related that he often vexed the hearts of his parents by covering the walls of the house with rough sketches in charcoal. His father, originally a native of Lyons, was settled in Paris as a working jeweller, and the young sculptor's earliest exercises of a serious sort were made in *repoussé* designs for jewelry. At this time he was apprenticed to an engraver, and when in 1812 he was claimed by the conscription, his talents were turned to account in engraving topographical plans for the army. But the resolution which finally determined his career was already taken, and as soon as he was released from the irksome restraint of a soldier's life he entered into the studio of the sculptor Bosio, studying at the same time with the painter Gros. In 1819 he competed for the medal offered to the students of the *École des Beaux Arts*, obtaining the second place on the list, and in the following year he won a similar distinction for his plaster model of *Cain Listening to the Voice of the Almighty*. For some reason or other, and in spite of repeated efforts, Barye never succeeded as a pupil in securing the highest Academic rewards. But this result by no means discouraged him. At one time, indeed, he was counselled to abandon the career of a sculptor, and perhaps if he had been less confident of his own powers he might have been tempted to acquiesce in the advice of his friends. He proved however to be made of sterner stuff, and though he was compelled by the necessities of life to relinquish for a while the more ambitious exercise of his art, he steadily occupied himself with the subjects in the interpretation of which he ultimately won his reputation. From 1823 to 1831 he laboured in the service of the jeweller Franconier, producing a series of admirable miniatures of animal life, possessing in some instances some of the best qualities that afterwards distinguished his work in bronze. The *Jardin des Plantes* became during these days his constant home, and while he studied from nature he also eagerly devoured the works of the standard authorities on natural history.

Barye's first real and indisputable success with the public was made in the *Salon* of 1831. The spirited group of a *Tiger Devouring a Crocodile* won universal acceptance, and the critics of the day were loud in their praises of the newly discovered talent. From this moment his reputation was made. After twenty years of incessant and persistent labour he had at last reaped a full reward, and during the following years he was a constant, and always a prominent, exhibitor at the *Salon*. He soon began to try his strength on compositions of larger scale, and it was fortunate that at this time he met with an intelligent patron in the Duc d'Orleans, who gave him a commission for the celebrated series of groups, entitled respectively *La Chasse au Tigre*, *La Chasse au Tauréan*, *La Chasse aux Ours*, *La Chasse au Lion*, and *La Chasse à l'Élan*. In 1836 he executed the noble bronze of a lion in repose which now decorates the portal of the Tuilleries facing the Quai. Subsequently he found cause to be dissatisfied with the treatment he received at the hands of the jury of the *Salon*, and for some years he abstained from exhibiting at all, but in 1850, under a new *régime*, he resumed his contributions, and from this time till the date of his death in 1875 his fame remained unquestioned either by the juries or by the critics. In his own peculiar line indeed Barye's mastery is undeniable. The vigour and the energy of expression which he expressed upon the portraiture of animal life communicated itself to every branch of the art, and his example has been amongst the most fruitful influences in the development of the modern French school.



FRENCH ACTORS



THE unmeasured enthusiasm with which French acting was once regarded in this country is now more carefully bestowed. The praises that were recklessly lavished upon performers of varying and unequal merit, are reserved for individual actors of exceptional power, and we are no longer prepared to admit that the only hope for the salvation of our stage lies in a careful and accurate imitation of the Parisian theatre. The experience of the recent series of performances at the Gaiety Theatre affords an accurate measure of the change that has come over public opinion in England, and it is a change that is not altogether regrettable. For the comparative neglect with which a great part of the programme at the Gaiety has been received does not disturb the

authority of great names or lessen the fascination possessed by particular individuals whose fame is European. With the advent of Madame Bernhardt the empty stalls have rapidly filled, and although the success of Madame Judic in the earlier part of the season is to be ascribed in some degree to other and less worthy considerations, it was nevertheless mainly dependent upon a personal charm and grace of style which even the questionable character of the entertainment could not destroy.

And although French actors as a body are no longer certain of success in England, our indebtedness to the French stage is still sufficiently remarkable. Some of the most conspicuous successes of the past season have been won with dramas that have a foreign origin. The popularity of *Fedora* at the Haymarket, of *Impulse* at the St. James's, and of *The Danischeffs* at the Court, serves to remind us that our stage is not yet a thing of purely national and independent growth; and while these pieces may be quoted as instances of our obligation to the works of contemporary dramatists in France, there is enough also to remind us of an earlier association between the theatres of Paris and London. In the brief account that we propose to give of one or two of the most prominent performers of the French theatre, we shall find that the parts in which they charmed the public have in some instances been successfully appropriated by our actors. It is only a few weeks ago since playgoers had an opportunity of witnessing an exceptional performance of *Robert Macaire* at the Lyceum Theatre. The occasion was interesting because it recalled the earlier essays of a great English actor. The *role* of Robert Macaire was one of the first in which Mr. Irving had appeared before a London audience, and there were many who were glad to witness a revival of a piece that served to bring together the manager of the Lyceum Theatre, and his old friend and associate Mr. Toole. But beyond the pleasing associations connected with the career of Mr. Irving, there were yet other memories which the performance of this drama might serve to awaken. The name inseparably linked with Robert Macaire is that of Frédérick Lemaître and as his art took a somewhat different direction from that in which the more recent exponents of the French stage have chiefly won their fame, it may not be inappropriate to commence our notes upon French actors with a glance at the career of this remarkable performer.

Frédéric Lemaitre, as he is invariably called, though he was christened Antoine Louis Prosper, was the son of an architect, and was born at Havre in July, 1800, *le onze thermidor, an huit*, of the French Republic. He appears to have given ample evidence of his taste and talent for the stage in childhood; at all events he was only twenty years of age when he presented himself at the Conservatoire in Paris as a candidate for admission into the school. The President for the year was Michelot, an actor of genuine merit, and the jury over which he presided experienced no difficulty in coming to the conclusion not only that Lemaitre should be admitted as a pupil, but that a very distinguished future was in store for him. When he left the Conservatoire, notwithstanding that he was the laureate of the school, he did not meet with such favourable notice. He presented himself at the Odéon and was rejected,



FRÉDÉRIC LEMAITRE
Drawn by E. Morin

one voice alone being raised in his favour, but the dissentient was no other than Talma. Money was a necessity to the disappointed aspirant, and he therefore betook himself to a third-rate theatre called *Les Variétés Amusantes*, and there made his *début* on all fours as the lion in *Pyramus and Thisbe*! Thence he migrated to the *Funambules*, and subsequently to the *Cirque Franconi* where he doubled the part of clown and groom of the ring. Having on one occasion been hissed at the *Cirque*, he left it and contrived to secure an engagement at the *Odéon* to play minor parts. At length Fortune became more kind, and on the 2nd of July, 1823, he made his first appearance in a leading part at the *Ambigu* in *L'Auberge des Adrets*. The history of this play is singular, and it is interesting as well, because in it Lemaitre first gave public evidence of his great talent. On the opening night the piece was played

as a serious melodrama, as indeed its authors meant it to be, and the curtain fell amid a storm of hisses. After the failure the authors, actors, and manager, adjourned to a neighbouring *café*, where all of them, and especially the treasurer, joined in lamenting the disaster. In the midst of the universal gloom Lemaître suddenly burst into one of those immoderate fits of laughter peculiar to himself, and swore that if he were allowed *carte blanche*, he would undertake that *L'Auberge des Adrets* should run for more than a hundred nights. His contention was that the piece was not a melodrama at all, but a comedy after the manner of Aristophanes, that the authors were unconscious of the merits of their own work, and that while they imagined that they had hatched a goose, they had in reality incubated an eagle. Anything was better than a second condemnation of the play, and the matter ended in leave



FREDÉRIC LÉMAÎTRE

In the rôle of Père Gauchette. Drawn by F. Bahot

being given to Lemaître to do as he liked. The result was an enormous, an almost unprecedented, success, and though the crowd looked upon Lemaître's performance as a piece of fortunate buffoonery, competent judges were at no loss to perceive that a great artist had revealed himself. The opinion, a common one, that everything with Lemaître was done simply on the spur of the moment, a mere improvisation and not the result of study of the particular part, annoyed the actor more than any other species of criticism, though it is doubtful whether any greater compliment could have been paid to him than was implied in this unwilling tribute to his possession of the *ars celare artem*.

From the Ambigu Lemaître emigrated to the Porte Saint Martin, where he made a signal success out of an indifferent melodrama, *Trente Ans; ou, La Vie d'un Joueur*. His performance of the parts of

Mephistopheles in *Faust*, Edgard in *La Fiancée de Lammermore* by Ducange, and Rochester in the play of that name, served to enhance his reputation and earned for him the title of the Talma of the Boulevards. Unfortunately, his wisdom did not increase in the same ratio as his reputation, and neither in his relations with his managers nor in regard to his conduct towards his brother actors is he pleasant to contemplate. As a matter of fact he could not tolerate any success side by side with his own, and he did not scruple to let his audience have evidence of this weakness on very many occasions when they



FRIEDRICH LEMAITRE
In the rôle of Robert Macaire.

were, to his way of thinking, injudicious enough to decline to concentrate all their applause upon himself.

After having made his mark upon the theatrical world of Paris, Lemaitre made a triumphal tour through the provinces, returning to the capital in June, 1834, to produce *Robert Macaire* at the Folies Dramatiques, a play which he wrote in collaboration with MM. Benjamin Antier and Amand Lacoste. In 1835 he came to England, where he was accorded a brilliant reception and achieved an unmistakable success. On his return to France he accepted an engagement at the Variétés, a theatre which is

associated with his marvellous acting in the mad scene in *Kean*. But he had not even yet attained to the zenith of his fame. That was reached at the Renaissance in Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*, in which, English playgoers will remember the singularly effective acting of another talented foreigner, Fechter. Of Lemaitre's impersonation of Ruy Blas, Victor Hugo wrote, "Thoughtful and profound in the first act; melancholy in the second; grand, passionate, and sublime in the third; in the fifth he rises to one of those prodigious tragic effects from which the actor, shining from on high, towers over all the reminiscences of his art. To the old he is Le Kain and Garrick united in one man; to us of his own time he is the action of Kean combined with the emotion of Talma—and moreover, throughout it all,



FREDÉRIC LEMAITRE
In the rôle of Robert Macaire. Drawn by Richard

amid the brilliant flashes of his acting, M. Frédéric has tears, those real tears, those tears which make others weep."

But the star was on the wane; a deplorable course of excess brought about the ruin of this great genius, and when in 1850 he again visited England he was but a shadow of his former self. The face, the figure, the gestures were still there, but the voice was gone, and no more pitiable spectacle could be conceived than Lemaitre powerless to express by his voice the feelings his action still portrayed. Nothing remains to be said except that he died, a poor man, in 1876, and that his successor has still to appear.



M. REGNIER
Drawn by P. Renouard

The man who stands perhaps next to Lemaitre among the actors of modern France is Regnier. Though their art is sufficiently distinct in motive and style, the commanding position which they have alike occupied in the French theatre, supplies a reason for the association of these two distinguished



REGNIER AS NOEL
In *La Joie fait Peur*. Drawn by P. Renouard

names. François Joseph Philoctès Regnier de la Brière was born in Paris on the 1st of April, 1807, and at the age of sixteen commenced the study of painting in the studio of Hersent. After an experience of a year and a half he resigned the brush and palette for the rule and compass, and betook himself to learning architecture. But his new pursuit did not hold out any very great hope of a large income and, as was only natural in the son of an old *sociétaire* of the Comédie-Française, his choice eventually fell on the stage. He made his first appearance at the Théâtre Montmartre, where he only remained a month: migrating thence to the Versailles theatre, in consequence of an offer made to him by Baron Taylor to play the part of Pasquin in the *Jeu d'Amour et du Hasard*



REGNIER AS SCAPIN

In *Les Fourberies de Scapin*. Drawn by P. Renouard

on the occasion of a performance organised by Mademoiselle Duchesnois for the benefit of Horace Meyer, the translator of Schiller. In this part he was entirely successful, and it led to an engagement for a year at Metz. From Metz he went to Nancy, where he remained from 1828 to 1831. While at Metz he played, with an utter want of success, the rôle of Scapin in the *Fourberies de Scapin*. At his own request the same play was produced at Nancy with precisely the same unsatisfactory result. After a short time Regnier, in no way discouraged by his two failures, returned to the charge. The *Fourberies* was again announced and, to the discomfiture of Regnier, he was seized with a severe cold on the evening before the performance. If his previous essays, when in full possession of his



REGNIER AS ANNIAL
In *L'Aventurier*. Drawn by P. Renouard



LEGNIER AS SOLI
In *La fête du Peuple*. Drawn by P. Renouard



REGNIER AS DUMONT
In *Le Supplice d'une Femme*. Drawn by P. Renouard

powers, had been failures, there was but little hope of success when even his voice was not under his control. There was, however, no escape possible—play he must. To his great surprise he found himself applauded to the echo; he had originally played the part too quickly, and had been too voluble—in a word, it had been a case of *trop de zèle*. The lesson was not lost upon him, and not the least of its salutary effects was that it procured him an engagement in Paris for a new theatre, the Palais-Royal, then just about to enter upon what proved to be a short and not very brilliant career. Thence he went to the Théâtre Français, and made his *début* as Figaro in *La Folle Journée*, but his great successes were gained as Noel in *La Joie fait Peur*, and in *Bertrand et Raton*, and these led to his being elected, in 1835, as a *sociétaire* of the Comédie-Française, in connection with which his name will always be held in honour. To give a list of the plays in which he acted would be to almost exhaust the catalogue of the pieces then in vogue. Suffice it, therefore, to say that he made his final appearance on the stage in his old *rôle* of Noel on the 10th of April, 1872, and after a brief experience of the post of stage-manager, retired definitely into private life in the following year, carrying with him the friendship of all with whom he had been brought in contact. Nature was not very bountiful to him in the matter of personal advantages, and his modest recognition of this fact, and the knowledge that for him success could only be attained by dint of sheer hard work, were the secret of his brilliant career. Montesquieu once said, *O hommes modestes, venez que je vous embrasse!* He certainly would have held Regnier in his arms, had he ever chanced to meet him.





ENGLISH OR DUTCH? A HOLIDAY STORY.

BY HELEN KEER BROWN.

CHAPTER I.

HOW lovely it all is! I really think I could be content to live here always! Only . . ." after a reflective pause, "I should not like to marry a Dutchman! It would have to be an Englishman!"

"Hush, Dora; I really believe those gentlemen heard what you said!" remarked an elderly lady, glancing furtively at two gentlemen seated at a table close to them, and giving the younger lady a half-amused, half-reproving look. "Be careful not to speak too loud, dear. How can we tell whether one or both of them may not be Englishmen? I fancied I saw the one nearest to us half turn and smile to himself at what you said!"

"I think our little Dora need not feel uneasy," remarked a handsome, middle-aged woman, stirring a cup of coffee on the little table before her. "I heard such unmistakable guttural sounds from both just now, that I think one may set one's mind at rest as to their being *Englishmen*, and even if they were, there would not be much harm done," added she lightly, "though Englishmen are certainly conceited enough, Miss Dora, especially when they are abroad, without that patriotic compliment to them!"

Dora, who had slightly flushed at her aunt's words, made no reply beyond a half-absent smile, and the words "Do you think so?" then relapsed into a happy, dreamy silence, her eyes fixed on some point apparently in the far distance.

The exquisite violin *tremolo* of the overture to *Lohengrin* was just opening, the dreamy, beautiful strains stirring the delicious twilight of a warm summer evening in July; all round the subdued hum of a great crowd of listeners, their faces half lit up by hundreds of tiny lamps, some strolling slowly through the trees, some chatting and laughing, sipping coffee, eating ices, what not! Some few sitting in absorbed dreamy silence, all lost in the enjoyment of the present - and above, lovelier than all else, the great, leafy, fragrant limes, meeting overhead and stretching far, far away in dark, dim perspective as far as the eye can see. The day had been sultry, but one might have wandered for hours amongst these glorious avenues, unrivalled, perhaps, in their endless length, their tall stateliness, and revelled in the warm, shady shelter with the slender deer who peep in and out, not too tame to break that charm which Nature, left to herself, makes upon us. Above all, no shouting vulgar cockneys, no adventurous excursionists, leaving an unsightly *débris* of paper bags and bottles to mark their advent, invade the scene. Peasants, quiet, sober, orderly, the women in snow-white muslin caps, through which heavy gold head adornments gleam, and strange twisted horns peep out, form part of the ever moving crowd round the moated island, where the band discourses sweet music; listening, perhaps, no less appreciatively than the richly dressed crowd who claim the subscriber's right to a seat on the island itself.

Such is the scene in the beautiful park of The Hague, or, as the Dutch still call it, *Grafenhaage* (the hunting place of the counts).

To one, indeed, of the great crowd assembled it is an enchanted scene. The daughter of a country clergyman, reared amid the simplest surroundings, Dora Wilson had hitherto known nothing of travel beyond an occasional hurried trip to London, where town cousins have been somewhat inclined to look down upon and patronise her, for what they called her ignorance, but some few would term her innocent freshness, and decided readiness to find interest and pleasure in everything that came in her way. Such people are rare now-a-days, and perhaps it was not with altogether unselfish motives that Mrs. Anderson, her father's sister, invited her to accompany herself, and her friend, Miss Graham, on a short tour in Holland. The girl's freshness amused and pleased Mrs. Anderson, a wealthy woman of the world with a decided liking for a spice of originality in the people she had anything to do with. This she had failed to find in Dora's elder sisters, hitherto the favoured ones who had been invited to stay with her; perhaps because in their anxiety to please a wealthy and influential relative, they had been too ready to agree with her somewhat dogmatical opinions upon various matters. With Dora it was not so; though rather timid and retiring, she thought much and deeply, and though ready enough to learn from others, she held to certain ideas of her own with such straightforward tenacity, that the first time she attempted to argue a matter with her aunt, Mrs. Anderson became almost angry with her, though she ended by declaring that Dora was the only one in the family the least like herself, and liked her henceforth better than ever.

But our party had already left their seats, at the conclusion of the last operatic selection, and driven rapidly away under the fragrant limes, sweeter if possible in the gentle night air than during the day, towards the entrance to the great park, past the palace with its watchful sentinels, through the great square beyond, to the Hotel Paulez, where the carriage drives up briskly, and Dora runs lightly up the stairs to her own room and sits down in the window seat, to think and muse over this, her first night at The Hague. The moon has risen and trembles fitfully on the great sheet of water in the Vijverplatz close by, and the beautiful open-work spire of a church in the distance shows every turn of its delicate tracery against the clear sky, still flushed with the glories of the day that is gone. Beneath the window more limes send up their sweetness, and Dora, leaning out, and taking a long breath of their fragrance, says to herself, "Yes, I do love Holland!"

Yet when she had heard that she was to go with her aunt, and vague delightful visions of Switzerland, Paris - perhaps even Italy, had flitted before her mind, it had cost her something to show no disappointment that it was only to "the land of windmills and dykes" they were going after all. But Dora found pleasure in any novelty. Mrs. Anderson had declared that nothing seemed to escape her during the few days they had spent in busy Rotterdam, that "sort of vulgar Venice," which Mrs. Anderson, accustomed to travel in many lands, looked upon with a sort of

good-humoured toleration, but in which Dora seemed to find never failing sources of interest. The tall gabled houses, the quaint peeps down dark canals, the picturesque costumes, were all so new to the English girl, that Mrs. Anderson and her friend found themselves often interested and amused where before they had failed to observe anything worthy of notice.

Returning at last to the pretty sitting room, Dora found her aunt and Miss Graham in discussion over a note which they had found on their return to the hotel. This was from a Dutch lady, a resident at The Hague, Vrow Christine ter Horst, whose acquaintance Mrs. Anderson had made last year at some German baths, and who had begged her to visit them if she should at any time pass through Holland. Mrs. Anderson had called upon her early in the day, but found her out, and the note received contained a pressing invitation for all three ladies to luncheon next day. Mrs. Anderson decided to accept it, and at once despatched a note, after which a remark of Dora's on the excellent English of Vrow ter Horst's note led to some amusing anecdotes of Mrs. Anderson's travels, and her difficulties in making herself understood in a little village in the Tyrol where English was almost unknown. Then the two elder ladies declared themselves ready for bed, though Dora still sat long in the moonlight, thinking over the delights of to-day, and dreaming of the delights of the morrow.

CHAPTER II.

Is a little boudoir adjoining the spacious drawing room, in one of the beautiful villas of The Hague, a tall, richly-dressed lady, somewhat past middle age, sat at her writing-table. The room beyond, into which we can peep through the open door, looks almost like any English drawing room, save for a certain stiffness in its arrangement, and the impression of solid richness it gives one, rather than the artistic carelessness which we affect in England nowadays. The room, however, is not altogether wanting in taste, and the exquisite lace of the curtains and window blinds (quite a feature in the houses of The Hague), and the great jardinières filled with roses standing in each recess, are a feast to the eye.

Just as Vrow ter Horst closes her desk, and rises from her writing table, the door opens, and her husband, a fine looking scholarly man of sixty, enters, followed by a much younger man with regular features, and a well-knit, manly figure, whom most people would have declared from his general appearance to be unmistakably English. Mynheer ter Horst greets his wife affectionately, adding, "And here is a truant I captured in the park, and have brought to see you."

"I am very glad," said Vrow ter Horst cordially, shaking hands with the younger man. "And why have you not come to see us before? I thought you arrived last week."

"I did, but was recalled to Amsterdam on important business just after I got here," replied he. "My head manager is very ill, and the man who supplies his place temporarily was in doubt about several matters."

"Then I forgive you," replied the Vrow graciously. "By the way, Arnim," added she, turning to her husband, "I find that whilst I was away at Scheveningen this morning, my friend Mrs. Anderson, whom I met and liked so much at Carlbad last year, called to see me, and I have written to ask her, with her niece, and a Miss Graham, her friend, to lunch to-morrow. And if they accept," added she, turning to the younger man, whom we will call Mynheer van der Velde, "I hope you will come too. Three English ladies will surely be an attraction."

"Three English ladies," said the young man, reflectively, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "let me describe them to you. One is dark, middle-aged, and handsome, and carries herself

like an empress. The second is rather younger, blonde, rosy, and round. The third is a young girl, perhaps about twenty, very graceful, though not pretty, with large soft brown eyes."

"Are you a wizard?" cried Vrow ter Horst, turning to him. "You have certainly described Mrs. Anderson exactly; as to the other two, I have never seen them. But how can *you* possibly know anything about them?"

"Only that I fancy they sat near us in the park to-night," replied the young Mynheer. "At any rate three English ladies *did* sit near us, and I thought they might be the same."

"Well, you will see to-morrow if they come; and, ah! here is the answer, no doubt," added she, as the servant entered the room with a note. "Yes, they are coming," as she hastily glanced through the note, while der Velde rose to take leave. "But do not hurry away; I have so much to ask about your visit to England. Well then, if you must go, I rely upon you for to-morrow at one. Arnim's English is getting rusty, isn't it dear?" said she, turning to her husband, who nodded and laughed in reply.

The following day was all that heart could wish; warm and bright, but with that delicious freshness which always tempers the air at The Hague, from the near neighbourhood of the sea. Shortly before one the three ladies drove up to "Blumenlust," as the pretty villa was aptly named, so surrounded was it with a wealth of lovely flowers. Dora looked very fresh and sweet in her simple dress of white cambric, in the belt of which she had fastened a cluster of dark red roses, bought that morning in the market, to which she had coaxed Miss Graham to pay an early visit. Her usually pale cheeks were slightly flushed, for she was at all times rather afraid of strangers, and though her aunt had reassured her as to Vrow ter Horst's ability to converse in excellent English, she was still afraid there might possibly be others who would only understand French or German, and Dora was very diffident about her knowledge of either. But Vrow ter Horst was so cordial and pleasant that she soon felt at ease with her, though her heart began to sink a little again when the Vrow presented her husband, her son Emil, a tall, rather awkward youth of nineteen or thereabouts, and Mynheer van der Velde, and she presently found herself being convoyed round the garden by the tall Emil, who was so desperately polite, and spoke jargon English with such a comically broad accent, that she found it hard to keep her countenance. Dora was just trying to explain lawn-tennis to her companion, and thinking how English the velvet lawn would have looked but for the great metal globe on its stand in the centre, reflecting the scene around in miniature, when the summons to luncheon came, and she was formally handed to her place by her polite companion, thinking to herself how different an English boy would have been under the same circumstances.

Presently she found the dark eyes of der Velde, who sat next her, fixed on her face, with a mischievous gleam, as if he were reading her thoughts, and after a moment's pause she was addressed by her neighbour in perfect English:—

"Is this your first visit to Holland, Miss Wilson?"

"It is the first time I have been abroad anywhere," replied she lifting her frank eyes to his face, and dropping them again as she met his.

"Then I feel almost sure that it would not have been your own choice to come to Holland first. You would have chosen Switzerland, the Black Forest, perhaps Italy, would you not? Now haven't I guessed rightly? But tell me, isn't it a little better than you expected?"

"Oh, it is far, far nicer than I expected," cried Dora, flushing eagerly, "The Hague is lovely, and I thought Rotterdam so interesting and amusing too. It seems so odd to hear the oars splashing under your window when you are going off to sleep at night, and there are such beautiful old gabled houses and

quaint costumes. And somehow, the people are so different from what one expects. I don't think we do the Dutch justice," added she, colouring, and added, "I was forgetting that you are not English too. You speak so well."

"I have lived in England some time," said der Velde, lightly, adding, "Pray don't apologise, I know exactly what you mean, and agree with you that other nations don't do the Dutch justice. Isn't it quite an old saying with you, 'If I do that, I'm a Dutchman,' or something to that effect? And the English idea of the Dutchman even yet seems to be that of the phlegmatic old gentleman in one of their comic plays, in a very broad-brimmed hat, smoking a long pipe, and asking at intervals what has become of 'his little wee dog.'"

Dora laughed heartily, and admitted there was some truth in this. "For myself," said she, "I haven't found the phlegmatic Dutchman anywhere, every one seems so busy and lively. And the Dutch appear to me to be so accomplished," she continued, "every one seems to speak French or German, even in all the shops. I feel quite humiliated when I find how much more fluently they speak than I can."

"Though no doubt with a far worse accent," answered der Velde, with a smile. "It is simply a necessity for the Dutchman to be a fair linguist, since no one will think of learning his language. As to the phlegmatic Dutchman, though you may not have come across him yet, the race is by no means extinct. You can see him to perfection in some of the dead cities of Holland."

Here Dora's attention was claimed by Emil, who sat on her left, and der Velde devoted himself for the rest of the time to Miss Graham. The luncheon differed very little from an English meal at the same hour, except that at its conclusion tea and light wines were handed round, with a peculiar light cake said to be made in Utrecht. The tea was excellent, for the Dutch only, of all the continental nations, save the Russians, know how to make it as we like it in England.

Vrouw ter Horst then proposed that she should drive her guests to the celebrated picture gallery of The Hague after a short rest and chat in the beautiful garden. She herself had other plans for the afternoon, but should be delighted to put down her friends at the gallery. Mynheer ter Horst was obliged to depart soon after luncheon, for he held an important post under government, and was always much occupied. Van der Velde accompanied him, after taking a polite leave of the ladies, who were soon driving in Vrouw ter Horst's pretty English-built carriage to their destination.

"How *wonderfully* well Mynheer van der Velde speaks English," remarked Mrs. Anderson on the way. "I should certainly have taken him for an Englishman."

"He does; but you see he was educated in England," replied Vrouw ter Horst somewhat briefly, and not appearing inclined to be very communicative on the subject.

"I feel sure I have seen him before somewhere," exclaimed Miss Graham, "though I cannot think where. Oh, I have it," she added after a minute's pause, "I feel sure it was in the park yesterday evening. He sat near us with an elderly gentleman."

"Very possibly," replied Vrouw ter Horst, and wondering why Dora's face had suddenly crimsoned at Miss Graham's words. She changed the subject by asking if they had any plans for the next day.

Mrs. Anderson replied that they thought of going to Scheveningen for the day.

"Ah! I think you will be pleased," answered the vrouw, brightly, "especially with the drive. I was going to ask, if you have no better plans for next Monday, and the weather keeps fine, if you will let me drive you over in the afternoon to the Huis den Bosch. It is well worth seeing, and there is a farmhouse close by where we can put up and have some tea.

I dare say my husband and Emil will ride over with a friend or two, and we will try to have what you call a 'peek-neck' (so the good Vrouw pronounced it). Mrs. Anderson accepted with best thanks, asking at the same time what was the "Huis den Bosch."

"A favourite palace of our dear late queen," answered Vrouw ter Horst. "Its name means 'house in the wood.'"

Here they reached the picture gallery, and took leave of their kind hostess, who begged them not to forget their engagement for the following Monday.

Entering the gallery they bought a catalogue from a benevolent looking old man with an orange ribbon (the national colour) across his breast, and were presently deep in admiration of Rembrandt's, Vandyke's, and some of Rubens' finest pictures. But Dora was obstinate in her refusal to like the great picture of the gallery: Paul Potter's famous *Beetle*. A long discussion between Dora and her aunt ensued, after which the latter declared herself so tired that she should prefer visiting the gallery again to seeing any more that day, and sat down to rest before the gigantic Paul Potter with Mrs. Graham, while Dora pleaded to be allowed to wander for a short time in a room close by, where she had caught a glimpse of a picture which interested her. She was standing absorbed before a portrait of William the Silent, when she heard steps behind her, and saw, to her surprise, Mynheer van der Velde.

"Mrs. Anderson sent me to look for you here, Miss Wilson," said he. "I was passing the Gallery and could not resist dropping in to see how you appreciated the collection. Are you a great admirer of 'Father William'? you seemed very much absorbed in his portrait when I came in."

"Who could help being so?" asked Dora, her soft eyes suddenly kindling with enthusiasm. "I think him one of the grandest, perhaps *the* grandest man that ever lived!"

"Grandest even than 'the grand old man' himself," rejoined der Velde, so mischievously that Dora couldn't help smiling, though she thought to herself that der Velde must surely have been in England lately, or must read the comic papers, to know such an expression. But she flushed a little, for she thought der Velde was laughing at her enthusiasm; and he, quick to see this, added gravely: "I think you must know much more of history than most English ladies, Miss Wilson. Do you know I have met with some who did not know who William the Silent was."

"Papa is a great admirer of Motley," replied Dora, simply, "and used to make me read his *Dutch Republic* with him. I think that alone would make me admire the Dutch as a nation. I wonder if they would struggle for freedom as bravely now."

"I fancy they would," said der Velde, thoughtfully, "though I doubt if they could find a leader like 'Father William.' And what do you think of this portrait of him?"

"It makes me feel sad," said Dora simply. "His eyes have so much grief in them, and his forehead is so grave and earnest, as if he had such a weight of care to bear!" She stopped suddenly, for her companion was gazing at her with an expression that rather startled her, and she hastily proposed to join the others, taking one more look at the noble, melancholy portrait, at the foot of which are inscribed his dying words: "God have mercy upon me. God have mercy upon my poor country." They now joined the two ladies, and der Velde, after calling a carriage for them, lifted his hat politely, and expressed a wish that he might have the pleasure of meeting them again before long.

"What a charming young fellow that is!" exclaimed Miss Graham, as der Velde's tall figure disappeared round a street-corner. "Really Dutchmen are the most polite people I have ever met with; that is to say the higher class Dutchmen, not the lower classes by any means," added she lightly, thinking of several tussles with exorbitant cabmen and porters.

"Yes, Mynheer der Velde is certainly a favourable specimen," answered Mrs. Anderson, glancing at Dora, who however made no remark, and presently they landed once more at the Hotel Paulez, and hastened to their rooms to prepare for *table d'hôte*.

CHAPTER III.

THE expedition to Scheveningen proved most enjoyable, and Mrs. Anderson determined to make a long stay there, so soon as they had exhausted the pleasures of The Hague, and paid a short visit to the commercial capital of Holland. Dora thought it almost impossible to tire of The Hague, "there was something so restful," she said, "in its beautiful solemn avenues."

Nevertheless she enjoyed the trip to Scheveningen fully as much as her companions. To begin with, there was the three mile drive under lofty trees for fully two-thirds of the way, when one begins to feel something salt and invigorating in the air, and quite suddenly, you pass from a lofty avenue to a sandy village, beyond which you catch a glimpse of the dancing sea. On the beach stand great groups of curious wicker chairs, looking at a distance something like enormous bee-hives, and in these, or in snowy little tents, open to the sea, sit crowds of gay visitors: Dutch, English, Germans, Americans, even some few French, enjoying the invigorating breezes, and criticising the bathers in their fanciful dresses.

The scene was novel indeed to Dora; and presently she coaxed Miss Graham to come and have a dip with her in the salt waves, whilst Mrs. Anderson amused herself with watching her neighbours, or reading the Tauchnitz novel she had provided herself with.

It was a new experience, also, to be received in the water by the strong limbed Dutch bathing-women, with their rosy, good-natured faces smiling under their white caps, and to laugh heartily on both sides at the attempts to understand one another through the medium of broken German.

How pleasant, too, was the lunch on the terrace in view of the blue sea, and the drive home under the fragrant limes in the cool of the evening. And perhaps, too, not the least pleasant part of the day was the return to the pretty shady sitting room at the Hotel Paulez, and the finding of letters and papers from home arrived during their absence.

Then came Sunday, when Dora petitioned to be allowed to attend the Dutch service, rather than find out the English church, of which they had not had a very favourable experience at Rotterdam. The good-natured Miss Graham, as usual, consented to be victimised, but Mrs. Anderson laughingly excused herself, and warned them to leave before the sermon, if they could manage to do so without hurting the feelings of the good Dutch people.

They soon found themselves in a lofty, finely-proportioned building, but with a bare whitewashed appearance, from the absence of all ornament and stained glass, as one usually finds it in Holland. But the organ was very grand, and Dora sat absorbed until a lesson from the Scriptures began, when she at first found it hard to keep her countenance at the extraordinary sound of some of the words, but presently found herself thinking over the excursion on the morrow to the Huis den Bosch, and wondering if Mynheer van der Velde would be one of the friends invited.

A heavy fall of rain at night gave place to a brilliant morning, and after giving anxious peeps at the weather till lunch time, Dora ran to put on one of her fresh simple dresses, giving a little sigh to herself as she completed her toilette with a cluster of her favourite dark roses, that she had nothing more elaborate, and earnestly hoping that there would be no fashionable young ladies

to criticise her. Had she known it she could have found nothing more becoming than the pale blue print dress, which, though home made, fitted her slim figure to perfection, and there was something particularly English in her general appearance which (taken in its best sense) gave her a charm of which she was wholly unconscious.

Vrouw ter Horst presently drove up in her pretty carriage, gracious, and smiling a welcome to her guests as they came out. Mynheer ter Horst, she informed them, would be unable to join the party; but her son intended meeting them at the Huis den Bosch with a friend or two.

"Some great gawky boys like himself," thought Dora impatiently "who will overwhelm you with fussy politeness;" and then struggling with a vague sense of disappointment which she would not acknowledge to herself, she resolutely determined to enjoy herself, come what would.

The drive, as usual, lay chiefly through shady avenues, but presently they emerged into an open space in the park, and drove up to an unpretending country house, surrounded by a rather stiff garden. A guide led them through a hall with an elaborately painted ceiling, to the chief apartments of the late queen. As they entered the Japanese drawing-room, which is entirely furnished with exquisite Japanese hangings and inlaid cabinets presented by the Emperor of Japan, two gentlemen advanced to meet them, and Dora vainly endeavoured to keep down a flush of pleasure, as she saw one to be der Velde.

The awkward Emil seemed determined at first to monopolise her; but as der Velde seemed equally determined to do so, he retired, rather crestfallen, until Miss Graham kindly took pity upon him, and he was only too delighted to be her guide. They wandered from the Japanese drawing-room into the great room where De Witt's fresco paintings adorn the walls, so wonderfully like bas-reliefs that Dora felt herself obliged to touch one to convince herself that it did not really stand out from the wall. Der Velde took in her interest and delight with quiet, grave pleasure, noting every change in the soft, expressive face, and pointing out carefully, but without being tedious, everything worthy of note. No wonder Dora thought she had never spent a more delightful afternoon, for it *was* so new and delightful to be the centre of attention, when at home she was accustomed to retire within herself, leaving the conquests to her more lively sisters. Presently they wandered into the queen's boudoir, a room of very moderate size, but with exquisite furniture—the chairs of white silk covered with beautiful Japanese embroidery in delicate colours. Dora exclaimed at their beauty, remarking that it would be a sin for gentlemen to spoil them with their black coats, on which the fat little woman who acted as guide remarked naively that "the gentlemen were not allowed to sit on these; they had other chairs provided for them!"

Then came the drive to the farmhouse, where they were joined by two more gentlemen, who had been unable to present themselves earlier. They were pleasant and polite enough, but of a somewhat ordinary type, and Dora found herself almost unconsciously comparing them with der Velde, decidedly to his advantage, and wondering why he seemed so different. But no doubt his long stay in England had done much for him, she thought.

They were very merry over the excellent tea provided for them in curious thick china cups, with solid handles, so that the English ladies, unaccustomed to them, had to hold them very carefully. And how delicious the strawberries tasted, with the thick yellow cream which the green, rich pastures around them provided. Then a stroll in the woods was proposed, and Dora again found der Velde at her side, and presently discovered that she was telling him all about her home, and her brothers and sisters, her favourite walks and pet dogs, as if he were an old friend. She was just talking of their village choir and her difficulties in training the

children, when she saw that they were some way behind, and her aunt was beckoning to them.

"Ah, I am afraid that means you are going to start for home presently," remarked der Velde. "I am so sorry: I do not know when I have enjoyed an afternoon so much."

"I have enjoyed it very much too," replied Dora rather timidly, adding, with a little hesitation, "I hope I haven't bored you with so much talk about home. I think I forget how I am chattering when I once begin on that subject."

"Don't imagine so for a minute," cried der Velde, eagerly. "You can't think how pleasant it is to me to hear something of home life. I am a very lonely personage, Miss Wilson, I have no brothers and sisters, and my father and mother have been dead some years. Vrow ter Horst is a distant relative, or rather, connection of mine, and she is very good to me when I am here, or I should feel lonelier still."

Der Velde did not add, what was nevertheless the fact, that he had the *entrée* of all the best society at The Hague, for he was looked upon as a decidedly desirable *parti*, though the Dutch maidens had failed thus far to fascinate him.

"Don't you live here always, then?" asked Dora.

"No; I have a little house here, which I call 'Mein Genögen,' the Dutch for 'My content, or enjoyment,' which I hope you will come and see before you leave The Hague. I am a merchant in Amsterdam, Miss Dora, and only come over here when I can take a holiday."

"I don't wonder you like to come here," said Dora. "I don't think any place ever gave me such a 'restful' impression, though it is lively too. I suppose it is the great avenues of trees."

"Yes, they are very beautiful, and make you forget how flat the land is. But don't you miss the hills, Miss Dora?—the part of England I know best is very hilly, I remember."

"I shouldn't wonder if I know less of England than you do," replied Dora. "I have travelled very little; and the eastern counties, where I live, are almost as flat as this in some parts. But then we have such glorious sunsets, and can see them so much better than in the hilly counties, and there are the Norfolk lakes, or 'broads' as they call them there, where there are such beautiful wild swans and water fowl. It is so delicious to sit in a boat in the shade of the trees on a warm summer's afternoon, and sketch or read whilst my brothers fish. Oh, you must come and see them if you go to England again," said she, her eyes kindling with enthusiasm.

"I shall be only too delighted," replied he with such emphasis that Dora quickly drew into herself again, and they were silent for a moment until they reached the rest of the party, and prepared to start.

The carriage stood ready for them, and as Dora was handed in by der Velde, she felt something drop from her dress, which he picked up and quietly pocketed. Looking down at her belt, she saw that one of her roses was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

A WEEK or ten days passed most enjoyably, and Mrs. Anderson was beginning to think of going on to Amsterdam, and from thence possibly to Brussels, returning after a short stay to Scheveningen, and then home by Rotterdam. Almost every day they had encountered der Velde somewhere or other; at the concerts, in the park, in the museum, or at Vrow ter Horst's, and everywhere he persistently sought out Dora, and kept at her side. Mrs. Anderson and Miss Graham were wise enough to make no remark to Dora upon the subject, knowing, from the girl's peculiar nature, that this would be the worst course to adopt, and thinking it best to leave things to take their own course.

"It would be an excellent match for her, my dear," remarked Mrs. Anderson to her friend, "there is a large family, and my brother is a country vicar, not rich. Vrow ter Horst tells me Mynheer van der Velde bears an excellent character, and his business in Amsterdam brings him in a very large income. These Dutch merchants seem immensely rich, some of them."

Finally, Vrow ter Horst made a formal call one afternoon, and invited them in Mynheer der Velde's name to spend their last afternoon at The Hague at his pretty villa near the park. Mrs. Anderson gladly consented, and accordingly about four o'clock they drove up to a gabled cottage, half smothered in climbing roses, out of which peeped in golden letters the words, "Mein Genögen." Before the gateway there was a miniature drawbridge and portcullis over a tiny moat, which greatly took Dora's fancy. Der Velde stood in the porch to welcome them, with Vrow ter Horst, ready to do the honours, and as he handed out the ladies, he said in a low tone to Dora, "Welcome to Mein Genögen."

They were now conducted through a low hall, paved with lozenge shaped black and white tiles, and decorated with stuffed birds, and portraits of horses and dogs, which gave it a decidedly English appearance, into a plainly furnished but tasteful dining-room, in which Dora noticed at once an absence of the formality she had found in the arrangement of most Dutch sitting-rooms. Perhaps this was because, in spite of the generally tasteful effect of the room, it had of necessity something of the "bachelor's den" about its appearance, in the pipe racks, tobacco pouches, &c., to be seen here and there, and the general air of litter and comfort which pervaded the room. A *Times* and *Standard* lay on the table with a Dutch paper, and Dora's quick eyes noted that the books in the shelves by the open fireplace were chiefly English.

"I must apologise, Mrs. Anderson, for bringing you into a bachelor's den like this," said der Velde, pleasantly; "I have a little picture here which I thought I should like to show you." He pointed out a small painting by Meissonier, in which the two elder ladies were greatly interested, but Dora's eyes wandered to the portrait of a lady who seemed to smile sweetly down upon her, and der Velde, following the direction of her eyes, said quietly, "My mother," but seemed to avoid any further remarks about the portrait, and led the way to a charming little drawing-room, fragrant with flowers, the French window of which opened into a shady garden. At the end of this a wistaria was trained over a rustic arbor where Vrow ter Horst seated herself to pour out tea and "bowle," a mixture of champagne and other white wines, with tiny aromatic wild strawberries floating about in it. They were waited upon by a sedate English man-servant, and now and then a trim, sturdy Dutchwoman came backwards and forwards from the house, the sun glancing on the bright gold lace ornaments under her white cap.

After a time, Vrow ter Horst, who seemed a little preoccupied, rose, and invited the two elder ladies to see the fruit garden and little orchard. Mynheer der Velde also rose with Dora, but followed much more slowly, and presently turned into a little by-path where a rustic seat was placed under a great chestnut tree.

Here he invited Dora to sit down, and presently began

"And so this is really your last evening at The Hague. Are you very sorry to leave it, Miss Dora?"

"Very, very sorry," replied she, "I have been so happy here. But I hope it is not quite our *last* evening here: we shall be sure to come over from Scheveningen sometimes when we go back there. I am so glad we are not going home through Belgium."

"So am I," said der Velde, fervently, which made Dora blush, and there was a moment's silence. Then he continued:

"I am afraid you won't like Amsterdam much after The Hague. It is nothing but a magnified Rotterdam. All the same, there

are some things worth seeing. May I come over and show you our 'lions,' Miss Dora? It would be such a pleasure."

"You are very kind," answered she, "I am sure auntie would think us fortunate to have for guide any one who knows the city so well."

Again they were silent for a few moments. The sun was getting low in the heavens, and sending long golden shafts through the trees; one of which just touched Dora's hair, and turned it to burnished gold. There was a faint sound of distant music from the park, and a bird up in the branches uttered a long-drawn, plaintive note at intervals.

"How lovely it is!" exclaimed Dora with a half-sigh.

Der Velde looked at her earnestly for a moment, then suddenly seizing her hand, "Dora!" he exclaimed, "could you love this place well enough to stay here, to be the mistress of this little home? I had intended not to speak yet, but I cannot be silent any longer. You must know, you must see that I love you. Could you make the sacrifice of leaving England? Is it too much to ask? I will try with all my heart to make up for it, to make you truly happy."

Need we tell you Dora's answer? Though her eyes were dim, they were full of radiant happiness, and for the next quarter of an hour they were perfectly oblivious of time, place, and everything else, until the approaching voices of the ladies startled them.

Der Velde hastened to say: "I will come over to Amsterdam without fail the day after to-morrow to speak to Mrs. Anderson; till then, tell her or not, as you think best."

Though Dora was very quiet on the way home, there was such a tell-tale look of happiness on her face that Mrs. Anderson remarked to her friend, "My dear, either she doesn't care about him a bit, or he has spoken to her. I am inclined to think it is the latter."

CHAPTER V.

BUT Mrs. Anderson was somewhat surprised that no confidences from Dora followed immediately on this. The fact was, that the young girl had felt the longing that sometimes possesses us, to keep her new-found happiness to herself just for the first evening, to brood over it in silence, undisturbed by congratulations from well-wishing friends. And as they arrived at Amsterdam pretty early in the afternoon, there seemed no opportunity for quiet confidences, for directly after *table d'hôte*, Mrs. Anderson proposed a drive through the park. Setting off from the great "Amstel" Hotel, they soon left the most fashionable quarter of the city behind them, and passed through what indeed seemed like a magnified Rotterdam; over innumerable bridges, across formal tree-planted quays, or *boomjes*, into the great park. Then they drove into the oldest and quaintest part of the town, catching glimpses of "bits" which would be a fortune to any artist, and watching the moon lighting up many a curious gable and tall house front, and finally caught a whiff of the salt breeze from the Zayde Zee, lying calm and unruffled in the moonlight. Leaving back in the carriage in that delicious blissful content, which comes to us, alas, so seldom in life, Dora thought to herself that she should never forget that drive.

After lunch next day they spent a long afternoon in the finest of Holland's grand collections of pictures, and coming tired and dusty into their little sitting room, Dora and her aunt were startled by an exclamation from Miss Graham, who was a little in advance. "What exquisite flowers! Come and see!"

On the table were three bouquets, two of them directed to Mrs. Anderson and Miss Graham, while the third, which consisted entirely of dark red roses and forget-me-nots, had a note for Dora fastened to the stems. Cards were tied to the other two bouquets bearing the name C. S. van der Velde. "How very delightful,"

exclaimed Mrs. Anderson, "but how did they come here, I wonder! Can Mynheer der Velde be in Amsterdam to-day?"

"Perhaps Dora will enlighten us from that little note," said Miss Graham, reguishly, and then, taking up her bouquet, discreetly left the two alone, upon which Dora knelt down at her aunt's feet and made a full confession, receiving, we may be sure, instant absolution.

Dora's note ran as follows:—"I arrived here this afternoon, my dearest, and hope to come and see you this evening, if I may. Please send me a line to say if Mrs. Anderson will receive me, by bearer, whom I have told to wait if he finds you out." Dora hastened to despatch an answer, which was very soon followed by the writer in person. The two elder ladies both welcomed him heartily, and Mrs. Anderson, after she had had a long private interview with him and entered upon several particulars which we shall not mention here, promised to do her best personally to urge his suit with Dora's father. He on his part, hoped shortly to be able to make a journey to England purposely to see Mr. Wilson, and to beg that his marriage might not be long delayed.

Need I describe all the pleasures of the next day, when der Velde undertook to be their guide, first giving them luncheon at his tall, many-windowed house, where his ships were moored opposite the very door, and great bales of merchandise were slowly hoisted up to the great store house above the pretty white-curtained windows, much to Dora's amusement. And then the stroll in the great Zoological Gardens, and finally, the drive home through the quaint streets, in one of which they were stopped at a dark little shop, and invited to taste delicate green Chartreuse in tiny glasses, the finest liqueur in Europe.

In the evening the lovers were left alone for a short time, when Dora produced a little red-covered volume, and said to der Velde: "I want you to write in my *Shakespearean Birthday Book*, I am so anxious to see what quotation comes to you; and do you know, it is so strange, I don't even know what is your Christian name."

Der Velde looked mischievous, but said nothing, and presently read "Feb. 16th." Here it is:

"'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety."

"Well, I *have* dared much, and I truly believe I *have* been wise. But listen to this," added he, "isn't this very appropriate?"

"She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won."

"But I must write my name." And in bold, rapid characters he wrote Charles Somerville van der Velde, and returned the book to Dora, watching her narrowly. He saw an expression of astonishment and delight steal over her features as she exclaimed, "Why, how do you come by this English name! Oh, I do believe you *are* English after all. Why didn't you tell me?" as he remained still silent. "Do explain it all to me. I have wondered so again and again how it was you seemed so English, and supposed it was because you had been in England so much. Do tell me about it. Were you born there?"

"I was, and my parents and nearly all the few relations I possess are English," replied he. "But my father's sister married a wealthy merchant of Amsterdam, who died, leaving an excellent business with no son, indeed no children, to carry it on. I believe I was a favourite with my aunt; my mother was her only sister, and she had been very fond of her. She proposed that I should come over and try to take my uncle's place in the business, and with the help of an experienced partner I resolved to do this. On my aunt's death I succeeded to her property, which was left to me on condition that I took the family name, van der Velde."

"But why did you not tell me this before?" asked Dora again.

"Do you remember one evening in the park at The Hague,

sitting near two gentlemen, and saying to your aunt 'I could be content to live here always, but I should not like to marry a Dutchman; it would have to be an Englishman?' You did not see me, for you sat with your back to me, but I saw you and recognised you directly at Vrow ter Horst's, and from that day I resolved to try and win you." And der Velde murmured again the words of his Shakespearian quotation —

"She is a woman, there fore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won."

"But I don't see quite, even yet," said Dora, drooping her head and blushing, "why you did not say you were English, and why didn't Vrow ter Horst tell us?"

"I particularly desired her not to do so," replied der Velde; "and don't you see, my darling," added he, taking her hands in his own, "that you could give me no better proof that you really cared a little bit for an unworthy fellow than that you were willing, after what you said, to take me, English or Dutch."

NOTES

THE renewed attention recently drawn to Bartolozzi and his works has inspired Messrs. Morant, Boyd, and Blanford, of 91, New Bond Street, with the happy idea of reviving, as they modestly term it, the style of decoration practised by the celebrated engraver. But, if we mistake not, the application of this decoration to rooms is novel. Cabinets and other pieces of furniture are frequently to be met with ornamented with medallions in this style, but the idea carried out by Messrs. Morant and Co. is totally different. The ornamentation consists of impressions, printed in delicate tints from the original stippled copper plates of the Bartolozzi school, a collection of which was purchased some time ago by Messrs. Morant. They have on view a specimen of the application of these reproductions to the side of a room, and not only is the effect very charming in its graceful simplicity, but the facility with which the strips of paper can be introduced into the ornamentation of mantelpieces, door panels, and wall friezes, as well as of furniture, will enable those who are capable of so doing to undertake the embellishment of their own dwellings.

AN admirable collection of Japanese works of art is to be seen in the rooms of the *Japanese Fine Art Association*, No. 14, Grafton Street, where the superiority of the antique over the modern method of production is amply evidenced. In their bronzes, as in many other branches of artistic industry, the Japanese have proved themselves to be both intelligent and expert handicraftsmen, and of late years England has become tolerably familiar with their skill, but very rarely indeed do we come across such unique specimens of this manufacture as the two dragon vases of Osaka production, which are now on view at the Association Gallery. Nor are the *cloisonné* enamels at all inferior. An incense burner, of Kaga manufacture, is especially noticeable on account of the delicacy and perfection of its ornamentation, consisting of a fanciful and characteristic design in which are included the seven precious things of Japan—gold, silver, emerald, coral, agate, crystal, and pearl. It is curious to note that the Japanese word for *cloisonné* enamel, *shippo*, also signifies these seven precious things, from which it seems reasonable to infer that of them the original scheme of decorating these enamels consisted. A tinted and inlaid Kaga pagoda is another noteworthy piece of bronze work. Among the antique cabinets is a gold lacquered specimen, manufactured by Tobei, an apprentice of Komazawa Risai, of Kioto, who died about two hundred years ago, and was one of the most celebrated workmen of his day. The cabinet originally belonged to the family of Mito, and on the marriage of one of the daughters of that house with a prince of the Nijo family it came into the possession of the

latter as part of the bridal dowry. About fifty years ago Prince Nijo ordered a famous artist in gold lacquer, named Kajikawa, to imitate on this cabinet a very old scheme of ornamentation—the unicorn, phoenix, tortoise, and dragon—and the result renders it an article of high artistic merit. The cabinet is nearly three feet high. The *Japanese Fine Art Association* is expecting the arrival of a remarkable old lacquered screen, inlaid with porcelain, which tradition alleges to have been in the Court of the Chinese Emperor Min some fifteen centuries ago. A detailed description of the many beautiful specimens, not only of bronze and lacquer work, but of porcelain, ivory, and paintings, on embroidery and silk, would take up too much space; but we have perhaps said enough to stimulate curiosity in regard to these rare and valuable works of art.

ANOTHER kindred establishment is the *Oriental Fine Art Gallery*, 26, Old Bond Street, where many noteworthy specimens of modern workmanship are on view. In addition to these, there are two articles of antique manufacture which are alone worth a visit. One is an altar piece, made about 120 years ago for the Daimio of the Province of Arima. It is 54 inches in height, entirely of silver, and the feathers of the two large birds, which are its salient features, are really exquisite specimens of minute and faithful rendering of nature. A small bird has been added by some modern artist, who probably had no idea that his addition would only serve to show how very inferior in skill he is to his gifted predecessor. The other object to which we refer is an image of the God of War, about two centuries old, which is probably the only one ever exposed for sale in this country. It is inclosed in a Buddhist, and consequently inappropriate, shrine, but that does not in the least detract from the quaintness and rarity of the figure or the excellence of the workmanship which has produced it.

MR. PELLEGRINI, the well known "Ape," whose drawings in the earlier numbers of *Vanity Fair* may be said to have established a new *genre* in English caricature, has, we are pleased to see, not entirely deserted the field of art in which he first won his fame. We have received from Messrs. Pither & Co. the first instalment of a new publication that is designed to exhibit his powers under more favourable conditions than were possible with the illustrations of a weekly journal. Each number will contain two caricature portraits of notable contemporaries, and if we may judge by the specimens now submitted to the public, the reproduction of the artist's work will leave little to desire. The subjects chosen for the commencement of the series are Mr. Irving and Mr. Bancroft, the former in the part of Benedick, the latter as Captain Hawtree in *Cashe*. In both the claims of

portraiture and caricature are very cunningly blended. There is a certain subtlety in Mr. Pellegrini's mode of exaggerating the salient points of the physiognomy of his sitters, which none of his rivals or followers in this kind of work can be said to possess in an equal degree. The success of his caricature does not depend upon the forced emphasis given to isolated features, but upon an organic principle of humorous misrepresentation which is able to find for every individual subject a complete and comprehensive formula, showing at every point and in the smallest details a consistent relation to the serious original. We should add, in regard to the new publication, that the drawings are handsomely mounted ready for framing. The series when complete will make an excellent decoration for a smoking-room or billiard-room in a country house.

AN excellent scheme has been set on foot by Miss Christie for introducing examples of art into the national schools throughout the country, and an influential committee has been formed to give effect to the idea. It is proposed to circulate engravings of such subjects as would be interesting and attractive to young children; and already much valuable help has been promised by the various art publishers, many of whom have shown a hearty interest in the success of the enterprise. Effective aid might also be rendered by the masters and students of the art schools of England, and we would suggest that these institutions should form local committees to act in concert with the central committee in London. When once the organisation is sufficiently established it will not be difficult to provide the kind of art work most appropriate for the purpose. At present the scope of the committee's operations do not allow of the production of original work, and they must therefore rely upon the opportunities that offer themselves for securing engravings on reasonable terms.

AN interesting exhibition of painted tapestry has been opened at the German Gallery in Bond Street. This particular mode of decoration, which is capable of very beautiful effects, has not yet received in this country the attention it deserves, and the conductors of the present exhibition have, therefore, done well to bring together a series of chosen examples by eminent French artists. The work is executed on tapestry canvas in permanent transparent colours which allow the texture of the canvas to be seen through the painting.

THE theatrical season which is now approaching its close has been marked by one or two events of exceptional interest and significance. The preparations made by Mr. Irving for his autumn tour in America have attracted renewed attention to the management of the Lyceum Theatre, and have at the same time led the public to dwell upon the advantages which have accrued to dramatic art in England by Mr. Irving's loyal and persistent efforts, both as manager and actor, to raise the tone of our national theatre. A sentiment of increased respect for the profession of which he is the acknowledged leader entered largely into the enthusiasm of the reception lately accorded to Mr. Irving at the banquet given in his honour. It is long since the annals of the English stage have afforded any record of such an event as this, and in the readiness with which the different sections of English society contributed to the success of the entertainment, the occasion may be said to have been altogether unique. And the significance of such a hearty tribute to a great and deservedly popular actor becomes all the more marked when it is remembered that no artist of equal eminence has excited criticism so curiously conflicting and contradictory. The strongly expressed individuality of Mr. Irving's method has naturally aroused correspondingly pronounced opinions among friendly and hostile judges of his art, but underlying these differences of taste and appreciation there is in the minds of both parties a firm

conviction that at the Lyceum Theatre English dramatic art has found worthy and loyal championship. Throughout a time when there has been in many directions an unscrupulous desire to pander to the more frivolous tastes of the public, and when burlesque in its most insane forms has been presented with unparalleled success from a merely commercial point of view, Mr. Irving has manfully held fast by the higher traditions of the drama, and his constancy and his courage have at last reaped a full reward of public acknowledgment. Nor has he in his endeavours lacked the support of others who have laboured in his service. With the greatest of English actors has been associated the most brilliant and gifted of English actresses, and in sending to America Mr. Irving and Miss Terry the English public may justly feel that they are giving of the best that they have to bestow.

The season which marked the climax of Mr. Irving's public success has also been notable for the comparative failure of the various troupes of French players who annually visit London. Perhaps the time has gone by when playgoers need to be instructed in the ordinary methods of the French stage. Our own playgoers have made such extraordinary progress of late years that the contrast between native and foreign art is no longer so great as it was. For individual artists of genius like Sarah Bernhardt any theatre can always find a place, and for the slightly risky entertainments associated with Madame Judic, the higher classes of Society will also be eager and curious, but it is certain from the experience of this year that there is scarcely room in London for the ordinary and average productions of the French stage.

THE opera season which has just been brought to a close cannot be said to have been a very eventful one; in fact, had it not been for the successful production of a new opera, *La Gioconda*, and the debut in England of Madame Durand, it would not have offered any pretext for special comment. Voices are not apt to improve with age, and so it happens that if old favourites can succeed in holding their own, they must be considered to have done well. This cannot in any sense be called a satisfactory state of things, and if past experience had not proved the truth of the old adage, that when things are at their worst they generally take a turn in an upward direction, we might well feel uneasy about the future of Italian Opera in England. New works will have to be conceived and produced, and new singers must arise, both the works and their interpreters worthy of the past traditions of Italy, if Italian Opera is to retain its hold upon English society, or falling receipts will speedily and conclusively prove that mediocrity will not be tolerated except for a season, and the more so because the German school has taught us that the stage cannot be filled by one singer alone, but that a high standard is required to be reached in the *tout ensemble*. The novelty of the past season, *La Gioconda*, though popular, and deservedly so for the nonce, can put forward no claim to be regarded as an opera of the first rank, and though its advantages in the matter of melody may enable it to retain its hold upon Covent Garden audiences for a time, its intrinsic merits are not sufficient to warrant it a very prolonged lease of popularity. Of Madame Durand, who is a true dramatic soprano, it need only be said that she would have done well to have given us in England an opportunity of judging of her vocal and histrionic talent before her voice lost its freshness, and consequently its power to worthily accompany her undeniable gifts as an actress. The performances generally are deserving of praise as compared with past seasons. More than this is, however, required of Covent Garden, the first theatre in Europe, so far as Italian opera is concerned, and we can only hope that when the time arrives for reviewing the season of next year, there may be occasion to chronicle some more hopeful symptoms than are noticeable now.



DELAUNAY
Drawn by P. Renouard

FRENCH ACTORS



AMONG the names whose authority— if it does not so readily reach to foreign lands as that of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, or even of M. Coquelin aîné —is felt at least through all sections of the French-speaking population, stand preeminently those of M. Delaunay and of M. Got. Both actors are, in their different ways, to be reckoned among the most successful exponents of the perfections of style, rather than to be ranked with those highest stars who have been able to stir the emotions of multitudes. The personal magic, the subtle and indescribable fascination of individual character that shines through the assumed part, and ensnares sometimes even in spite of imperfections in its method though it shines the

brighter where the method also is complete—this is wanting to both these men. But in devotion to their calling, in patient and assiduous study, in the perfect polish ultimately given to the whole performance, whereby all the cracks and joints and hinges of it become so carefully disguised as to cheat art itself, and—in the case of the former, at all events, of these actors—in remarkable physical gifts, both M. Delaunay and M. Got may be envied where they cannot be copied by all members of the profession to which they belong. In them, more forcibly than in actors and actresses of original genius of the highest order, is the excellence of the Conservatoire system exemplified, teaching, as it does, habits of patient study in the special requirements and capabilities of the art—habits which the passionate lovers of it, such as these two of whom we speak, never fail reverently to follow so long as they act at all. Gifted as he was by nature for the profession which he had chosen, tradition says that so bad was M. Delaunay's voice when he first went to the Conservatoire that he despaired of ever fitting it to the uses he required of it, and used to go daily to the Champs de Mars to strengthen it by practice. And yet when, in November 1846, Delaunay first attracted attention in a first performance that was given at the Odéon—then under the management of Bocage—of a comedy in five acts by Méry, called *L'Univers et la Maison*, Théophile Gautier in his critique specially notices the young actor's voice.

"A young and unknown man, named Delaunay," he says, "suddenly revealed himself as the most accomplished *jeune premier* in Paris. He is eighteen years of age, and is possessed of an agreeable exterior, warmth, earnestness, a clear and telling voice—in short, all the qualities necessary to his vocation." The description given of him in his extreme youth is applicable to the whole of his

career, for on the stage, at all events, he has never ceased to be young. That is his salient characteristic, and his theatrical life may be said to have been spent in an atmosphere of youth absolutely necessary to his existence as an actor.

Louis Arsène Delaunay, the son of a wine merchant, was born in Paris in 1826. At the age of fourteen he was placed in a house of business, where he remained for four years, during which period his great amusement was the theatre and imitations of the actors therein, especially Serassor, whom he reproduced to the life. He studied under Provost, and his first appearance, a somewhat sorry one, was at the Gymnase, in a piece called *Les Deux Césars*. He was twenty years of age, not eighteen, as Gautier said, when he obtained an engagement at the Odéon at a salary



DELAUNAY AS FERDINAND

In *On ne badine pas avec l'Amour*. Drawn by P. Renouard



DELAUNAY AS CLITANDRE

In *Les Femmes Savantes*. Drawn by P. Renouard

the net result of which for the first year was eighty francs! At the Odéon he remained for three years, and then, refusing an advantageous offer made to him by Lockroy, the director of the Vaudeville, he joined the Théâtre-Français, of which he became a *Sociétaire* in 1850, simultaneously with Got. His natural gifts were great—a frank countenance, strongly-marked features, an elegant figure, ease of movement, a soft, yet penetrating voice, perfect elocution—and when experience of his art was added to these, his great success was a natural sequence. His Fortunio in the *Chandelier* of Musset was a veritable creation, conceived in the spirit of the author; and so were the sentimental Perdican in *On ne badine pas avec l'Amour*, and the melancholy Cœlio in the *Caprices de Marianne*. "How did you discover the marvellous laws of

gravitation?" some one asked of Newton. "By always thinking about it," was the reply; and no doubt the secret of the success of Delaunay is to be found in his having been constantly preoccupied by his art. And though he was capable of presenting all the delicate lights and shades of comedy, the humour of Molière, and the sentiment of the melancholy poetry of Musset, he would with equal facility portray the warmth and energy of the drama, as in *Paul Forestier*, an indifferent play by Émile Augier, in which he carried the intensity of passion to the very limit of its legitimate extreme, but not one step beyond it.

A list has been given of eighty parts played by Delaunay, and of these sixteen at least were creations; but this estimate is probably below the mark. Among his principal rôles were Dorante in the *Menteur*;



DELAUNAY AS THE DUC DE RICHELIEU
In *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*. Drawn by P. Renouard



DELAUNAY AS THE MARQUIS DE PIENES
In *La Gentle de M. Poirier*. Drawn by P. Renouard

Valère in *Tartuffe*; Alceste in the *Misanthrope*; Mario in the *Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard*; Eraste in the *Dépit Amoureux*; Horace in the *École des Femmes*; Léliu in *L'Étourdi*; Masham in the *Terre d'Eau*; Adrien in *La Joie fait Peur*; and the Vicomte de Vaugris in the *Lion amoureux*, besides those already mentioned.

Of a less engaging and popular order than the sympathetic finesse and delicate sentiment, the imperturbably graceful youthfulness—whether in the poetical dramas of Alfred de Musset, or in the broad comedies of Molière—by which Delaunay won his renown, are the more masculine and perhaps more intellectual gifts of his friend and contemporary François Got. With less happy physical fitness for his profession, but with a no less ardent power of concentration, Got from his earliest youth devoted his whole

interest to the study of his art, from a literary as well as from a practical point of view. His more quiet and reserved nature, less typically French in its characteristics, rendered him perhaps less accessible to the influence and inspiration of sudden outbursts of passion, and therefore led him to pay—as we gather also from his criticisms on acting that he did—a still greater respect than was usual with his contemporaries, to the uses of tradition and schooling. Hence, perhaps, does it follow that we seem to notice in him more than in any other member of the Comédie Française, the union of the greater freedom and spirit of the modern style with all the traditions of an older school.



PORTRAIT OF GOT

Drawn by Bocourt from a painting by Carpeaux

François Jules Edmond Got was born on October 1, 1823, in Brittany, and spent his earliest years in his mother's native place, Lignerolles, a small town in the department of Orne. He was educated in the Charlemagne College, and turned his attention at first to literary matters, but after a very spasmodic fashion. He spent his time between writing in the *National* and frequenting the theatres, the latter occupation finding such charms for him that in his eighteenth year he entered the Conservatoire as a pupil of Provost. At the end of two years, during which he had carried off several prizes, his country called him to arms, and he was perforce enrolled in the second squadron of

the Fourth Chasseurs à Cheval. In due course he obtained his *congé*, and he returned to Paris to make his *début* at the Theatre Français on July 17, 1844, in the character of Alain in the *Héritiers*, following up with others in the *Précieuses ridicules*, the *Médecin malgré lui*, the *Plaideurs*, and the *Fourberies de Scapin*. He made his first success, however, in the small rôle of the Abbé in Alfred de Musset's *Il ne faut jurer de Rien*, a minor part which he did not disdain to play, to the great delight of his hearers, in later days when his reputation was at its height. But despite his success, he had to wait two years before he was elected a *Sociétaire* of the Comédie Française. Since that time he has played many parts, and in each one his reputation has increased on this side the



In the rôle of Monsieur Poirier. Drawn by P. Renouard



In the rôle of the Abbé in *Il ne faut jurer de Rien*. Drawn by P. Renouard

Channel as well as among his own countrymen. And this is but natural, for he adds to his original talents an indomitable perseverance and a continuous course of conscientious study. Even when resuming a character in his earlier *repertoire* he spares no pains to elaborate his representation of it with a result which must be as gratifying to himself as it is to his audiences. Arnolfe in Molière's *École des Femmes* was another of his triumphs—attitude, gesture, and expression were in complete harmony; and one of his countrymen has left it on record that the impression he produced upon those who have seen him in this part will never be effaced.

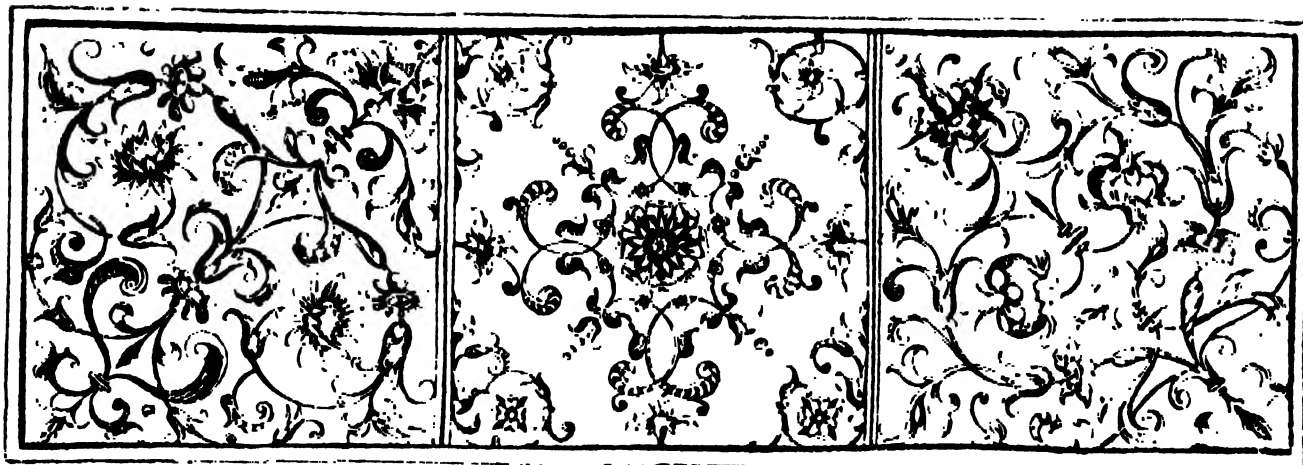
In his visits to England with the Comédie Française he at once established himself as a leading

favourite with English audiences. He himself wrote in the warmest terms of his reception in London, but unfortunately he could not altogether reciprocate the good opinion in so far as English actors are concerned. "Their great inferiority," he wrote in 1879 to M. Sarcey after the visit of the Comédie Française in that year, "is in their having no ideal. But this inferiority is frequently an advantage. They are natural far more easily than we are; they follow their instincts and their temperament without concerning themselves about rules which, by the way, they have never learnt, and which they



In the rôle of the *Malkin malgré lui*. Drawn by P. Renouard

do not know, and they attain at once to effects which we only produce by sheer force of art and by regaining truth in a roundabout way. But this system is based upon mere chance. With our system we have uniform companies; you know how easy it is in Paris to collect a tolerable company composed of actors who have the same traditions and the same method. Artists who are naturally gifted with genius do not succeed any the less easily because of this, in setting their own individuality free and in becoming themselves. The system of instruction pursued at the Conservatoire helps the weak and offers no impediment to the strong."



BOOKBINDING



THE invention of printing not only gave new life to bookbinding, but entirely changed the character of the art. The facility with which books were produced led naturally to so large an increase in their numbers that the printer soon found it impossible to bind his own productions, and thus for the art of binding a separate existence became absolutely necessary. The use of calf and morocco for binding was introduced somewhere about the middle of the fifteenth century, and it would have been well if its adoption had been universal, for undoubtedly very many books have been lost owing to their having been bound either in ordinary paper or parchment covers.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the art made immense progress, Italy leading the van. Aldo Manuzio set up his first printing-press in Venice in the year 1488, and there artistic binding with gold tooling, an idea borrowed from the East, first came into vogue. "The taste for fine binding," writes M. Libri in the preface to his catalogue "was spread through every class of Italian Society, and, during the whole of the sixteenth century, we find books gorgeously bound for pious congregations, for religious men and women, for poets, for princes, for cardinals, and for popes; and we even see men celebrated for their humility, as well as for their stern and modest habits of life, like St. Charles Borromeo and St. Pius V., admit as much refinement in the adornment of their books as the most profligate of men, such as that detestable G. Orsino, who strangled his wife with his own hands." Among the first and most celebrated collectors of that era in Italy was Michel Maioli, the father or uncle of Tommaso Maioli, who was a bookbinder and brought the art almost to perfection. He adopted the inscription *Tho. Maioli et Amicorum*, and the books bound by him or in the collection of his relative are still eagerly sought after by *connoisseurs*. Several specimens are to be found in the British Museum, where there is also a fine example of Neapolitan work of the latter half of the fifteenth century, a large folio volume bound in reddish leather, and ornamented with a series of dots in blind tooling on the side. It may be as well to explain here that the term "blind tooling" signifies that a book has been impressed with tools without being gilt. This method of ornamentation is also called "antique," and is generally so known in the trade, in contradistinction to "monastic" or "gold-finished."

Michel Maioli the collector, about whom but little is known, was alive in 1549, and consequently must have been a contemporary of the celebrated Count Grolier, whose name is so familiar to all who take an interest in bookbinding. Jean Grolier de Servin, Vicomte d'Aiquisy, was descended from an Italian family, and was born at Lyons in 1479. He entered the public service of France at an early age, and was sent to Italy on a political mission to Clement VII. During his stay in that country he made the acquaintance of a number of famous printers—the family of Aldus, Budaus, and Erasmus, and

there he remained until 1535, when he returned to France, and was made one of the four treasurers of the Government. His great occupation was the collection of rare and valuable books, but, not content with that, he became the founder of the French school of ornamental binding, and was so closely identified with the art that the beautiful volumes which were bound under his supervision became, and



FRAGMENT OF BINDING OF "THE VISION OF TONDAL"
(Library of the Marquis de Ganay)



FRAGMENT OF THE BINDING OF "LA VISION DE L'ÂME DE GUY DE THURNO"
(Library of the Marquis de Ganay)

have ever since continued to be known by his name. "His designs," says a writer on the subject, "consisted of bold gold lines arranged geometrically with great accuracy, crossing one another and intermixed with small leaves or sprays. These were in outlines shaded or filled up with closely worked cross lines. Not, however, satisfied with these simple traceries, he embellished them still more by staining

and painting them black and white, so that they formed bands interlacing each other in a most graceful manner. Above is a centre block of Grolier. It will be seen how these lines entwine, and how the small tools are shaded with lines. If the reader has had the good fortune to see one of these specimens, has he not wondered at the taste displayed?"

On his later bindings he placed the inscription, borrowed from Maioli, *Joanni Grolierii et Amicorum*, and the words of the Psalmist,

PORTIO MEA DO
MINE SIT IN
TERRA VI
VENTI
VM.

A list has been published of 349 books, principally Latin and Greek classics, which belonged to Grolier's library, and are supposed to have been bound under his supervision, and in a great measure from his designs, by Jean and Pierre Gascon. Jacques Auguste de Thou, better known as Thuanus, another great collector of beautiful books, was a friend of Grolier, and President of the Parliament of Paris under Henry IV. When appointed keeper of the royal library, he employed a bookbinder named Clovis Eve to bind the king's books, and probably his own as well. Clovis was succeeded by his son Nicholas, and his grandson Clovis who was the king's bookbinder up to 1631. The Eve family are remarkable as bookbinders on account of their having made the two sides of a book and its back the three parts of one consistent scheme of ornamentation.

But few names of French bookbinders have come down to us, owing, as already noticed, to such collectors as Grolier and de Thou having placed their own names on the works bound for them, but Le Gascon and Duseuil are well known. The former bound most of the books in Sir Kenelm Digby's library, and the latter received the compliment of being mentioned by Pope in his *Moral Essays*:

"His study! with what authors is it stored!
In books, not authors, curious is my lord.
To all their dated backs he turns you round:
These Aldus printed, these Du Suet has bound!
Lo! some are vellum and the rest as good,
For all his lordship knows -but they are wood!
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look:
These shelves admit not any modern book."

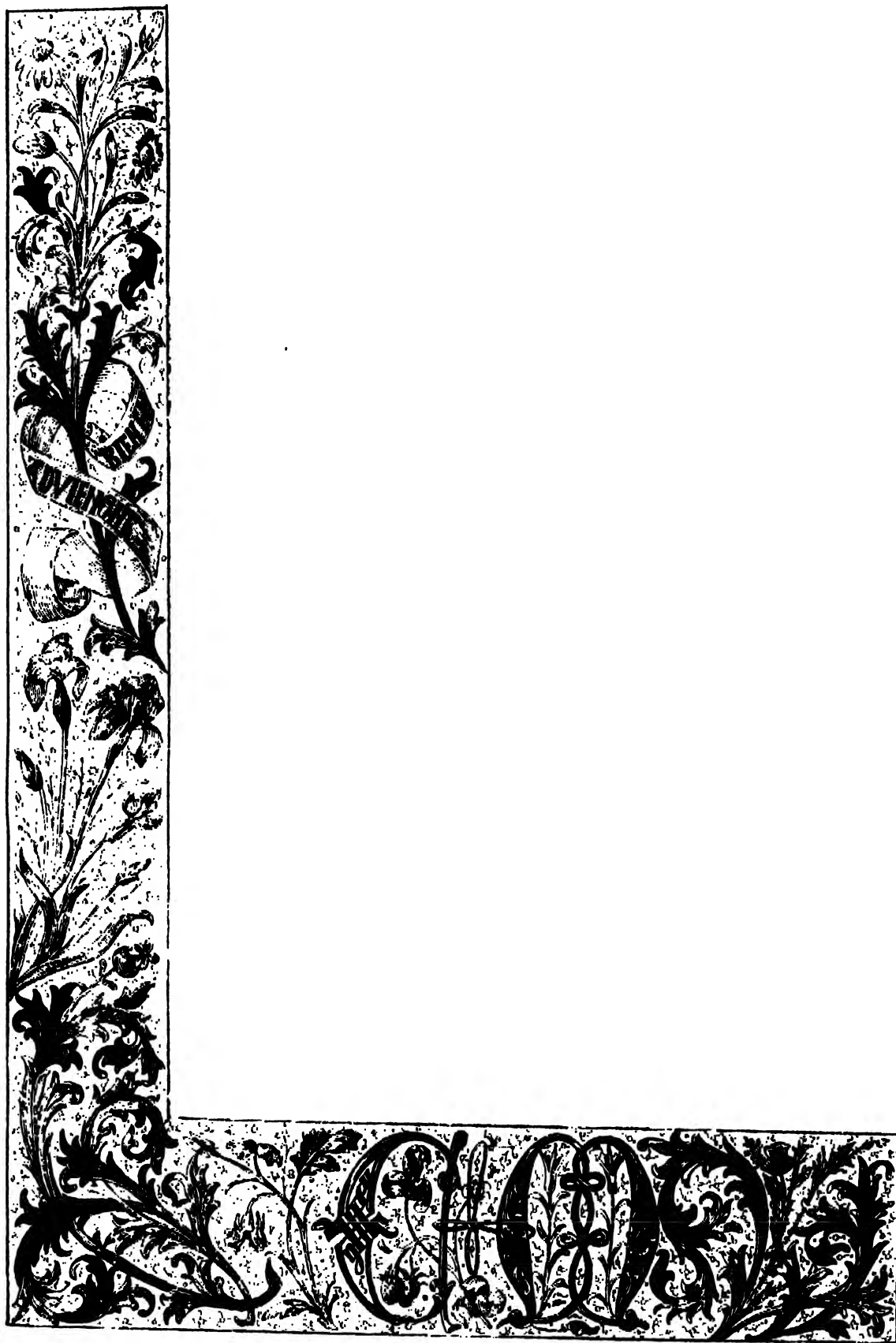
Other great names are Boyet or Boyer, Anguerand, Padeloup, of whom there were thirteen, De Rome, and Monnier; and with the mere mention of these we will turn to the progress of the art in England, which, if slow, was sure.

Caxton was a binder as well as a printer, though not a very good one, for Pope, to quote him once more, says,

"There Caxton sleeps, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cowhide."

This Wynkyn was one Wynkyn de Worde, and he, Pynson, Nowell, and Alard, form the entire list of early English binders. Their work was not very remarkable, the most noteworthy feature about it being that Holbein made some of the designs for the covers. John Reynes, bookbinder and bookseller of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., a resident at the "George" in St. Paul's Churchyard, was the first Englishman to make his mark and enter into serious competition with the Continental masters of the art. Several of his bindings are to be seen in the British Museum, and may be recognised by the device of two small shields with his initials and monogram. Other binders of this period were Michael Loble, William Hill, John Toye, and Thomas Berthelet, printer to Henry VIII. Grolier patterns were first introduced into England in the reign of Edward VI., but it is doubtful whether the binding of this period was really done by Englishmen, or by foreign workmen brought over for the purpose. Those who care to form their own judgment on this point can refer to the copy of *Xenophon* which belonged to Edward VI. and is now in the British Museum.

Readers of *John Inglesant*, and their name is legion, will scarcely need to be reminded of Nicholas Ferrar, who retired to Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire, in the year 1624, and with a colony of relatives founded there a religious community. Dr. Peckard, in *The Life of Ferrar*, says:—"Amongst other articles of instruction and amusement, Mr. Ferrar entertained an ingenious bookbinder, who taught



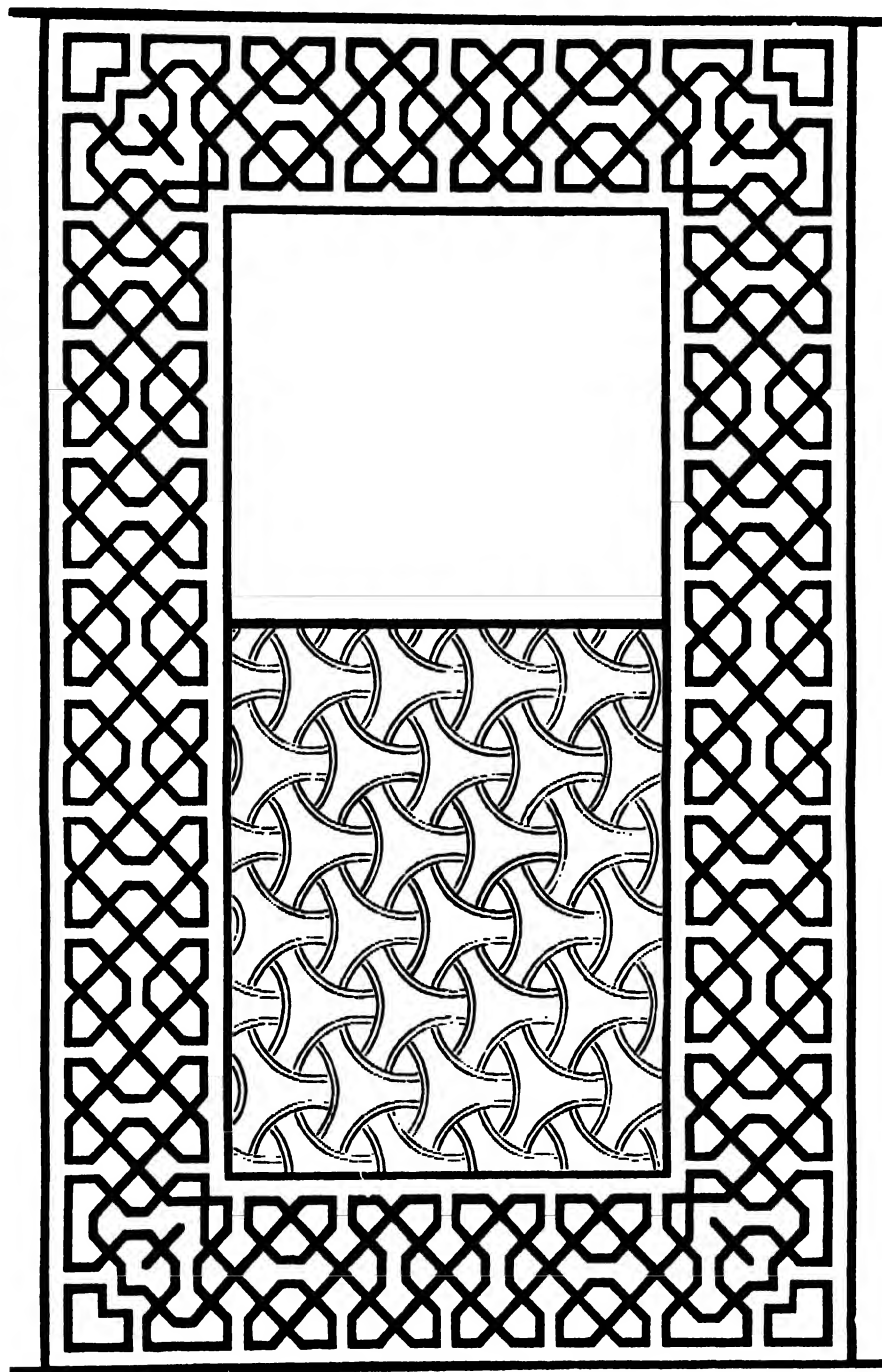
FRAGMENT OF THE BINDING OF "THE VISION OF TONDAL"

(Library of the Marquis de Ganay)

the family, females as well as males, the whole art and skill of bookbinding, gilding, lettering, and what they called the pasting-printing by the use of the rolling-press. By this assistance he composed a full Harmony or Concordance of the Four Evangelists, adorned with many beautiful pictures, which required more than a year for the composition, and was divided into 150 heads or chapters. For this

purpose he set apart a handsome room near the oratory." Many copies of this work, which was bound in velvet and embroidered in gold by Mary Collet, one of Mr. Ferrar's nieces, were distributed, and in the manuscript department of the British Museum there is also a specimen of binding in leather executed by the colony at Little Gidding.

No more fitting conclusion to these necessarily short remarks on bookbinding, the history of which has yet to be written, could be found than a notice of the greatest of English bookbinders and the last, for although there have been good artists since his day, Roger Payne has had no successor. He was born in Windsor Forest, and learnt the rudiments of his art under Mr. Pote,



SPECIMEN OF MODERN BINDING
(Mr. R. Peck, Bartholomew Close)

bookseller to Eton College. After a short sojourn with Mr. Pote he came to London and obtained employment from Mr. Thomas Osborne, a bookseller of Holborn, and subsequently from a namesake, Mr. Thomas Payne, of the King's Mews, St. Martin's, who established him in business in Leicester Square about 1766 to 1770. His talent and classical tastes in design speedily brought him into prominent notice, and had he not given way to intemperance, he might have had a most successful career. An idea of his habits may be gained from a memorandum kept by himself of his style of living, an extract from which gives his expenditure for a day as, "For bacon 1 half-penny; for liquor, 1 shilling." Notwithstanding his unfortunate propensity, his fame, though marred, remains. He

himself made most of his tools, some of which are preserved as curiosities and specimens of his skill, and in his choice of ornaments and his method of working them he is unapproachable. His favourite colour was a pale olive, which he called Venetian, and his style of ornamentation as a rule was variegated borders. His masterpiece was a copy of the Glasgow *Æschylus*, in the possession of Lord Spencer, the binding of which cost £16 6s. 10d. Eventually he fell into abject poverty, living almost entirely upon the charity of Mr. Thomas Payne, who never deserted him, and he died on the 20th of November, 1797. There were many shortcomings in his work, but he left his mark upon the art of bookbinding in England, and by his example induced the adoption of a more classical and more highly finished designs than the unmeaning ornaments which had up to his time been produced. Since his day no artist of conspicuous merit has arisen, but the standard of excellence has risen considerably and a marked advance in elegance has been the consequence.



OFF TO THE FISHING GROUNDS

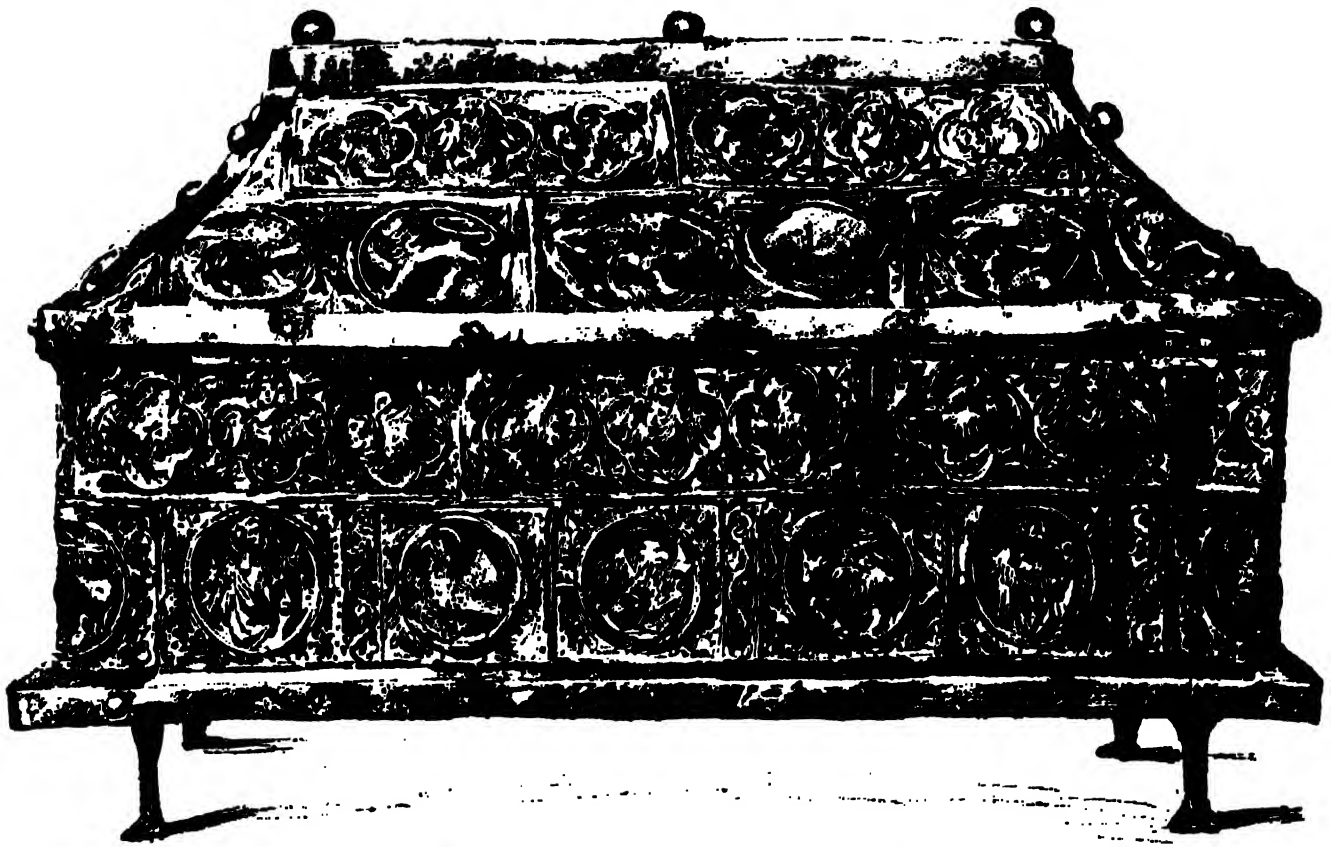


NO word of explanation is needed to accompany M. Sauvaige's stirring picture, and even if its merits were not so conspicuous, the lively interest excited at the present time in everything connected with fish and fisheries would amply justify its reproduction. The boats and their occupants are, it is true, but accessories to the sea in this picture--a sea lashed, but not into fury, by what yachtsmen would call a snoring breeze, which catches the tops of the in-shore waves and dashes their spray right merrily on the beach. Out in the offing, notwithstanding the angry look of the lowering clouds, it is much smoother sailing. With the wind right aft all the fishing boats save one are bowling along to their destination, the fishing grounds, and the laggard exception is already feeling the first impulse of the breeze as her sail is gradually spread out to catch it. The picture was first exhibited in the Paris *Salon* of 1880, and secured a favourable verdict at the hands of the critics as well as the cordial appreciation of the public generally.



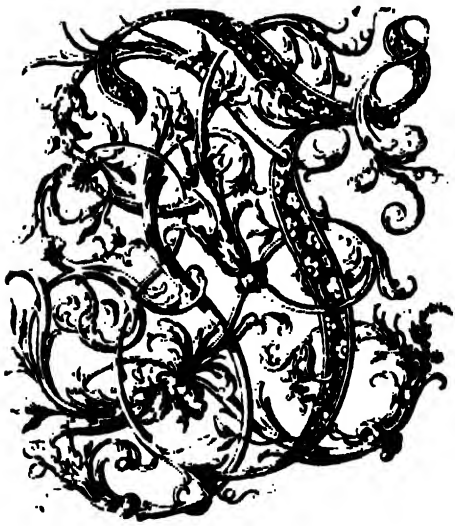


OFF TO THE FISHING GROUNDS
Engraved by Topley from the picture by Louis Samalige



RELIQUARY OF THE 13TH CENTURY, *repoussé* SILVER
 Drawn by Mlle von Weber

THE NUREMBERG MUSEUM



THE free and imperial city of Nuremberg is a striking example of sturdy independence and material prosperity, due entirely to the valour and industry of its citizens, and a notable instance, also, that art will flourish where liberty prevails as luxuriantly as it has done when under the ægis of an autocratic government. It is impossible to measure the extent to which art is indebted to high patronage; it is likewise true that, as in the case of the Hellenic Republics, the culture of arts, sciences, and literature, has oftentimes progressed in a remarkable degree without any such support. Nuremberg is a conspicuous example of this fact, and its chequered career is full of interest to the student of history. With the city itself, abounding as it does in materials for description and illustration, we are not at present concerned, the scope of these remarks

being limited to the National Museum of which it is the home.

The Karthause, the building now occupied by the museum, is an old Carthusian monastery which was founded in 1380 by Marquard Mendal, a rich merchant belonging to one of the leading families of Nuremberg, and enriched by other families whose escutcheons still adorn certain parts of the edifice, notably the Cloister, or Kreuzgang. The favour thus shown to the old monastery was continued on the transfer to it of the museum, when many of the old houses of Nuremberg charged themselves with the reconstruction or restoration of certain portions of it. The Reformation, which destroyed so many convents and monasteries in Germany, did not spare Nuremberg. In the year 1525, the Prior, Blaise Stæckel, who had espoused the cause of Luther and carried his monks with him, abandoned the habit of his order, and left his monastery to be sequestered by the civic authorities. Thenceforward it suffered many vicissitudes until, at the commencement of the present century, it once more resumed its religious character. The early days of the reign of Napoleon I. were but little favourable to the Roman Catholic religion, and the government of the new kingdom of Bavaria, at the head of which was the Comte de Montgelas, a very zealous disciple of Voltaire, took especial pleasure in sequestering the domains and devastating the abodes of the religious corporations which fell into its power. The monastery of Nuremberg,

among others, was devoted at first to civic administration, and was subsequently and successively utilised as a granary and a horse infirmary.

It is, therefore, scarcely surprising that it should have fallen into an almost ruinous condition, and that extensive works of reconstruction and restoration were found to be necessary when the idea was entertained of converting it into a museum. Louis I. contributed the greater part of the necessary funds, the remainder being derived from public subscriptions. The king was induced to take an interest in the matter by Baron Hans van Aufsess, who made over to the museum the whole of his private collections, and was the first director of the newly founded institution. The Prince Royal, afterwards King of Saxony, also gave his countenance and support to the work, the Bavarian Government accorded



SLIDGE IN CARVED WOOD AND IVORY

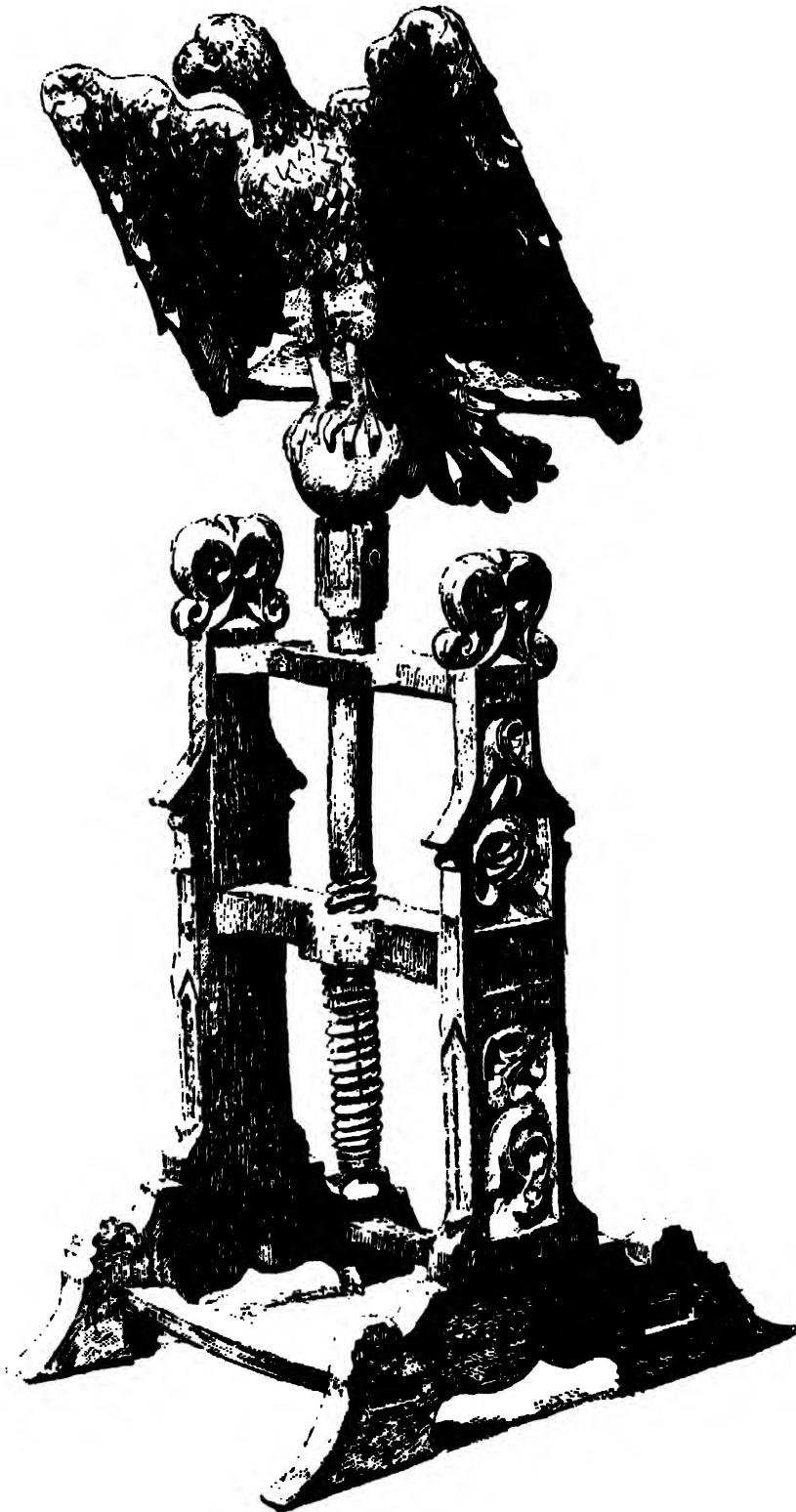
Once the property of the Tucher family. Drawn by Mlle von Weber

to it corporative rights, and the Diet of Frankfort recommended it to the favourable notice of the other States of the German Confederation.

In 1857 the property of the old convent was secured to the Museum, and this not only endowed it with the stability indispensable to such an institution, but gave it the amount of accommodation proportionate to its needs. During the years 1866 to 1870, the period immediately preceding the merging of the Confederation into the German Empire, the Museum had the benefit of the protection of Louis II. of Bavaria, and eventually the Empire recognised it as a national establishment of the first importance, and granted it a State subvention which, added to its existing funds, placed an annual income of 50,000 francs

at the disposal of the direction. The Museum was then arranged into different sections, each with an admirably arranged and very detailed catalogue.

The entrance to the museum is by the cloister already referred to, containing a large number of plaster casts of funereal monuments, collected from the churches, convents, and cemeteries throughout Germany. In Room I. are exposed the purchases made for the Museum and the gifts to it before their removal to the particular section to which they may belong. Room II. is devoted to objects appertaining



MUSIC DESK IN CARVED WOOD (15TH CENTURY)

Drawn by Mlle von Weber

to the most remote periods of civilisation, much the same as are to be found in all museums. Room III. contains Ceramic productions and the collection of stoves, for the manufacture of which the city of Nuremberg was formerly very celebrated. There are stoves of every style, from the severe Gothic to the picturesque eccentricities of the eighteenth century, and some of the specimens are most remarkable. Room IV. relates to objects in connection with architecture, the most noteworthy being a very important series of Gothic doors carved in wood. In the fifth room are to be found articles of furniture, such as

chests, sideboards, tables, &c., in the style of the Renaissance, similar to those which now are to be seen in the houses of nearly all the leading families of Nuremberg— not mere chance purchases bearing little or no relation to the rooms they adorn, but heirlooms which have been transmitted from father to son through generations, and have remained in the same place for centuries. Among them is a magnificent bed belonging to the Plattner family, which an old tradition asserts to have been intimately connected with the happiness, if not with the very existence, of its owner. Room VI. contains examples of the locksmith's art, and the succeeding one is called Wilhelmshalle, in honour of the Emperor William I., who as a descendant



PRAYER BOOK WITH BRONZE CLASPS AND CORNERS (GOTHIC)

Drawn by Mlle von Weber

of the old burggraves of Nuremberg, bestowed upon it copies of the funeral monuments erected in memory of two of his ancestors, and a fine window by Kreling, the late Director of the Nuremberg School of Artistic Industry. This window represents the foundation of the original Carthusian monastery by Marcquard Meudal. Here also is a cartoon of a large mural painting by Wilhelm Lindenschmitt, one of the foremost artists of the Munich school, the subject of which is the capture of Francis I. by the soldiers of Charles V. at the battle of Pavia.

Room VIII. includes an absolutely unique and authentic, though relatively not numerous, collection

of instruments of torture and punishment, proceeding for the most part from the place of execution which the burggraves of Hohenzollern once established in the neighbouring castle of Kadolzburg. Those who are addicted to such melancholy contemplation can here study at their ease all the horrible inventions



SILVER CHALICE (RENAISSANCE)

Drawn by Mlle Herwegen



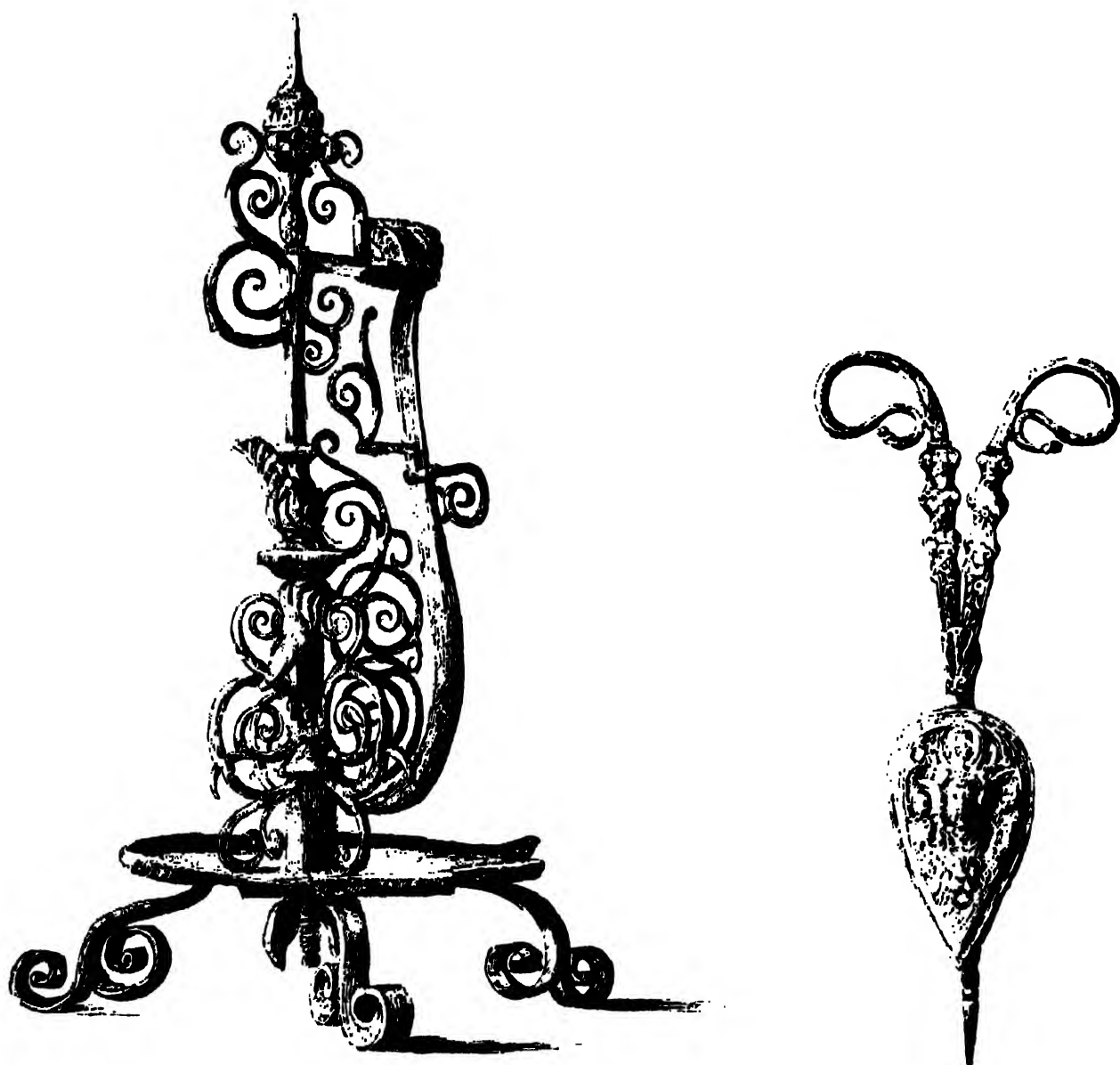
SPINDLE IN CARVED WOOD (RENAISSANCE)

Drawn by Mlle von Weber

that have ever been devised for the infliction of human suffering, with one exception. This, now lodged in the Imperial Castle, is the "iron virgin," whose hidden blades tore to pieces the flesh of the unhappy victims who were compelled to embrace her. In this room is also the collection of arms and armour,

the majority of the specimens belonging to the middle ages having been contributed from the castle of Kinsberg, in Franconia.

The old refectory of the monastery is now Room IX. of the Museum, and contains a number of examples of Gothic furniture and other objects pertaining to domestic life, these latter being gathered together irrespective of style. The whole collection is decidedly the most numerous and comprehensive in the Museum, and includes several very remarkable examples of Gothic workmanship. There is, for instance, an oak table with ornaments worked in demi-relief, and a prayer-book, of which we give an illustration, with bronze clasps and corners, and a leather loop by means of which the ladies of that day were wont to hang such somewhat cumbrous devotional works to their girdles. We also give an illustration of a silver cup, the work of the celebrated silversmith Jamnitzer, which



IRON CANDLESTICK AND SNUFFERS (RENAISSANCE)
Drawn by Mile von Weber

was found in a gutter when the monastery was being restored. The masterpiece of this artist, a silver-gilt *buffet*, is in the possession of the Merkel family, and so jealous are they of their treasure that they will not even suffer a copy of it to be made. The room devoted to these works of art also contains a series of productions in glass and crystal, ranging from the thirteenth century down to the present day; a fine collection of pottery, porcelain, and majolica of every country and school, as well as a number of brazen cups and dishes, an essentially Nuremberg industry which from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century possessed a reputation and popularity equal to that enjoyed in the present day by the toys manufactured there.

Room X., originally a chapel, is devoted mainly, but not exclusively, to objects in connection with Christian worship. This collection of important works of religious sculpture in Germany, consisting

both of original examples and copies, ranges from the most remote period to the present day, and, as it is extremely rich, it is of the greatest possible service to those who desire to make a close and exhaustive study of the history of the art of sculpture. Such works as the bronze gates of the domes of Hildesheim and Augsburg, the column of Christ of Hildesheim, and the sculptures of the domes of Ratisbonne, Frisingue, and many other churches in southern Germany, are too well known to need any detailed description here. Here are also two groups in carved wood by Veit Stoss, of sixteenth century workmanship, one representing St. Yosime and St. Barbe, and the other St. Gérçon and St. Catherine; a silver medal, of which we give an illustration, struck in honour of the Trinity, and other works of equal merit and originality.

Rooms XI. and XII., formerly adjuncts to the principal chapel, are devoted to a very important collection of ecclesiastical furniture and utensils. The most valuable specimen is a magnificent reliquary destined for the reception of the relics belonging to the regalia of the German Empire, which was left at Nuremberg when the remainder of the Imperial treasure was removed to Vienna for the purpose of placing it beyond the reach of the victorious armies of the first French Republic. This reliquary, which is covered with plates in *repoussé* silver, is very like that in the Church of St. Sébalde, and probably served as a model for it. In this section there is, likewise, a processional banner, painted by Albert Dürer, which is unfortunately in a very bad state of preservation.

Room XIII. has a very good collection of textile fabrics, and Room XIV. is remarkable for its curious specimens of surgical and anatomical appliances of the middle ages, globes, compasses (these still form one of the flourishing industries of Nuremberg), old geographical charts, and a large number of autographs of German Emperors, Luther, Melancthon, &c. &c. Room XV. contains MSS., engravings on wood and copper, etchings, and pen-and-ink sketches, so arranged as to allow of a complete study of the progress and development of these arts from their earliest beginnings down to their present excellence. Finally, in Rooms XVI. XIX. are musical instruments, specimens of bookbinding, and a gallery of pictures of the German school in the middle ages.

Want of space precludes any detailed description of the various sections of the museum, some of which are superb, but we may remind our readers that during the middle ages all the arts originated, so far as Germany was concerned, and attained their highest degree of perfection in the old free city of Nuremberg, and that she represents, more completely than any other spot, the spontaneous and unfettered development of the national genius of the country.



MEDALLION IN *repoussé* SILVER. THE TRINITY (RENAISSANCE, 1ST PERIOD)

Drawn by Mlle von Weber



FOR KING OR COUNTRY: A TALE OF THE GREAT REBELLION

BY ALFRED LEIGH, AUTHOR OF 'LETTERS OF MEMORY,' 'EL DORADO,' ETC., ETC.

IT was a quaint, rambling, anomalous, charming old house. Antiquarian visitors had been very learned concerning its age; and a minute description of it had even found its way into the columns of a London magazine, together with a graphic account of how king Charles the First had taken refuge there in the troublous times of civil war—a graceful, though not strictly original fancy, the probability of which was slightly impaired by the fact that James Woodbridge's ancestors had been sturdy Puritans, who would have given a very inhospitable welcome to the man of Bala. No one contradicted the enterprising journalist however; and enthusiastic royalists had performed pilgrimages to the fine old mansion, in the firm belief that they were visiting a shrine of ancient loyalty—a piece of credulous sentiment, which considering the number of tears that have been shed over saintly relics, and the miscellaneous collection of heroes, whose unexamined virtues have been taken by posterity on trust, can hardly be considered as lacking parallel.

Mr. Woodbridge himself—the present inmate of the house—was too staunch a Conservative to quarrel with the legend, though he had not sufficiently mastered the polite art of mendacity to attempt to confirm it. He was an excellent specimen of the English country gentleman, possessing both the good and bad qualities common to his class. In his younger days he had attained great proficiency in the field sports to which he was devoted—his horsemanship was justly admired; and his hounds had gained more than a merely local celebrity. Now that he had grown too heavy for the saddle, these attributes were rather trying to society; for they took the form of interminable stories, where nothing was less obvious than the point—which his auditors, unless they had pecuniary reasons for being complimentary, found interesting only as gratuitous discipline in patience. For the rest, he was brave, generous and hospitable, with a kindly thought for every man who was neither a Dissenter nor a poacher, it seeming obvious to his easy reasoning, that the former were designing or misled rebels against Divine rule, and the latter the avowed enemies of human right.

A character thus sharply indicated in outline, is not apt to be attractive to modern modes of thought, from its poverty of idealism, and æsthetic culture; yet few people who had once visited him, failed to become his guests again—his hearty English greeting being a refreshing contrast to the artificial cordiality so often apparent in more refined homes, where the host indulges in mental calculations as to the probable length of your stay; and there is a moral certainty that the hostess will be spitefully epigrammatic about your weaknesses after you are gone.

The village, judged by metropolitan standards, was inclined to be dull; but the scenery around it possessed the graceful beauty

which compensates as only grassy upland and sparkling rivulet can, for the absence of grander forms of nature. The old house itself too, was so like a subtle architectural joke, that cynical hypercriticism within its walls became an impossibility. The guests were almost certain to lose themselves in the winding corridors, and to be haunted with a momentary misgiving, that the destiny reserved for them would be a dark compromise between the fate of Ginevra, and the endless peregrinations of the wandering Jew; but as these mystical gropings were sure to have a speedy and satisfactory termination, they ended by leaving Mr. Woodbridge more than ever satisfied with the unique merits of his house, and the rescued traveller complacent on the point of his capability in extricating himself from circumstances of peril. It was easy to believe the magazine account after an experience of this kind, for the difficulty of finding any one there, even if he had no desire to hide himself, became absurdly apparent, the successive owners of the mansion, having altered, restored, and added new wings, till it resembled nothing so much as an unskilful historical novel, wherein characters and incidents of various reigns are forced into compulsory association.

In his marriage Mr. Woodbridge had disappointed anticipation, and falsified predictions to an extent which made Christian forgiveness difficult; for rather late in life he had chosen a beautiful young penniless girl, whom he had loved with a degree of chivalrous tenderness of which few would have believed him capable. She died in giving birth to a son, and for a long while it seemed as if the altered home would never wear a commonly cheerful aspect again. Years afterwards the old servants would remind each other in whispers on wintry nights as they sat beside the blazing fire, and listened to the howling wind, how their master had wandered through the empty rooms as if in quest of something he could never find, until the rumour became current in the village that her spirit haunted the scene of her brief wedded life; and that the dark shadow which had fallen upon it now, would never roll away.

At last Mr. Woodbridge began to take an interest in the life of the boy whose face reminded him of the woman he had loved. This deepened as the years passed by, and perhaps only gained new strength from the fact, that he failed to fulfil his father's schemes concerning him. The resemblance to his mother was not merely a likeness in eyes and hair, but a close analogy of soul; he cared little for the excitement of the chase; but was never so happy as when he had escaped to some neglected room, with an old book in which lay the "Open Sesame" to whole worlds of adventure and romance. He showed something of an artistic bias too; and in his father's judgment achieved great things with his pencil—performances which were treasured as

trophies, and shown to numerous friends as unmistakable indications of precocious genius.

"Alfred will be a great man some day," he would remark with a smile of triumph, as he carefully folded up and locked away the productions on which he based his prophecy; "it was rather a disappointment to me at first that his tastes were so different to mine; but I'm not so prejudiced as to think there is nothing in the world but fox hunting, fond as I used to be of it (remind me that I tell you about my last experience that way, it will amuse you). What was I saying just now? Oh! to be sure, I was speaking about Alfred being a great man; and mark my words, sir, the time will come when the county will be proud of him, and London too for that matter."

Mr. Woodbridge's companion would receive this information with belief or scepticism, according to his individual disposition, but generally found it advisable to express his cordial acquiescence, for the double purpose of pleasing his host, and avoiding any further allusion to his adventures in the hunting field.

Alfred's school successes, though not abnormally brilliant, were sufficiently decided to make these sanguine anticipations in his father's mind strengthen into certainties. So firmly was he convinced that a career of honour and renown lay before his son, that when the latter expressed a desire to pursue his further studies at a German university, his scheme met with no opposition although it involved a separation for at least two years.

And now that Alfred had returned, a young man of three-and-twenty, improved in every way, and possessing undoubted stores of mysterious and inscrutable knowledge, what was there which his father would not do for him? The lonely old mansion became brighter and more animated than any one could remember it, since the time the squire brought his pretty young wife home; for the numerous invitations which had been issued were readily accepted, and old college friends, remote relations with sons and daughters, cousins, nephews and nieces, quite changed the aspect of the sleepy little village, and made a very perceptible difference in the local tradesmen's usually small returns.

Of all the guests, the most interesting both to Alfred and his father were Richard Garnet and his daughter Lilian. The former had been Mr. Woodbridge's intimate friend from boyhood, by virtue of that singular moral law which finds the closest sympathy in outward antithesis: for Mr. Garnet was a slight delicate man, of quiet and thoughtful nature, always pursuing scientific studies which led to no conclusion, or triumphantly demonstrating the force of some principle which had been indubitably established at least a year before. His daughter Lilian, on the other hand, was a pretty brown haired girl of eighteen, with clear blue eyes, seductively rosy lips, and a large share of innocent coquetry. Under these circumstances it was natural that she and Alfred should be much together—should evince a tendency to be late for their meals—should occasionally lose their way in the course of excursions in which they had unaccountably become detached from the remainder of the party, and should betray other symptoms, from which a discerning mind might, without intellectual fatigue, have drawn its own conclusions. One morning, about this time, Lilian said to her host at breakfast—

"What a fascinating old house this is—I was tempted into an exploring expedition, and in the course of my travels I found a small room which I suppose was intended for lumber, but which reminded me of the treasures in the *Arabian Nights*."

"I didn't know we had anything so attractive in the house, Miss Lilian," was the laughing rejoinder; "and I'm afraid you wouldn't find any jewels there—at all events you haven't appropriated them: those are very pretty earrings you have on, but I can't be mistaken in fancying I've seen them before."

"No—if there were any jewels," she replied, "I did not see them; though I am sorry you should think my honesty would have been unequal to withstand a glittering temptation. There

seemed to be a great many curious things in the room, however, and I especially noticed an old harp which was standing neglected in a corner. It might have been almost any age, I fancy, for when I examined it closely, I found that it had originally been painted with representations of flowers. It made me quite sad to see how the colours had faded by slow degrees; and when I ventured to touch one of the few remaining strings, its tone was so weird and strange, that I felt as if I had disturbed a slumbering spirit."

"You are a fanciful child," said her father, affecting an indifference to imagination which he was far from feeling; "if you stayed here long I believe you would attach a ghost story to every room in the house, until you were frightened by the sound of your own footstep at twilight—eh, Woodbridge?"

"Well, I don't know," returned their host, feeling unequal to any discussion on the propriety of superstitious imagination, "she's right about one thing at any rate—the harp is really very old; I have heard my grandfather say that it was far from being new when he was a boy."

"Do you play the harp, Miss Garnet?" inquired Alfred, who had listened attentively to the foregoing remarks.

"A little," she answered lightly, "but you won't have an opportunity of laughing at amateur incapacity this time. The harp has uttered its last song, and seems likely to have as little to do with the world in the future as the man or woman who played it long ago."

Alfred, however, had formed a different conclusion, and within an hour he was riding in the direction of the nearest town in search of an old professor of music, who, some years before, had made futile attempts to instruct him in the art of playing on the piano. Having found this excellent individual, who divided his life between the intelligent and sympathetic appreciation of exquisite harmonies, and a chronic attempt to solve the difficult problem of how a shilling can be made to purchase the equivalent of eighteenpence, he enlisted his services to such good effect, that in three weeks' time the old harp was sufficiently restored for all musical purposes, and Lilian was unanimously called upon to be the first who should evolve melody from its strings.

"I believe she has dreamed about this wonderful instrument, waking and sleeping, ever since she discovered it," said her father, as Lilian sat down before the harp. "She owned to me the other day that she had written a song about it, and I think it would only be a fair penalty for such indiscretion if we made her sing it now."

"That is too bad," said his daughter, colouring rather deeply at this proposal; "I never thought you would betray confidence, and you must be worse than a Roman father to put your child in a kind of moral pillory."

But the objection was loudly overruled, and Lilian was too unaffected a girl to refuse compliance in order to obtain further pleading, so after a rapid prelude she began to sing. Her voice was remarkably sweet and true, and soon became modulated into artistic effectiveness by the force of genuine feeling.

This was Lilian's invocation:

"Neglected harp, I bid thee wake—
Thy charmed slumber has been long;
But now upon the air shall break
Once more thy sweet accustomed song.
Old days float near on spirit wings,
And bind me with an airy spell:
More skilful hands have touched thy strings,
But none that loved thee half so well."

"While harsher sounds have stirred the air—
The eager feet that follow gain—
The dull complaint of trampled care—
The stifled cry of lonely pain:

The rattle of the victor's cars --
The vanquished hero's dying moan
Still as the cold and tragic stars,
Thou gavest no responsive tone.

"Hast thou no psalm for the great,
No song of triumph for the brave,
No march to greet the pomp of state,
No wail to echo o'er the grave,
No subtle measure that will bind
The scattered fancies of a dream,
As deftly as the southern wind
Which sighs across the moonlit stream?"

"Then speak of Love--the sacred name
To which the oldest harps were strung,
Which moves the altered earth the same
As when its heart was pure and young.
The temples built to fame and gold
Are gaudy structures of an hour,
But Love the sceptre still will hold,
While life has worship, faith or power."

"By whispered words--by wistful sighs--
By artist's pencil, poet's pen--
By the soft light of maidens' eyes,
By all the passion known to men--
By blinding tears in secret shed,
Where love is strong and life is weak;
By vanished time, men fable dead
Old harp, I bid thee wake and speak."

"The spirit wakes--Love's potent name prevails,
Like magic in a child's fantastic tales--
The past returns and deep remembrance rings
In each vibration of the quivering strings."

There was a general murmur of applause, for the words of a pretty girl are rarely subjected to a severely critical analysis; and as Lilian's audience included an indulgent father and a lover, the verdict of so obviously packed a jury could have but one tone. Little more was said, however, concerning the fancy to which her song gave expression, until that evening when she and Alfred were walking alone together beneath the chestnut trees. Then it was naturally discussed at length, and as neither of them was deficient in imagination, they dwelt for some time on the possible voices which the harp had accompanied in the far-off years, and the various changes that had passed wave-like over society, since they had been hushed in the mysterious silence which enfolds the whole restless drama of human life.

And then Alfred told her, with the ready rhythmic speech which is the spontaneous utterance of a young heart actuated by strong feeling, what she had become to him, and how his thoughts of her had interlaced themselves with every fibre of his life. In what words he expressed all this, and how she answered him, need not be told in detail here: such scenes were acted constantly by the people whom we vaguely term "the ancients," and in spite of the revolutionary influence of science, and the persistent efforts of political materialism to obliterate all poetic feeling, it may confidently be inferred that such dialogues will be repeated until the end of time. Suffice it to say, therefore, that the wooing had a termination literally, as well as figuratively rosy; and as there seemed every probability that the course of true love would for once flow with tranquil beauty--as they knew they had no melodrama to enact, no intriguing rival to dispose of, and no obdurate parent or guardian to soften--it was not more evident on their return that they were late for supper, than that they had conceived a sunnier estimate of the world's possibilities for enjoyment than the average experience of men would readily justify.

It was among Mr. Woodbridge's old-fashioned habits to require from the inmates of his house the observance of early hours--to commence the day before the morning had lost the first freshness of its dewy beauty; and to retire to rest at a time when what is rather recklessly termed "the world," in the gay metropolis, is composing itself for the enjoyment of a pleasant night. On this particular occasion therefore, when the large old clock on the

staircase struck twelve, the deep vibrations except in so far as they blended with the incoherent language of dreams, were probably heard by no one except Alfred. He was sitting in his bed room, lazily enjoying his second cigar, and mentally rehearsing the conversation of that evening. How beautiful she had looked he thought; and how charming had been the gradual transitions from reticence and coquetry, to modest confession of the love for which he pleaded. Pleasant reflections of this kind are apt to be indefinitely protracted; and at last he started abruptly from his reverie with the misgiving that the house would be astir before he had even made up his mind to go to bed.

"What's to be done?" he said to himself; "that little witch has banished the idea of sleep for the next two or three hours I believe; unless the spirit she has awakened can be exorcised. The most powerful narcotic I know is a dull book. I have seen luminous discourses in print which I think would make me drowsy on my way to execution, if I could only concentrate my thoughts upon them; and, by the way, Mr. Garnet lent me just the work I want. I haven't read it, and don't even know its title, but I remember the first glimpse of its binding made me shiver."

He looked round for the literary opiate, but it was not there; and he suddenly remembered that he had seen it last in the little room where they had clustered together to hear Lilian's song. As the apartment in question was close at hand, and he could easily reach it without disturbing any one, he walked softly along the corridor, and seeing the old harp standing in the same place it had occupied that morning, he entered the room and threw himself into an easy chair beside it.

It may have been the dreamy quiet of the hour and scene, but the slumber which a little while before had seemed so distant, stole over him gradually now. A confused dream of Lilian being carried off by a German professor of music, and imprisoned in the university at Heidelberg ended suddenly. He awoke as he thought with a start, and saw for the first time that he was not alone.

The moonlight streaming through the narrow window gave a weird distinctness to every object in the room, and fell with especial clearness on the figure of a woman standing beside the old harp. At the first glance Alfred fancied that she must be in the early bloom of youth and beauty, for the wistful eyes were large and lustrous, the features were exquisitely regular, the uncovered shoulders gleamed with a snowy whiteness, and the form had the luxuriant grace of fairest maidenhood; but he saw with surprise on a closer scrutiny that her long hair was quite white, and the mouth, although small and delicate, had an expression of patient endurance which could only have been acquired from abnormal suffering, or the monotonous weariness of many years. Could she be really mortal, or was he actually contemplating an apparition from the spirit world? Thoughts of this kind crowded upon his mind as he noticed swift and unaccountable changes in her appearance. At first she had been clad in a long flowing dress of white, but as he gazed he saw it deepen and glow in tint like a cloud at sunset, till its hue was almost crimson; it changed again and became like the blue of a rivulet. For one moment the figure before him was dressed in imperial robes of purple--the next she appeared draped in sombre black; and while he was wondering how these changes were effected, and what their meaning might be, she stood before him once again clad in simple white.

At length he summoned courage to speak to her, determined to verify one sense by another, and discover whether this singular being could possibly be the fantastic creation of his own heated fancy.

"Strange apparition," he said, "in whose very beauty there is something shadowy and unreal, what are you, and why do you enter this lonely room at midnight?"

The sad dark eyes encountered his, and his question was answered in a voice low and very musical, but with something of a measured cadence, which faintly recalled the rhythmic tones of stringed instruments very softly played.

"Do not fear me. I have neither the power nor the will to harm you. I am only the spirit of this long neglected harp, called from my enchanted slumber by the voice of Lilian Garnet.

She bade me wake in the name of Love, and only the dark spirits who have thrown off their allegiance to Divine authority dare resist commands urged in that sacred name."

"Have all harps attendant spirits?" asked Alfred musing on the strange worlds of conjecture the thought created.

And she answered—"No. There are many instruments which are cold and mechanical—which are played and handled by selfishness and egotism: such music has no spiritual meaning. It is freely praised perhaps, but it is soon forgotten, and when the sounds die away, the transient power they may have possessed dies with them. But when the strings are touched by hands that love them, a spirit of music is born and dwells in perennial companionship with the instrument from which it sprang, as the Dryads were fabled to inhabit the forest trees."

"Was it thus that you grew into conscious being?" he asked.

The spirit stood regarding him dreamily for some moments without replying, then she said abruptly—

"Have you ever heard anything concerning a maiden of your house named Dorothy Woodbridge?"

"Her picture hangs upon the wall now," returned Alfred surprised at the question; "it is a beautiful face; and I have often tried to imagine her history; but is it possible that you knew her? She died more than two centuries ago."

"I do not count time as you mortals do by days and years," replied the spirit, "and in my dreamless sleep I have been unconscious of how many suns have risen and set upon the world. Doubtless it may be as long as you say, for this white hair of mine was golden then; and the roses painted here" (she laid her hand upon the harp as she spoke), "were bright with glowing colour. You say truly that she was beautiful—we harp spirits are unlike you in much, but we have a more than human capacity of devoted attachment, and I loved her tenderly. Her mother was dead, and her father was a rigid Puritan, stern to all but her. When he brought his daughter the gaily painted harp, she recognised in it at once the companion of which her lonely life stood in such urgent need; for her brother lived in London, and her father was often away from home. At first she made the strings utter only the solemn cadences of psalm and hymn, but as the supreme dream of a woman's life absorbed her thoughts, she confided all her secret emotions to her harp, and made the notes thrill with tenderness and passion. You wonder perhaps how I knew all this: but she told me all—not in words, but by look and touch, for when we love deeply we are swift to comprehend slight indications. She was so happy in her innocent affection, and Walter Harlingford was a man of whose admiration any woman might be justly proud. His rank was somewhat higher than her own, for although the Woodbridge's have always held a reputable position in the county, they never aspired, in those days, to any loftier connexion; and Walter Harlingford by birth and association belonged to the aristocracy. In the early days of their intimacy he had won her heart with the consent and approbation of her father; but political troubles she did not understand had interposed a barrier between them, and for some time she had not seen her lover. This separation was hard to bear, but she never doubted that it would soon end; and the conviction had rarely been stronger than on one bright May evening, when her father and brother being in London, she sat on the balcony, passing her fingers dreamily over the strings of her harp, and murmuring her thoughts aloud to the strain which she thus invoked:—

"Will my lover come? The starry night
Is sweet with the languid breath of spring;
The chestnut blossom is fair and white,
The air is soft as a dove's light wing.
The nightingales in a fond delight,
Their dreams to the budding roses sing.

'Tis the hour of love, and only thou,
Oh heart, art troubled with vague unrest;
Yet his parting words are with me now,
When his lips his earnest love confess'd;
And he rode away with a knightly vow—
That Eden lay in my faithful breast.

Is it wrong my loyalty to yield—
To hold his playfullest touch so dear?
Should maiden passion be all concealed?
Or banished hence to a higher sphere?
Is God's dread will, to the world revealed,
Against such tremulous longing clear?

They tell me so—they are good and wise,
But truth dwells not in their stern decrees:
A song is writ in the glowing skies—
An anthem sung by the soft-toned breeze;
And my heart to the hymn of the world replies,
As rivers mirror o'er shading trees.

And see—he comes! did I dream for nought
That hill and cloud had a fairer look—
That stars were kind, that a sweeter thought
Found rapid voice in the flowing brook?
His presence a wondrous spell hath wrought
And life grows fair as a sacred book.'

As her last words died away, a rider paused at the gate below, and springing lightly from the saddle, intrusted his horse to the care of a servant. In another minute he was standing by her side and had clasped her in his arms without a word.

"I knew you would come, Walter," she said at length, 'although it is such a weary while since we met.'

"Has it seemed so long, dearest?" he asked with an uneasiness in his manner which he strove vainly to conceal.

"Time always moves slowly when one is alone; but we will not think of that now you are here. You are hiding something from me," she added hurriedly, with a rapid glance of wondering anxiety. 'It is high treason against the majesty of love to be sorrowful when we are together.'

"My face is the traitor then, darling, not my heart. Life has no moments so sweet to me as those I spend with you."

"But you are not happy now," she said with newly awakened fear; 'if anything troubles you let me know it too; if I cannot remove a sorrow, I can share it, and make its burden lighter that way.'

He stood before her for a few moments with a look of indecision on his handsome face: at length he said—

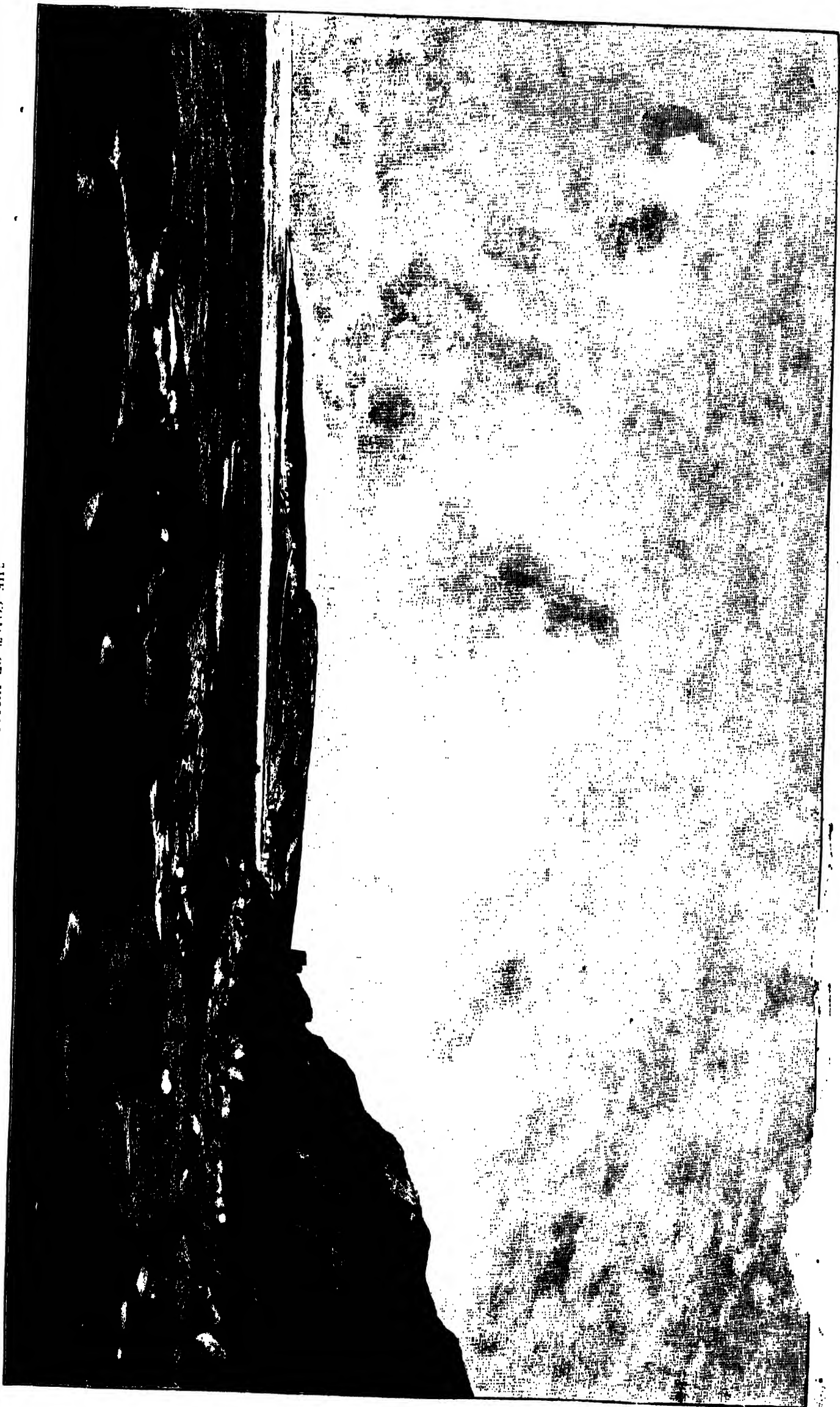
"I meant to defer every thought of sadness till the moment of our parting; but since my face has betrayed me, you shall hear all now. Put your hat on, Dora—we will walk once more beneath the chestnut trees, and I will tell you everything."

She complied in silence and waited eagerly for him to give her his promised confidence. At length he said—

"In your quiet country home darling, the heart of humanity throbs with a measured pulsation; and the troubles of ordinary experience can generally be surmounted by a firm will and a brave soul. In the great cities it is widely different, and my daily life calls me into contact as you know, not with the serene loveliness of nature, but the restless intrigues of court and camp."

He paused—she was listening intently, but offered no remark, and only waited with deeper eagerness for the rest he had to say. He continued—

"We live in evil times, darling, days which are stern to all of us, and doubly bitter to confiding young hearts like yours. Although the clamour of London life finds no echo here, some faint rumours must surely have reached you touching the disturbed relations between the King and the Parliament."



THE COAST OF VILIKS (CALVADOS)
PREPARED BY E. MOUTON FROM THE ALPINE
A. G. T. L. E. N. E. I

"'Yes - I have heard something, though not much, from my father concerning this; but such matters are the anxieties of statesmen, not the cares of lovers.'

"'Ah, Dora, the muscles and nerves of society are more intimately connected than that. Where the right of the quarrel rests can scarcely be determined by a partisan; for the final decision of these matters is reserved for posterity. What we have to do is to face the practical question; and now there can be no doubt what the end of it all will be. Every day makes it more inexorably certain that we are tending to our fate.'

"'And what is that?' she asked with quick anxiety -

"'To rebellion and civil war.'

"His words vaguely frightened her as menaces pregnant with shapeless terror; but even now she did not realise the full extent of his tidings; for she said with no faltering in her voice, although the little hand resting on his arm trembled as she spoke -

"'That is dreadful--I shrink from the thought of war with all a woman's weakness; but you are a soldier, and I have heard you speak of battles in a far more hopeful strain.'

"'Are not my words clear enough, dearest?' he said with a sigh. 'I would to God there were any vagueness or uncertainty in the heavy truth they reveal. You do not read *Shakespeare*; and have been taught to associate his name with all that is base in thought and action: but we at the court understand him better, and know with what unerring subtlety he reads the innermost impulses and emotions of the heart. In one of his plays the brightest and most fascinating of all in the judgment of many--the story turns upon the love of a youth and maiden belonging to hostile houses; and the warfare between devotion on the one hand and faction on the other results in tragedy of the direst kind. I spoke of civil war: in that war your father, your brother and I, have all parts to play, from which our manhood will not let us shrink. I have been taught to regard loyalty as a sacred duty--they fancy themselves urged to rebellion by every obligation of religion. The end of the struggle rests with God; and in the meantime what opportunity does the world afford us for dreams of love and hope?'

"She was a timid delicate girl to whose eyes the tears rose easily: often her long lashes had been wet for no graver reason than the pain of a wounded bird the weariness of unbroken monotony, or the throb of a petty annoyance; but now she gave no outward sign of how deeply his words had moved her; she was beginning, for the first time in her life, to understand that there is a misery too deep for tears. At last she said -

"'I understand you now--this great world you talk of is cruel, and I am very desolate; but are we absolutely without hope? Is there no ray of light in the whole horizon?'

"He had determined in the course of his ride thither, to tell her that she was free, and to dwell as hopefully as he could on a sunny future for her in which he had no part; but her voice and manner told him more plainly than any words could have done, that such consolation would be cruel. Therefore he said with a recklessness very unlike his usual manner--

"'We have one hour, darling, and when that is past we shall still hold the memory of it. Our cup of gladness has been roughly dashed to the ground--we will not waste in futile regret the few drops that remain.'

"She silently acquiesced, and caught eagerly at this slender thread of comfort, frail and transient as it was. Love makes a world of its own to live in; and long afterwards she would recall that farewell walk beneath the chestnut trees, as the last moment in her life when she was truly happy.

"Happy did I say?--well no--if happiness means contentment with the course of life, rest of spirit and freedom from care; but if on the other hand it means a rapture which wholly transcends the wonted experience, there were probably not in England two hearts that were happier than theirs. The hour passed away all

too rapidly as such seasons always do: he lingered afterwards until the last possible moment, and then rode slowly away, leaving her to a sunless life in which the demands of duty were made of a heart that sickened under the dreary weight of a long suspense.

"And yet it was only after the lapse of many weeks that she recognised the full extent of the desolation which had fallen upon her; and even then the hope was still high that it would soon end. A young heart like hers is incredulous regarding the possibility of chronic sorrow, and in its gravest moments can only conceive the inadequate picture of an ephemeral pain. Often Dorothy reasoned with herself that her lover must have taken too dark a view of the state troubles--that the clouds must speedily roll away, and their sombre hues only serve as a foil for the brilliant brightness of a glad re-union. I speak confidently of her secret thoughts, for I had learnt by long experience to understand them from the way she touched the strings of her harp to read in chords and symphonies her dreams and longings, and to recognise in sharp discordant notes the cry of a spirit well nigh crushed by weary pain. She had never been so much alone, for her father was almost constantly in London now, and communicated with her by means of hurried letters, inclosing what money she needed for household expenses--generally asking for some book or paper of which the writer stood in need, and commending her to the Divine care. No one would have suspected from his manner how deeply her father loved her, but he had taught himself to believe that earthly affection was too carnal an emotion for permitted utterance by the elect; and his nature was too unimaginative for it to occur to him that the heart of a young girl might be the scene of terrible struggles, which caused her uneventful life to change its aspect of dull monotony to one of relentless and unshated suffering. Dorothy replied to these letters in much the same strain, and nothing could be inferred from her brief sentences but dutiful submission; sometimes she would venture, as she handed her reply to the messenger, to ask him what news he bore from London; but such inquiries afforded her little intelligence and less comfort, for they only elicited a sapient shake of the head, together with a laconic assertion that things were growing worse and worse; and some long quotations from the Old Testament touching the day of vengeance and the fall of tyrants, the relevancy of which to Dorothy was an inscrutable thing.

"The summer months passed away and at the end of October the storm which had been gathering so long broke upon the country. Tidings of the battle of Edgehill, contradictory not only in detail but in general import, reached even the quiet village where Dorothy Woodbridge lived. Perhaps no one heard them with so deep a pain as she, for most people were partisans, and the reported defeat of Cavalier or Puritan, meant the development of a dream of freedom or the vindication of a royal right. Dorothy neither knew nor cared anything about these political questions, but she was bound by strongest ties to both parties--to one by the claims of kindred, habit, and education--to the other by the yet more tyrannic impulses of love. Gradually she felt a terrible hopelessness growing in her heart: she did not yield to it readily; but in spite of herself the strength of its dominion over her was steadily progressing. The dawn of a new day meant the beginning of another season of unconfided dread; and night too often brought her broken slumber, dark dreams heavy with prophetic menace. Reports of skirmishes exaggerated into battles, which are doubtless forgotten now, but were much talked of then, reached her from time to time; but still she heard no tidings of her lover, and still the political horizon gave little indication of change.

"More than a year had passed away since Walter Harlingford's last parting with her, and she was walking one morning through the village more with the instinctive desire to counteract mental unrest by physical exercise than for any definite object, when

she felt a hand laid upon her arm, and turning round saw that she had been stopped by an old woman, ugly, decrepid, and miserably clad, whom Dorothy recognised as Moll Milburn, a character of whom the village stood in awe, believing her to be a witch.

"Why have you touched me?" asked Dorothy, looking at the palsied creature before her with a feeling in which pity struggled with involuntary aversion and fear.

"How proudly we talk," returned Moll, with a ludicrous attempt to imitate the young girl's manner. "We have a fair face and a great house, and dresses and servants, and shining gold, so we are too fine even to be touched; but for all that we are very wretched, we sit and mope for hours together—we weep more than is good for our beauty, and night and morning our prayers die away in sobs. Eh! pretty Mistress Dorothy—isn't that true?" And the old hag chuckled hideously, as though the picture she had drawn afforded her the most exquisite satisfaction. Dorothy looked at her now with a new sense of dread: there was nothing in all this which a keen scrutiny, and an active imagination could not have inferred from slight circumstances which were no secret; but to Dorothy there was something terrible in this pitiless revelation as it seemed to her of her hidden soul.

"Why do you speak in this way to me?" she said, altering the form of her question, and forcing her tears back by a strong effort.

"Because I know what's always the matter with you young folks—I was young myself once, and a likely lass, though no one would think it now." (Some recollection of this remote period seemed to kindle an unextinguished vanity in the old woman's mind, and she continued with a perceptible increase in her desire to propitiate.) "What you want is tidings of your lover, and if you don't get 'em you will die. Time was when you was too gay for the saints you live with; now I believe for all your pretty face you'd almost change lots with old Moll if you got the chance. Why don't you come to her? People say she is a witch—perhaps she might help you—who knows?"

"I will not come to you," said Dorothy, speaking rapidly, as if she feared the continuance of her own resolution. "If you are an impostor you can do nothing for me, and if you really have communion with evil spirits, my religion teaches me to regard your voice as the temptation of Satan; and to shrink from the moral contamination of your presence—I will not come to you." And without another word she hurried away, but distinctly heard the old woman call after her—

"Go your ways, pretty Mistress Dorothy, it's no affair of old Moll's if you choose to be wretched; but as for all that fine talk about religion, it won't do. Young blood is too hot for that; and you will come to her sooner or later."

"And Moll Milburn was right—it is comparatively easy to resist a sudden temptation, but it requires abnormal strength to endure a protracted strain. The opinions of men change absolutely from generation to generation; and perhaps modern thought laughs at the idea of witchcraft—it may be so, I cannot tell—but the age in which Dorothy Woodbridge lived believed in it devoutly, and regarded it as one of the potent agencies of evil. If Dorothy had had any doubts about Moll Milburn's power to read the future, the conversation of that day would have dispelled them; but the purity of her nature had never before been sullied by the commission of deliberate and conscious sin; and she determined that no temptation should induce her to seek the longed-for intelligence from this forbidden source.

"She remained firm in her resolution throughout the summer, the autumn, and the winter; but the spring saw her waver; and when July brought the news of Marston Moor she could hesitate no longer, but forgot all her former resolves, and stood one August evening on the threshold of Moll Milburn's cottage.

"It was a wretched uninviting hovel; and if it was true, as the

villagers confidently asserted, that its inmate had sold her soul to the devil, she had shown little mercantile skill in the bargain, and had failed utterly to receive any substantial equivalent for the spiritual wealth with which she parted. The room that Dorothy entered was small and quite unfurnished, unless a crazy table and a debilitated chair could be regarded in the light of upholstery; moreover it was far from being clean, and in its bare discomfort, seemed quite in accordance with the figure of its tenant, who was crouching on the floor before the fire, casting herbs in a brazen kettle which was simmering upon it, and warming her wrinkled hands, in spite of it being August, at the languid flame. She saw and recognised Dorothy, but gave her no sign of remembrance other than was involved in the kind of chant which she crooned to herself, as with trembling hands she continued her occupation

"Fair of face and dark of life,
Light of step and heavy of heart,
Months pass by and at last she comes."

"I have come to you," said Dorothy, at length, seeing that no further greeting was vouchsafed her, "because you said you could help me, and I need help—God knows."

"Oh, ay—of course you've come—I told you long ago that you'd do so; and now what is it you want? You must pay for news my pretty lady—you know that, I suppose."

"You need not fear," replied Dorothy, as she laid a folded paper upon the table. "I have written a few questions here—if you can answer them I will pay you well."

"Moll Milburn took the paper and held it close to her bleared dim eyes, muttering to herself all the while. When she had concluded its perusal, she said in a significant tone—

"These are hard questions, Mistress Dorothy; but come to me to-morrow at sunset, and I'll do my best to answer 'em."

"I have gone too far to draw back," thought Dorothy, with the easy sophistry of self-deception; and at the appointed time she was standing in the wretched cottage once more. The kettle had disappeared from the fire, and Moll Milburn was lying on the floor dozing and muttering, having the appearance of a huddled heap of old clothes; but everything else was unchanged; and the witch addressed her visitor exactly as though their conversation had been uninterrupted.

"Ask your questions then, and I'll answer 'em—never fear."

"Is Walter Harlingford living?"

"Oh, ay, he's living—young hearts don't stop beating so easy as all that. He is in high favour, I can tell you, and for all the weighty things he has on his mind he don't forget you. What next?"

"Is he in peril?"

"There's a question now. Ain't every soldier in peril, leave alone one so daring as him?"

"But does he stand in any special and immediate danger?"

"No—I should say not—nothing more than what you might call the ordinary luck of war. Why how pale you look over it—don't you know where dangers are thickest, honour and glory—ay, and money too, which is worth 'em both—are always to be found."

"Dorothy stood before her oracle with a quickened pulse, trembling lips, and downcast eyes. She had another question to ask, but although she had repeatedly striven to prepare herself for this interview, she could hardly summon courage to express her thoughts in definite words. At length she faltered—

"Will he—will he die during this war?"

"Well," returned Moll Milburn, in a confidential tone, "I don't rightly know—some of the signs point one way, and some just t'other; it would be easy enough to make up an answer that would please you; but old Moll's honest, and won't tell."

you anything of which she ain't certain. Wait and see—that's my advice, and hope for the best.'

"'But is there nothing I can do?' said Dorothy imploringly, with a sob she could no longer repress. 'You pretend to have access to information which is dark to me—can you not learn from the same source when peril will menace him, and where, and whether it is possible for me to avert or soften it?'

"Moll Milburn gave the young girl a searching glance. 'Those questions weren't written down,' she muttered, 'and I couldn't have answered 'em if they had been; but this will tell you all you want to know.'

"She held out a small slip of paper closely folded and sealed. It had no superscription or outward signs of any kind, and Dorothy contemplated it with natural wonder at the confidence with which it was given.

"'Wear it near your heart,' said the old woman, nodding mysteriously, 'and as long as it keeps white, don't break the seal; but if it should ever change colour, open it, and you'll find your answer written out plain; for I'm a bit of a scholar,' she continued, composing herself for a garrulous digression; and showing something of the ancient vanity which Dorothy had noticed in their first interview, as Moll Milburn recalled the period of her youth. From these boastful reminiscences of remote scholarship and mythical beauty nothing was to be gained however; so Dorothy hid the paper in her bosom, pressed gold into the trembling hand which was eagerly stretched out to receive it, and hurried away without another word.

"It was a relief to escape from the miserably ventilated room, and the proximity of the unseasonable fire, to the fresh, sweet air; but the Puritan maiden felt as though the stifling atmosphere had crept into her life and would not be shaken off. Her pale cheeks burned with the novel sense of shame, as she felt she had acted in direct opposition to the voice of conscience, and the accepted ethics of all whom from infancy she had been taught to revere. 'I have done wrong,' she murmured to herself again and again. 'Since God imposed this suspense upon me, I should have borne it uncomplainingly; but I am so wretched, and I have no mother to teach me what to do.'

"She determined that no future anxiety should induce her to seek Moll Milburn's aid again; but by a natural inconsistency—for you mortals are all more or less inconsistent—she kept the paper, and looked night and morning for the foretold indication of change. Yet its white surface gave no sign; and still the slow wheels of time moved with mechanical exactness, and the months of winter and spring passed away once more with few incidents to mark their course. It began to be whispered in the village that Dorothy Woodbridge was paler and more delicate looking than she used to be, that her step seemed to have lost its elasticity; and her voice its ringing music. But her neighbours had not leisure to give these things more than a passing thought; and the great events of national life precluded the presence in her home of those who might perhaps have helped her.

"In the early summer a certain mental languor seemed creeping over her, due partly to physical exhaustion, and partly to the fact that suspense had lapsed from the acute throbs of torture to the dull sense of unaltering pain. I think too at this time that something of the old hopefulness revived; it was a weaker thing than the strong belief in joy which had animated her once; but it lulled her into a tranquil patience, and one night when she lay down to rest she murmured to herself, 'Something tells my heart that we shall meet again, and that my suffering is well nigh ended.' She slept calmly as a child, and the smiles which played upon her sweet mouth told clearly that her dreams were whispering the same bright hope.

"It was late next morning when she awoke—I have already said that I do not count time as you do; but the slightest fact of that memorable day will be present with me always; and I

remember even that men called it the fourteenth of June, 1645.

"Dorothy's first action on waking was always to examine the mysterious paper; and the smile called into being by her last dream was still lingering on her lips when she drew it forth: what was her astonishment and terror to perceive that its surface bore two large irregular crimson stains. She broke the seal with feverish impatience, remembering Moll Milburn's words that she would find the answer to all her doubts written there. The paper only contained six letters—scrawled in a way that made the faint characters scarcely legible; but Dorothy caught their meaning at a glance, and felt no doubt as to the interpretation they were intended to bear.

"For the word there written was 'NASEBY.'

"Every faculty of her nature seemed quickened with sudden energy. The little hamlet of Naseby was about twenty miles distant from her home—her lover was doubtless there, and she could aid him; perhaps without her succour he would die; and had the distance been even greater her determination would have been swiftly formed. She would go thither at once, alone and on foot—destiny could not be so cruel as to reveal the fact to her without giving her the opportunity of fruitful action. She dressed hurriedly, yet with care, and even chose the simple ornaments which he had praised, feeling no doubt that that day her suspense would end, and in joy or sorrow they would meet. We spirits of music are not at liberty to roam through the world at our will, but are localised to the immediate vicinity of the instruments with which we are associated. Once however this stern law may be relaxed, and I acted in compliance with this prerogative now, for I dreaded the end of this lonely journey, and determined to follow her.

"It was a brilliant morning which witnessed my first introduction to the outer world; at any other time I should have revelled in the fragrant air, the manifold tints of earth and sky, and the unstudied melody of thrush and blackbird; but at that moment all my thought was concentrated on the lonely girl whose footsteps I closely followed. She walked along the dusty high road at first with eager speed, but gradually with evident signs of fatigue. A few years before she would not have shrunk from this test of strength, severe as it was; but the suffering she had endured had perceptibly weakened her, and her resolve was only sustained by abnormal feeling. Even this could not prevent her from growing faint and weary, and at midday she paused to ask from a cottager who was standing at her door, the rest of which she stood in such urgent need. The woman readily complied, touched by the beauty of the young traveller, and with an awakened curiosity perhaps to learn the reason of a journey for which she seemed so little fitted. Dorothy answered the good woman's questions with such evident embarrassment that her hostess refrained from persisting in them, and grew communicative instead. She saw from her visitor's dress that although she was a lady she was none of the flaming beauties of the court, but a handmaiden of the Lord, worthy to be the wife of one of His own elect. These were hard times we lived in, but God's purposes were being steadily worked out; and the downfall of the King was close at hand. Her own boy belonged to the troops of the Parliament, and only two days before his regiment had passed her cottage, and he had obtained leave to call from the ranks and say a word of comfort to his old mother. Blessings on him! how strong and handsome he had looked; and he said they expected a great battle soon which would decide the cause, and bring the bitter war to an end. 'And maybe,' concluded the woman, 'you've got the same cause for anxiety, my dear—some lover perhaps that your heart aches for; but never fear, God's cause will triumph, and the enemies of the Lord will be smitten like the Philistines and the Amalekites.'

"Dorothy murmured some generality about friends and relations, and evaded further questioning by saying she was tired and would

like to rest. The cottager made her lie down on her own bed, which she found comfortable enough after her long hot walk. She rose refreshed, and leaving some money in a suitable place, for she knew the woman would refuse any payment for her kindness, more directly offered, Dorothy recommenced the journey which led to so doubtful an end.

"The day was still very hot, and in spite of her brief repose she felt her strength more and more inadequate for the task she had set before her; but her determination did not fail—her feet were weary, and her heart was sad, but her resolve was fixed; and she never hesitated nor looked back. For a long while the scene around her was so quiet and peaceful that she could scarcely believe a battle could be fought in its neighbourhood; but as she approached her destination significant indications of the fatal truth were not wanting. More than once a horseman dashed rapidly past her, casting frequent glances behind him, as if in suspicion of pursuit. She fancied she saw other fugitives escaping through the distant meadows, and little knots of people were talking together in excited tones, the scattered words of their conversation which reached her leaving no doubt as to the topic they were discussing. When at length she recognised the quaint spire of Naseby church, she ventured to address a young woman who was standing by the roadside, apparently waiting for some one, and asked her if she knew anything about the recent battle. The person thus accosted seemed surprised at Dorothy's ignorance on the subject, but with ready frankness told her all. 'The king and Prince Rupert had mustered in great force on the height, and his followers had been confident of victory; the battle had been brief and terrible. General Cromwell's triumph brilliant and complete. The Royalist forces had been utterly routed—their loss had been severe—the king had fled to Leicester, and every one believed the civil war was virtually over.

"Dorothy heard the tidings with the unnatural calmness of despair, and asked her companion where the victorious camp was pitched; having gained the information she needed, she directed her way towards Mill Hill, more as if some one had bidden her to go thither, than in compliance with a reasoned-out course of her own volition. Music is the language of life's inner meaning, and I know that in moments of great agony or transcendent joy men and women are influenced less by intellectual decision than instinctive impulse. It was so now with Dorothy—she knew not how or where her wanderings would end; but the necessity for action urged her on, and she postponed thought until it should be directly challenged by some striking event.

"On arriving at the camp she was stopped by the sentinel; but a second glance at her wistful face was sufficient passport, and with a rough salute he stood aside to let her pursue her way. So it happened that the innocent young girl wandered alone over the field which a little while before had been the scene of such wild and desperate deeds. A few men were carrying away the wounded to a safer place of shelter, and some mean looking ruffians were prowling about in quest of plunder; but both the charitable and the selfish tasks were almost completed, and no one seemed to notice the unprotected girl. She who in former times had shrunk from the sight of the smallest suffering, now saw strong men lying at her feet with changeless faces upturned to the summer sky, where a few stars were beginning to shine, as if to show how little the calm breast of nature is agitated by the wrong and misery of human life. More and more her heart grew sick and her brain giddy at the sights she saw; but the face she sought was not there. At length she descended the slope of the large, irregular upland, and inferred with terrible certainty, from the death and destruction around her, that there had been fierce fighting here. Suddenly she uttered a low cry, for she recognised his favourite horse, lifeless on the trampled grass, and a few steps farther on, as though after the death of his noble charger he had continued his gallant but hopeless defence on foot, Walter Harlingford was lying apparently dead.

"She knelt beside him, and discovered with a wild relief, which reanimated her exhausted senses, that he still breathed; and tearing her dress for bandages she dressed his wounds with a skill of which the day before she would have believed herself wholly incapable. The light, caressing touch of her hands, and the tender whisper of her voice as she bent over him, seemed to gently rouse him from his stupor. He opened his eyes and gazed at her with the incredulous doubt of one who fancies that he beholds the creature of a dream.

"'Walter, dearest,' she cried, 'let me have one word—one sign that you know your own love is at your side once more.'

"He faintly murmured her name, and tried to encircle her with his wounded arm, for the double purpose as it seemed of caressing and even in his dying state protecting her. It was enough—her appeal was granted, and she clasped her hands in devout gratitude.

"'Father, I thank Thee,' she murmured. 'I have clasped with rebellious impatience at the burdens which Thou hast seen fit to impose upon me; but all wisdom and forgiveness are with Thee; and since we are together once again I am content.'

"Walter Harlingford evidently heard her words and understood them, for a faint smile momentarily brightened his face; then his former lethargy stole over him—he closed his eyes and sank back exhausted. She looked round in quest of help, but no one was near, and she dared not leave him even if she had possessed the strength to do so, of which at that moment she felt far from sure. Therefore she clung closer to him, and laid his head upon her bosom as if he had been a wearied child.

"In the morning two Puritan officers were walking over the battle-field, when the elder, who was a few paces in advance, exclaimed suddenly—

"'Look here, Glanville—here's one of their officers, and a girl by his side clinging to him; many fellows as brave as he fell yesterday, but how comes the girl here? She must have died during the night.'

"The younger soldier had come up to him at the first word, and now stood looking down on the maiden and her lover with a pale face which plainly indicated that one at least of them was familiar to him.

"'Oh, it's all very well, Glanville,' said the older man, with a contemptuous gesture, noticing that his companion was standing bareheaded, as if in reverence of something sacred, 'a soldier grows accustomed to death, and although the girl has a fair face, I can't see that the actions of these dissolute Cavaliers or her presence on the battle-field is any cause for a good man's sympathy.'

"'I tell you,' was the quick rejoinder, 'that I know this lady, and a fairer or a more virtuous maiden never breathed. The Cavalier I do not recognise; but if she loved him, as it is plain she did, I say he must have been a gallant gentleman; and by heaven, no one shall deny it in my presence!'

"'Brother,' returned his companion, with provoking coolness, 'in your youth you sojourned too long in the tents of unbelief, or you would know that it is forbidden to swear at all, whether the oath be by heaven or by earth; and as for the lady'—

"'Hist!' exclaimed the other between his teeth, impatiently interrupting him, 'not another word; here is her father.'

"He would have drawn Colonel Woodbridge aside and prepared him to behold more calmly what had taken place, but he had no opportunity of doing so, for Dorothy's father had seen and recognised her before they were aware of his presence. He was a Stoic in all matters of human affection both by temperament and religious principles, therefore, after his first involuntary cry of horror, he gave no sign of being deeply moved, except by the death-like pallor of his face. At length he said rather huskily, but in a voice which did not tremble.

"God's will be done! She was a pure-hearted girl and blameless in all things save her love for him. Even there I dare not judge her harshly, for he had many points of character to win a woman's fancy, and I loved him well myself once. It was a pity that he espoused the accursed cause of tyranny; but he fought gallantly, and twice saved my life in this engagement which has proved fatal to so many."

"The young officer uttered an expression of sympathy, and the one who a little while before had found so much comfort in pharasaic censure of all who differed from him, removed his hat.

"Fare thee well, Dorothy," said her father, in a voice which trembled now in spite of himself; 'thou deservedst to have been a brave man's wife; but since thy bridal bed is the battle-field, I can give thee but a grave. She clings closely to him,' he added, turning to Captain Glanville; 'we will not separate them—let the grave be wide enough for two.'

"His commands were obeyed, and in the soft bosom of the grassy earth the Puritan maiden and her chivalrous lover are sleeping side by side."

As the spirit of the harp uttered the last words it seemed to Alfred Woodbridge that an indefinable change passed over her, and her form became more shadowy and indistinct.

"Stay!" he cried. "You saw all this, you say—what happened afterwards?"

"I crept home to the altered house, but no one touched her harp now; and I was glad that its strings were not compelled to obey another's will. Pushed aside and forgotten the harp was unused for generations; and I sank into a dreamless trance

from which I was only aroused to day by the bidding of the woman you love."

"Tell me one thing more," said Alfred. "You have spoken as a spirit of the historic past, can you be also a sibyl of the untrodden future? I would gladly learn something of Lillian Gannet, and the unknown years that lie before us."

But the spirit was fading from his view; he started forward and strove vainly to arrest her departure, and in the effort, awoke.

Awoke to find it was broad daylight, and he was standing beside the harp round which so many fancies had clustered. On the wall before him was the portrait of a young girl, whose beauty was shadowed by a vague, undefined sadness, and whose severely simple dress of grey spoke unmistakably of the religious tenets in which she had been trained. Beneath the painting was the inscription—"Dorothy Woodbridge, died 1645."

"Can I have dreamed her story?" said Alfred to himself. "No vision of the night ever took such definite shape to me before. What a beautiful face the poor girl has! I shall always love the painting now for her sake; but I am afraid I shall never have the courage to be sceptical about ghost stories again."

He glanced at the place beside the harp which had been occupied by its attendant spirit, and observed on the floor a rose which he remembered to have seen Lillian wearing the day before, and which must have fallen without her noticing it. He took it up and said to himself as he left the room—

"The forms of society change—its universally accepted beliefs are forgotten, and dynasties which seem deeply rooted crumble into ruin; but the heart of humanity alters little, and love will remain the supreme emotion of life for ever."

REVIEWS

A History of Art in Ancient Egypt, by Georges Perrot and Charles Chipiez. Translated and Edited by Walter Armstrong. 2 vols. (London: Chapman and Hall.) English readers are to be congratulated upon the publication of so careful and excellent a version of a work of first rate interest and authority. No pains have been spared by Mr. Armstrong to do justice to the learned and lively history of ancient art which Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez have given to the world. A translator, it is true, must always labour under certain difficulties inherent in the nature of his task; he cannot hope to preserve all the qualities of style that belong to the original, and therefore every translation must be in this sense a compromise between the literal fidelity of rendering that is often dull and laboured, and the greater freedom of individual expression that is sometimes in danger of missing the exact significance of the text. Mr. Armstrong has shown considerable tact and skill in steering a middle course between these two opposite extremes. He writes in clear vigorous English that keeps the reader's attention always on the alert, and he is able at the same time by an independent study of his subject to provide that the meaning of every passage shall be faithfully reproduced.

Of the weighty merits of the original work no adequate idea can be given within the narrow limits here allowed us, and it is indeed only by a careful study of these two interesting volumes that any just estimate can be formed of the power with which the fruits of wide learning and diligent research have been arranged in an attractive and intelligible form. For it is, perhaps, the chief merit of this admirable history that the knowledge displayed in it is never obtrusively displayed.

The authors have been inspired, in their great labour by a genuine and lasting enthusiasm for art; they have been impelled to the task of investigating the monuments of Egyptian civilisation by an enthusiasm for the ultimate expression of beauty in form which was in a later day given to the world by the artists of Greece; and we feel, therefore, at every step that the labour is lightened by love, and that the untiring patience with which authorities are consulted and compared is the outcome of a kind of enthusiasm for the subject in hand such as mere learning cannot command. The first of the two volumes into which the work is divided deals with the general character of Egyptian civilisation and with the principles of Egyptian architecture. In the introduction which precedes these chapters the authors explain with admirable clearness the scheme and scope of their labours, pointing out at the same time the considerations which determined them in making Egypt the starting point in their inquiries into the origin of Greek art and civilisation. "We undertake this long detour," they write, "in order that we may arrive in Greece instructed by all that we have learnt on the way, and prepared to understand and to judge; but during the whole voyage our eyes will be turned towards Greece as those of the traveller towards his long-desired goal. Our route will conduct us from the shores of the Nile to those of the Euphrates and Tigris, over the plains of Media, and Persia, and Asia Minor, to the shores of Phœnicia, to Cyprus and Rhodes. But beyond the obelisks and pyramids of Egypt, beyond the towers of Chaldaea and the domes of Nineveh, the lofty colonnades of Persepolis, the fortresses and rock cut tombs of Phrygia and Lycia, beyond the huge ramparts

of the cities of Syria, we shall never cease to perceive on the horizon the sacred rock of the Athenian Acropolis; we shall see it before us, as the history of the past advances, lifting into the azure sky the elegant severity of its marble porticoes, the majesty of those pediments where live and breathe the gods of Homer and Phidias."

This passage, while it is significant of the spirit in which the authors have approached their task, also illustrates very fairly the tact and skill shown by Mr. Armstrong in his rendering of the original. Both are to be seen at their best in that part of the work which deals with Egyptian sculpture, and here, too, the illustration is ample and excellent. Altogether, this history of art in Ancient Egypt is an undertaking to which those concerned may be proud to have given so worthy a welcome in its English dress, and it is saying but little to declare that it will henceforth rank as the standard authority on the subject.

History of Ancient Art, by Dr. Franz von Reber, Director of the Bavarian Royal and State Galleries of Paintings, &c., &c. Translated and augmented by Joseph Thacher Clarke. 1 vol. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.) This is a revised edition, of American origin, of the original work published by Dr. Reber in 1871. The value of this work as a compendium of information is well known and widely acknowledged; it is, therefore, only necessary to say that the work of revision, performed under the close watchfulness of the author, has been carried out with care and perfect loyalty.

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The Principal Pictures in the Louvre Gallery. Notes on
The Principal Pictures in the Brera Gallery at Milan. By Charles
Eastlake, Keeper of the National Gallery, London.
(London: Longmans & Co.) These two useful volumes are, as their titles imply, indications of the pictures best worth seeing in the Galleries referred to, a brief notice being appended to each item to attract attention to the chief characteristics of style and treatment. "Being intended for the general public," says Mr. Eastlake in the preface which accompanies each volume of what, it is presumed, will eventually form a regular series, "these notes, whether critical or descriptive, do not attempt any scientific analysis of principles, or technical dissertation on art. Vexed questions of authenticity are also generally avoided, as involving more space for discussion than would be consistent with the limits of small volumes which aspire to no higher aim than that of a popular handbook." The care, however, which has been bestowed upon these notes, and the information they give to the uninitiated, raise them above the level of popular handbooks; but even were they to be regarded as merely within that category, it would be still due to their author to say that they convey their instruction in intelligible, as well as intelligent, guise, compressing much knowledge into a small compass, and affording a sure, reliable guide to all that is good in the best examples contained in the galleries of which they treat. The sketches, either from photographs or reduced from engravings, of the most remarkable pictures alluded to, are well done and are of material assistance.

Cities of Southern Italy and Sicily, by Augustus J. C. Hare, author of *Ways in Rome*, &c., &c. 1 vol. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co.) In this work Mr. Hare opens out new ground to the tourist, but he does so with "an uncomfortable sense of sending forth what few will read, and fewer still will make use of on the spot." If he is right, his endeavour is all the more praiseworthy, for he points out much that will prove to be of very great interest to all those who have courage enough to wander from the beaten track and strike out a line, if not of their own, at all events of Mr. Hare's. And yet it must be confessed that, except to the students of art and history, much of the country with which he deals holds out but little attraction. Not only have discomforts to be endured, but there is downright ugliness in many of

the districts, and this naturally is the reason why Mr. Hare's theme is "caviare to the general." As he himself testifies, the bareness and filth of the inns, the roughness of the natives, the torment of *zingari*, the terror of earthquakes, the insecurity of the roads from brigands, and the far more serious risk of malaria or typhoid fever from the bad water, are natural causes which have hitherto frightened strangers away from the south. These somewhat prohibitive remarks apply principally to Calabria, where comforts are few and far between. The case is not nearly so bad in Apulia, which is not only healthy, but is also undergoing considerable improvement in the matter of accommodation. Again, for the student of architecture there is a vast field of information and research. "In the Basilicata and Calabria," says Mr. Hare, "almost every ancient building has perished in the numerous earthquakes which have devastated these provinces, but in Southern Latium, the Abruzzi, Campania, and above all in Apulia, magnificent remains are to be seen which illustrate every period of architectural history, — of Pelasgic ruins, at Norma, Segni, Alatri, and Arpino; of Greek temples at Paestum and Metaponto; of Roman buildings at Aquino, S. Germano, Capua, Naples, Pozzuoli, Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Beneventum; of mediæval cathedrals, always of interest, and often of great magnificence, at Anagni, Beneventum, Troja, Lucera, Barletta, Trani, Bitonto, Bitetto, Bari, Altamura, and Matera; of splendid monasteries at Casamari, Trisulti, Fossanova, Monte Cassino, and La Cava; of world-famous shrines at Monte Vergine and Monte S. Angelo; of noble castles at Arezzano, Naples, Melfi, Lucera, Lago Pesole, Castel del Monte, and Oria; of a papal palace at Anagni; of exquisitely beautiful tombs and other works of sculpture at Aquila, Salerno, and Naples. Besides these, the great palace of Caserta will claim attention from the architect, being almost the only modern building of importance in Southern Italy; though, while the Bourbon sovereigns took little trouble for the advancement of their kingdom, their care for their own comfort is evinced by the number of palaces built by them." It will be seen that Mr. Hare has treated his subject in no cursory spirit; on the contrary, his work, though arranged in the familiar form of a handbook, or guide, and containing all the information regarding inns and distances which is incidental to such publications, also evidences much classical and artistic research, and is really as worthy of study as a book of reference as on the score of local knowledge. Whether it will induce tourists to abandon the hard and fast rules which at present they obey is a matter for conjecture; that Mr. Hare offers them every inducement to follow in his footsteps and wander into comparatively unknown regions abounding in interest is a fact which none who have read his book will feel inclined to question.

Land, Sea, and Sky, or Wonders of Life and Nature, translated by J. Minshull from the German of Dr. Herman J. Klein and Dr. Thonné, with three hundred original illustrations. 1 vol. (London: Ward, Lock, and Co.) This bulky volume deals very successfully, but not entirely technically, with the comprehensive subject of the physical geography and organic life of the earth. It is also a history of the various stages in the discovery of the truth in regard to the elements, and where, as is very frequently the case, various theories are propounded in certain cases, the theories are given, and the reader is invited to form his own opinion. There can be but one opinion about such a work. If the information it conveys is correct, this book must be valuable, and so it is in the present instance. But it is not a work which calls for detailed criticism, as it is a compendium and presents no feature of novelty beyond the form in which it is produced, and, by the way, the illustrations with which it is embellished. These are by no means the least important feature of the book, and serve in no slight degree to relieve a volume the perusal of which without them might prove to be rather a serious undertaking.

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